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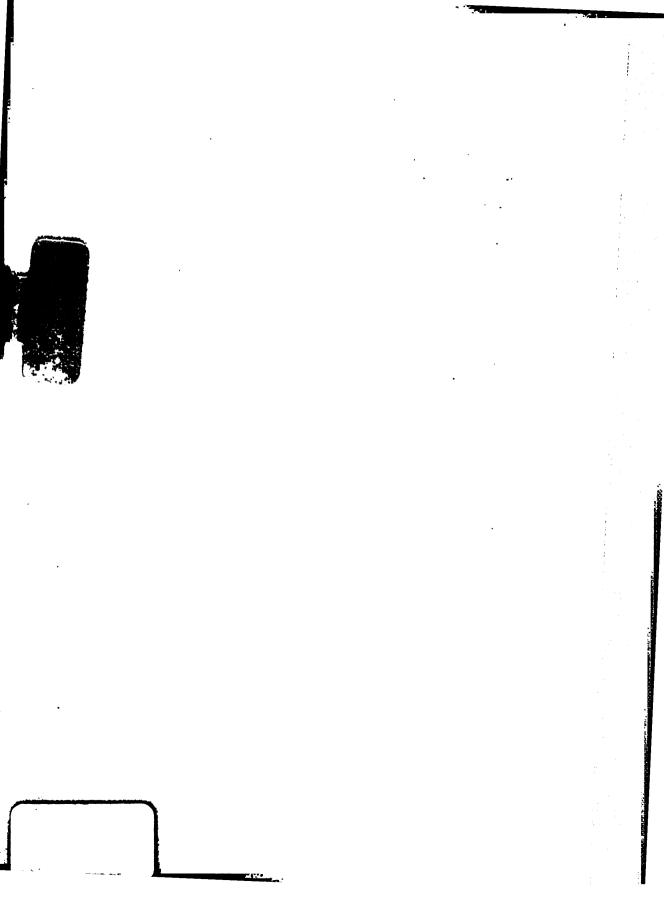
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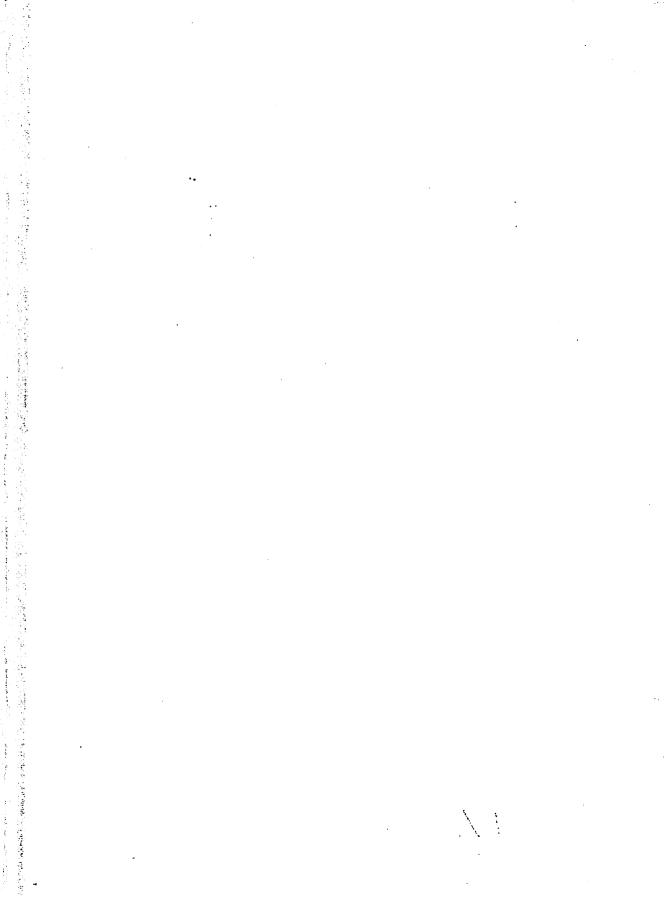
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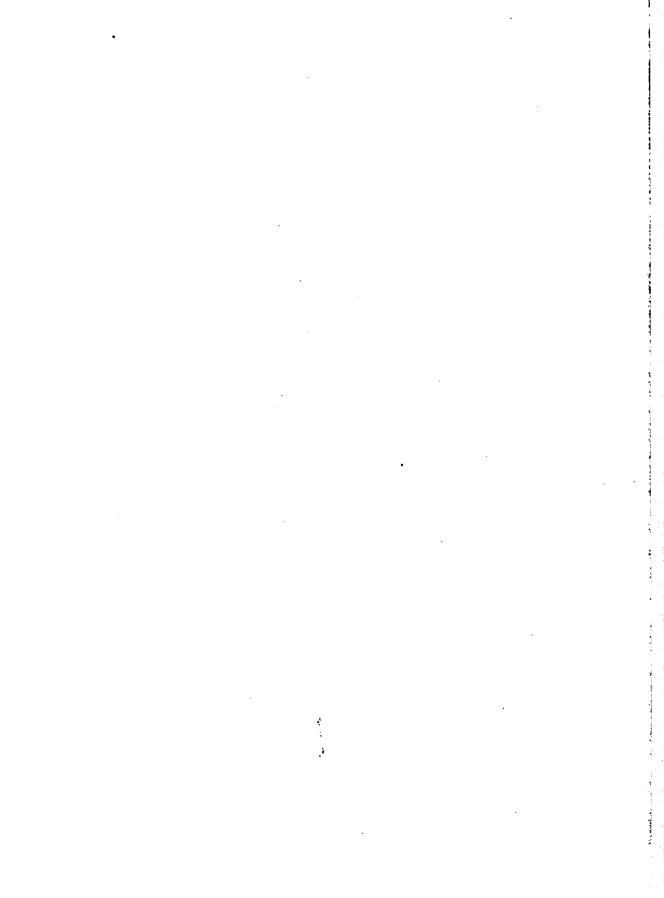
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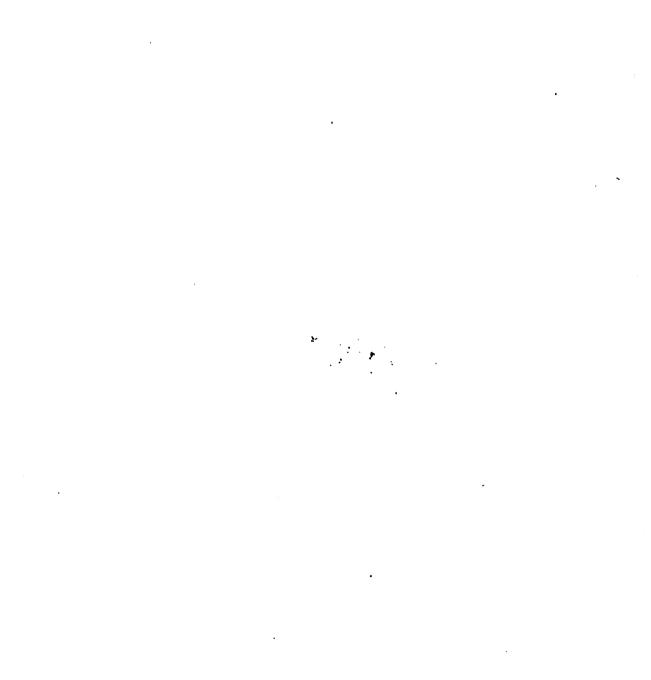




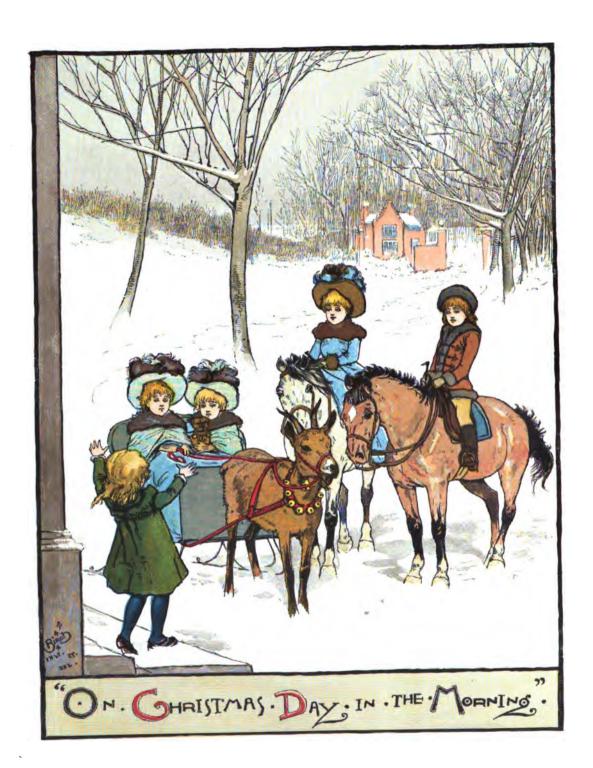
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Notice Coting

BABY WORLD

STORIES, RHYMES, AND PICTURES

FOR LITTLE FOLKS

COMPILED FROM ST. NICHOLAS

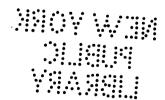
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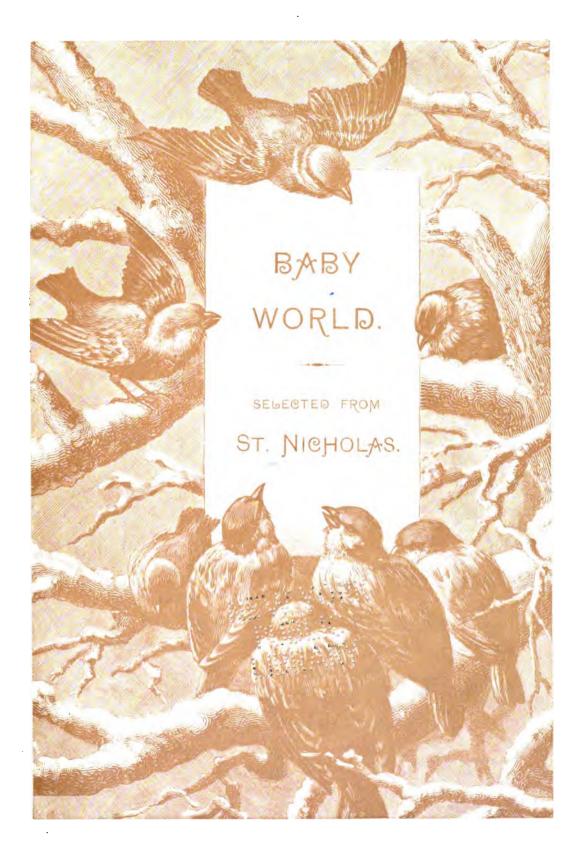
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GO THE BABIES, BARGE AND SMALL; GO THE CHILDREN, ONE AND ALL.

Baby world is a busy world,—
Is n't it, children dear?

Full of sights you must see and know,
Full of sounds you must hear,

Full of things that you "must not touch,"
Full of puzzles, both great and small,

Full of people you love so much!

And, oh, such a pleasant world after all!

That is your Baby world, spick and span;
And here is a book on the self-same plan.
Perhaps you'll find it alive and glad
As any world you ever have had.
There are dogs and horses, kittens, birds,
And songs and stories and happy words;
Funny doings to make you laugh;
Sheep and goat, and tiger and calf,
Reindeer and lion, and marmosets
(Those are queer little household pets);
And other animals, too, you'll find,—
Some quite cruel, and some right kind.
And skates and hooples, sleds and toys;
Merry girls and frolicsome boys,

Flowers and trees, and landscapes fair;— Why, you'll think you are out in the open air! Well from its pages may sunlight shine, For Baby world floats in a light divine.

Yes, Baby world is full of joy,

Full of merriment, love and light;

And you, my girll and you, my boy!

Can help to keep it fair and bright.

Pleasant speech and a cheerful face,

A willing heart and gentle grace,

A love of God, and a soul that is true,—

These are the light that can shine from you.

Glad Baby world! bright Baby world!
With joy like a great blue sky unfurled!
With your Slumberland, Fairyland, Storyland, all;
Your stars so great, and your clouds so small;
Your torrents of tears that are gone in the sun,
Your mountains of trouble that vanish in fun,—
What could we big folk do without you?
We with our sweet loving trouble about you?
Why, we could do nothing but cry all day
If Baby world ever should pass away!

Then up and around us, ye little folk! Look!
We 've a map of your world in this beautiful book.
And just as long as you please you may stay;
And whenever you please you may scamper away.



PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THE selections which make up "Baby World," are from ten years of "St. Nicholas," The Century Co's Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks. A few of the favorite pictures, stories, and verses included in "Baby Days," published seven years ago and now out of print, have been retained in this volume, but most of the selections are here published in their present form for the first time.

New-York, October, 1884.

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BABY WORLD.

LITTLE BERTIE.

ONE day little Bertie Green came running in from the garden. She held something in her apron, but no one could see what it was. "Oh, Mamma," she said, "let 's play three wishes. Play you 're a poor woman and I 'm a be-yoo-tiful fairy. Will you, Mamma?"

Mamma laughed, and said she would try.

- "Very well," said Bertie, "you 'll see what a splendid game it is. Now, shut your eyes tight, we 're going to begin! I'm a fairy, and I 'll grant you three wishes. There 's something in my apron, you know, Mamma, but it 's a secret. Now, wish!"
 - "Well," said mamma, closing her eyes, "let me think."
- "That's right, Mamma; wish for something real nice—a rose, or a cherry, or anything!"
 - "I wish for a rose," said her mamma, very slowly.
- "Here it is!" cried Bertie, laughing with joy, and handing her mamma a lovely rose. "Nowwish again, Mamma."

"Let—me—think," said mamma again; "now what SHALL I wish for?" "Something to eat!" the fairy hinted.

"Oh, yes, something to eat!" mamma said; "well, I wish—I wish for two nice cherries!"

"Good! good!" shouted Bertie, giving mamma a bright little red bunch. "How DID you know? Are they sweet?"

"Yes, indeed," said mamma, "and I thank you very much, good fairy! But I can have another wish, you know!"

"Y-e-s!" said Bertie, looking troubled, and letting go of the little empty apron; "only, I don't know how to play any more wishes."

"I do!" said mamma; "I wish for a kiss!" Then you should have seen the happy fairy climb up, throw her little arms around mamma's neck and kiss her again and again!

"That was the very best wish of all," said mamma.

THE TAME BIRD.



BIPPO KNOWS THAT THE CHILDREN WILL NOT HARM HIM.

THE DRUMMING-LESSON.

This little boy lives in France. His name is Auguste, and he is learning how to drum in the right way. He

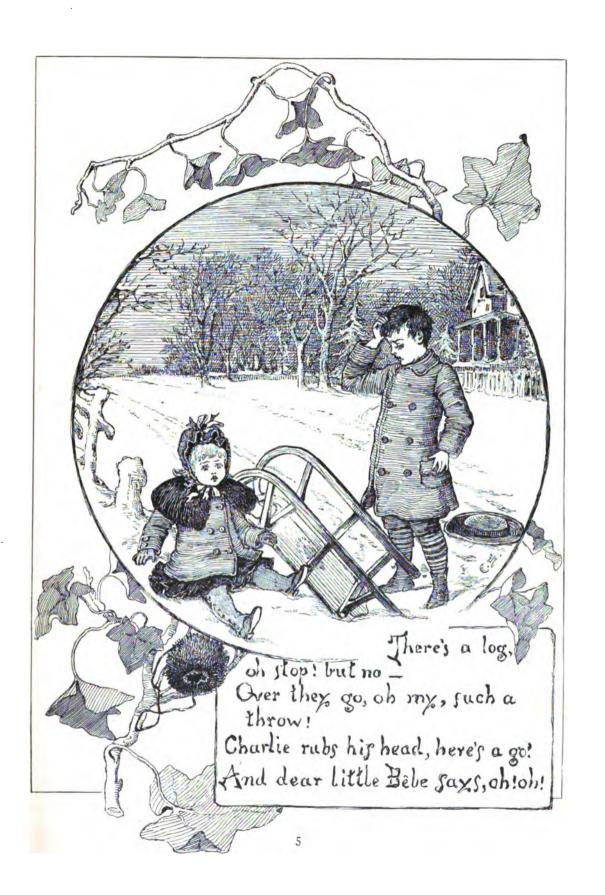
does not think it is nice to go about the house making only a great racket: so his brother is showing him how the little drummer-boys play, rub-a-dubdub. rub-a-dubdub!—sometimes softly, sometimes loudly, but always in good time. Auguste hopes to be a real drummerboy himself as soon as he can make



ALPHONSE GIVES AUGUSTE A DRUMMING-LESSON.
From a picture by Édouard Frere.

good drum music, and then he can march with his brother and the other boys up and down the village street. His brother Alphonse will play the fife, and another boy will play the trumpet, while little Auguste drums.





BABY-BO.



How many toes has the tootsy foot?

One, two, three, four, five!

Shut them all up in the little red sock,

Snugger than bees in a hive.

How many fingers has little wee hand?
Four, and a little wee thumb!
Shut them up under the bed-clothes tight,
For fear Jack Frost should come.

How many eyes has the Baby Bo?
Two, so shining and bright!
Shut them up under the little white lids,
And kiss them a loving good-night.

SOW, SEW, AND SO.

By Rosa Graham.

Sow, sow, sow,
So the farmers sow!
Busy, busy, all the day,
While the children are at play,
Stowing, stowing close away
Baby wheat and rye in bed,
So the children may be fed,
So, so, so.

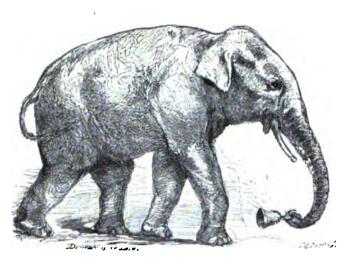
Sew, sew, sew,
So the mothers sew!
Busy, busy all the day,
While the children are at play,
Sewing, sewing fast away,
So the children may have frocks,
Trowsers, coats, and pretty socks,
So, so, so.

Sow, sew, so,
So they sow and sew;
S, and O, and W,
This is what the farmers do;
Put an E in place of O,
This is how the mothers sew,—
So they sow and sew for you,
So without the W,
So, so, so.

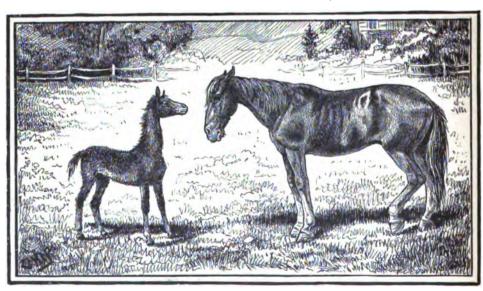


Grandpapa's new slipper,
Lying on the rug;
Little saucy kitty-cat
Thinks it wondrous snug.

Humpy little gray back,
Arched above the toes;
Does she think she's out of sight
If she hides her nose?

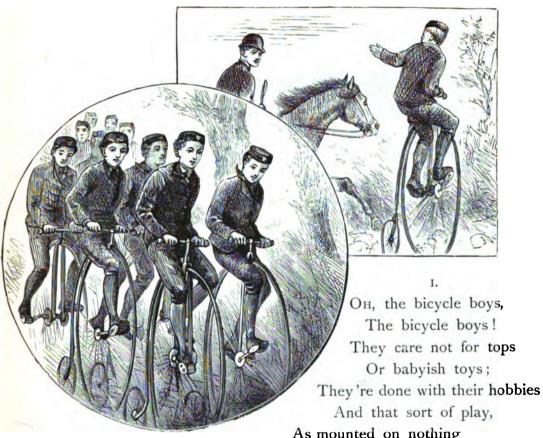


MR. ELEPHANT RINGING THE BELL FOR DINNER.



THIS LITTLE COLT SAYS: "WHY, MA! I'M ALMOST AS TALL AS YOU ARE!"

THE BICYCLE BOYS.



As mounted on nothing They're off, and away!

II.

Oh, the bicycle boys,

The bicycle boys!

They travel along

Without any noise.

They travel so softly,

They travel so fast,

They always get somewhere,

I 'm told, at the last.

III.

They race with each other,
They race with a horse,
All sure they will beat
As a matter of course;
And often they win,
And often they fall;
Then "down comes bicycle,
Boy, and all!"

A JINGLING RHYME.

There was a Dog, and he barked and barked and barked so loud, they say,

That he frightened all the rats and mice a hundred miles away.



There was a Cat all sleek and fat, and she had naught to do But softly purr and smooth her fur and sit and look at you!



HELPING MOTHER.

FROM A PAINTING BY JAN VERHAS.

GOOD-MORNING.

GOOD-MORNING, Mamma! Good-morning, bright sun! Good-morning, Papa! The day is begun. Good-morning to ev'ry one, pussy as well: Does he sleep like the rest, till he hears the first bell?

Good morning it is, for the sky is all blue, The green grass is shining and sparkling with dew; The birds all are singing their merriest song, And the air through the window comes sunny and strong.

Good morning it is, for dark was the night, And chilly and still; but the morning is bright. If God did not watch us and bring us the day, We'd never be able to get up and play.

Good-morning, new Day! I'm glad we're awake, Your work and your sunshine, and frolic to take; And I'm glad we are able so gayly to call Good-morning! good-morning! Good-morning to all!

THE SNOW-BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

By Mabel Jones.

YES, the snow-birds had a Christ-mas-tree at our house last year—a re-al tree, just big e-nough for the dear lit-tle things. I'll tell you a-bout it.

We were as hap-py as we could be a-round our own beau-ti-ful tree, when all at once Roy gave a shout, and point-ed to the win-dow. (Roy is my lit-tlest broth-er. He has love-ly brown hair, and it's banged in front and hangs down be-hind. Mam-ma says he is the pet of the house, or that Lulu and he are the pets of the house. For Luli looks ver-y much like Roy, and has the same kind of love-ly hair, and it's banged in front and long be-hind, just like Roy's. Only Lulu is old er than Roy.)

Well, when Roy point-ed to the win-dow that morn-ing we thought at first that some-thing had hap-pened to the lit-tle toy goat car-riage that

had been giv-en to him at East-er. He oft-en put it up-on the broad win-dow-shelf, be-cause he could gent-ly pull it up and down there before the win-dow.—It was a very queer lit-tle car-riage, made of a sug-ar egg-shell, with a lit-tle sug-ar rab-bit, up-on the seat, driv-ing a ti-ny goat.



love-ly lit-tle snow-birds, look-ing in at our tree! And they would peck, peck, at the pane, as if they want-ed us to o-pen the win-dow.

"Let them in! Let them in!" shout-ed Lulu, and she ran to raise the win-dow. Then the poor lit-tle birds were a-fraid of her, and flew a-way.

They did not fly ver-y far a-way — on-ly to a big tree out in the yard. And we o-pened the win-dow and called, "Bird-ie! Bird-ie!" a-gain and a-gain, and tried to coax them to come in. But just then it be-gan to snow hard, and the lit-tle birds flew down into a lit-tle, low ev-er-green, and a-way into the cen-ter of it, where the snow could n't fall on them at all.

But the best thing is to come yet. Lulu thought of it. Just when we said the poor lit-tle birds would have a very dull Christ-mas-day, Lulu said: "Oh, I know! We'll make them a Christ-mas-tree of their own! and take it out and give it to them."

And then Lulu and Mam-ma cut off a lit-tle bough from our Christ-mastree, and they stood it up in a strong pa-per box, and packed the box tight-ly with pret-ty blue pa-per, so that the bough would stand up straight in it. And then she hung the lit-tle tree all o-ver with bread-crumbs, and made it a per-fect lit-tle Snow-birds' Christ-mas-tree!

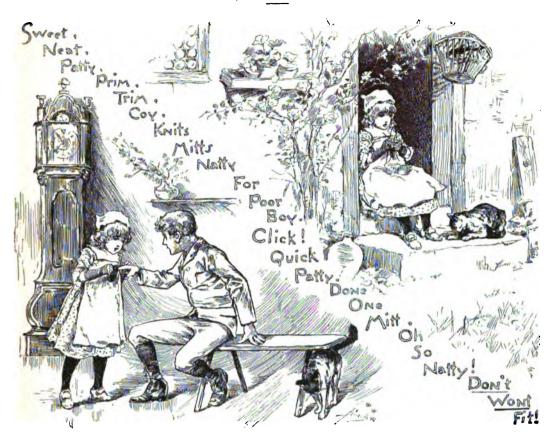
Then Lulu and Roy put on their new red caps, with a big round but-ton at the top, and their warm coats, and took the lit-tle Christ-mas-tree out in-to the yard, and set the lit-tle box and the lit-tle tree very near the evergreen, where it stood up straight. And—if you'll be-lieve it—those birds nev-er flew a-way at all, but looked just as if they had ex-pect-ed it all a-long! And Lulu and Roy went a few steps off, and turned a-round and stood per-fect-ly still, and in a min-ute all four of those lit-tle birds flew down, and helped them-selves from their pret-ty lit-tle Christ-mas-tree, and were just as hap-py o-ver it as we were o-ver ours. Lulu and Roy stood out there in the snow and watched them ev-er so long. And we could see them from the win-dow, too.

We hope the same lit-tle snow-birds will come back this win-ter; and if they do, we're go-ing to give them an-oth-er and a fin-er Christ-mas-tree.



ROY'S SUGAR GOAT-CARRIAGE.

WORDS INCLINED TO JINGLE.



A BED-TIME SONG.

Open the snowy little bed,
And put the baby in it;
Lay down her pretty curly head,
She'll go to sleep in a minute.

Tuck the sheet down round her neck,
And cover the dimples over,
Till she looks like a rose-bud peeping out
From a bed of sweet white clover.

THE COCK AND THE SUN.

By J. P. B.



A cock sees the sun as he climbs up the east;
"Good-morning, Sir Sun, it's high time you appear;
I've been calling you up for an hour at least;
I'm ashamed of your slowness at this time of year!"

The sun, as he quietly rose into view,

Looked down on the cock with a show of fine scorn;

"You may not be aware, my young friend, but it's true,

That I rose once or twice before you, sir, were born!"

Was the proud fowl abashed? Not a bit; for you see He was all the more silly because he was vain; "Cock-a-doo!" he exclaimed. "Do you dare dazzle ME? "Cock-a-doo-dle! Now don't let this happen again!"

THE LAZY PUSSY.

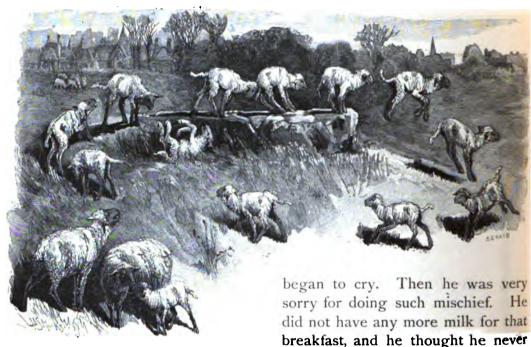
By PALMER COX.

There lives a good-for-nothing cat,
So lazy, it appears,
That chirping birds can safely come
And light upon her ears.
The rats and mice can venture out
To nibble at her toes,
Or climb around and pull her tail,
And boldly scratch her nose.
Fine servants brush her silken coat
And give her cream for tea;
Yet she's a good-for-nothing cat,
As all the world may see.



LITTLE MISCHIEF.

ONCE there was a little boy named Leslie. He lived in New York, quite near the Central Park. He would have been a good boy if he had not been so full of mischief. One day at the breakfast table, he upset his bowl of milk to make his papa laugh. And when his papa did not laugh, Leslie



would upset his bowl again. On the next day his nurse was going to the Central Park with him and a little boy named Vic, who was coming to spend the afternoon with him, so Leslie soon became very happy, and he talked a good deal about the Park, and all he was going to show Vic there.

"I'll show him the ammamuls," said Leslie (for he had not yet learned to say animals plainly), "and the Olbisct—that great high stone thing with writin' on it; and I'm goin' to take him to see the sheep and the lambs all jumpin' and playin' like everything. Can't I, Mamma?"

"Oh, yes," said his mamma; "but that high stone thing in the Park is an Obelisk. Can't you say Obelisk?"

"Olbisct," said Leslie, with such a funny twinkle in his bright eyes that his mamma thought he could say it better if he tried very hard.

Well, at last, it was nearly time for Vic to come. Nurse washed Leslie's face and dressed him finely to go to the Park. Then she told him he could go down-stairs and wait till she was ready. Leslie went straight to papa's

room, but papa had gone up the street. So the little boy threw his pretty velvet hat on the table, and looked about for something to do.

And now something very bad happened. A pair of scissors lay on papa's table, and Leslie was up to mischief at once. He took the scissors and sat down on a bench close to some books and pictures that were lying on a big chair—and oh! what do you think he did? It was dreadful.

He cut two pages of one of the books; and he pulled the pictures to the floor. Then he began to cut one of the fine pictures!



Just then papa came in. He shouted to Lesthen he said he must punish his little boy for Leslie cried very hard, for he knew he had

Leslie cried very hard, for he knew he had as soon as he heard the door-bell ring, he stopped

lie to stop, and such mischief. done wrong, but crying, and said: "Oh, Papa! there's Vic! I must go now. We are going with nursey to see the ammamuls and lambs in the Park! I'll let you punish me a little when we get back."

But his papa said: "No, sir, you can not go to the Park to-day. You must GO RIGHT TO BED. Then you will remember not to do mischief again." Papa knew that this was a severe punishment.

Leslie cried and cried and cried, but he had to go to bed.

Papa felt very sad, but he told Victor that Leslie could not go out at all. Then he took Victor to the Park, himself, and showed him the Obelisk and the lambs, and the seals, and a good many things besides.

That same evening papa carried up Leslie's supper, and talked with him a while. He told the little boy what harm he had done, and how very naughty it was to injure books or pictures or anything of value, and how he hoped that after this he always could trust his little son. Then Leslie kissed him, and promised never, never, never to do such mischief again.

MERRY RAIN.

By FLETA FORRESTER.

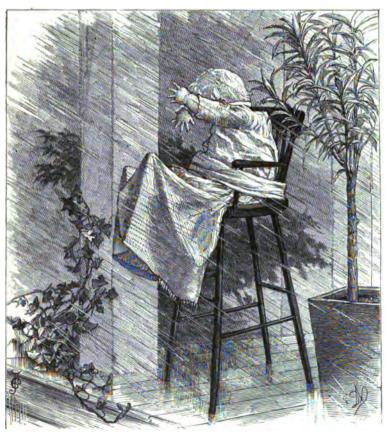
Sprinkle, sprinkle, comes the rain,
Tapping on the window-pane;
Trickling, coursing,
Crowding, forcing
Tiny rills
To the dripping window-sills.

Every blade of grass around
Is a ladder to the ground;
Clinging, striding,
Slipping, sliding,
On they come
With their busy zip and hum!

Laughing rain-drops, light and swift,
Through the air they fall and sift;
Dancing, tripping,
Bounding, skipping
Thro' the street,
With their thousand merry feet.

In the woods, by twig and spray,
To the roots they find their way;
Pushing, creeping,
Doubling, leaping,
Down they go
To the waiting life below.

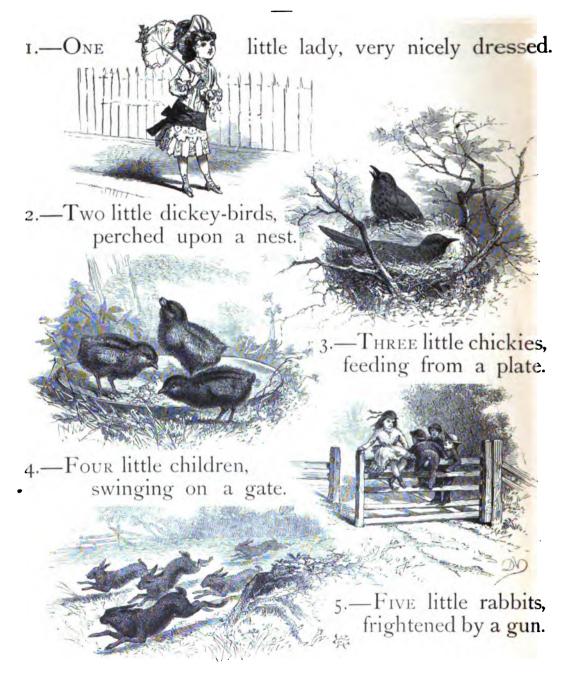
Oh, the brisk and merry rain,
Bringing gladness in its train!
Falling, glancing,
Tinkling, dancing
All around,—
Listen to its cheery sound!

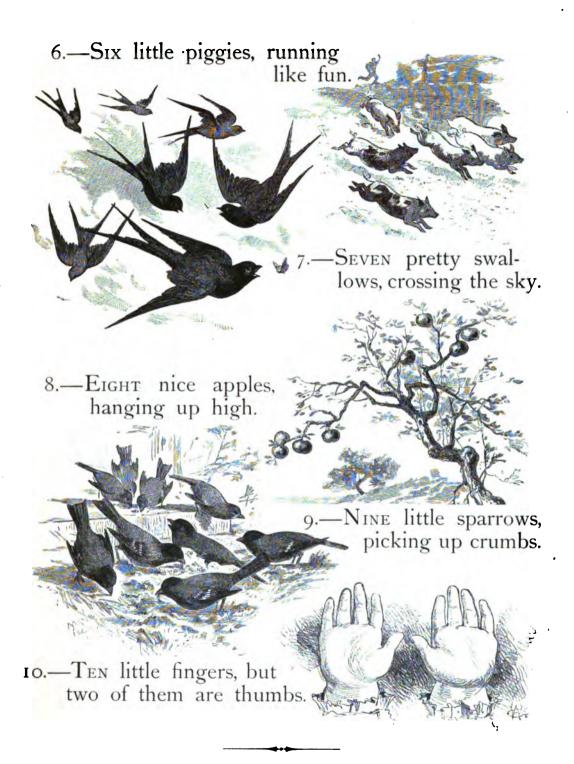


"OH! OH! BRING THE BABY INTO THE HOUSE, RIGHT AWAY!"

COUNTERS.

BY AUNT SUE.





Hoop Song



Trundle-undle-undle Round and round and round! Go the hoops, in little troops Rolling on the ground.

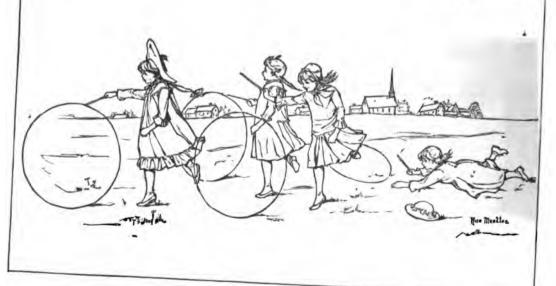
Rumble - umble - umble :

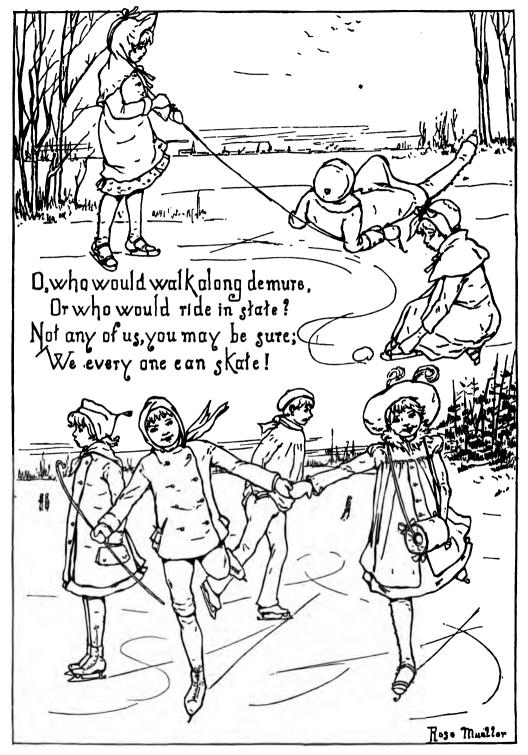
Ever up and down.

The little girls with flying curls

Drive them through the town.









THREE ANGORA GOATS.

GOATS WITH LONG HAIR.

By L. G. Morse.

DID you ev-er see goats climb the mount-ains? They run up the rock-y sides and a-long such lit-tle, nar-row places, that it seems, ev-er-y min-ute, as if they would sure-ly roll off and be killed at the next step. They will stop high, high up on a spot, where there does not seem to be e-nough ground for their feet to rest up-on, and look a-round them as qui-et-ly as if they were stand-ing in a field, and be-gin to nib-ble the bits of grass near by. They are not at all a-fraid.

Little boys and girls who live near, look up at them a-way up—ever so high—and wish that they could climb as fast and well. Some-times, if you saw a goat in such a place, you might won-der how he could move at all; but, sud-den-ly, you would see him draw back his horn-y head, bend his fore legs un-der his bod-y, and spring through the air from one rock to an-oth-er, com-ing down, at last, safe and sound, up-on a ledge as nar-row as the one he had left. But it would be more fun for you to see them in the fields, where they can skip and play near you.

They are in a field in the pict-ure; but one of them is look-ing at the mount-ains, I think. You can see how long and thick their hair is. Those goats ly-ing down would make nice, soft pil-lows for your heads.

But these goats are not like those that you have seen at home. You would have to go far a-way, to the oth-er side of the world, to a place called An-go-ra, to find goats with long, silk-y, curl-y hair like that. The hair of the cats, dogs and rab-bits, as well as of the goats that live at that place, is very fine and soft.

It is ea-sy to make any goat tame and gen-tle. If you were to pet and feed one for a few days, it would soon fol-low you a-bout, like "Ma-ry's lit-tle lamb." They are al-most al-ways ver-y po-lite, too; if you of-fer them e-ven an old piece of pa-per, they do not sniff at it and turn a-way their heads, as dogs, or cats, or most oth-er pets would; but they take it pret-ti-ly and eat it up, as if they were much o-bliged to you for it.

Did you ev-er taste goat's milk? It is ver-y nice, and good for lit-tle ba-bies. Sick peo-ple oft-en drink it, be-cause it is bet-ter for them than cow's milk. Once I knew two lit-tle girls, named An-nie and Ma-rie, who went a-cross the big sea in a ship. Their pa-pa bought two goats,

which were put in a pen on board of the ship, and so went all the way with the lit-tle girls. An-nie and Ma-rie had some of their milk ev-er-y

day, and they fed their pret-ty goats with bread.

The goats were named "Muff" and "Tuf-ty," and they were so glad when the lit-tle girls came to see them, that they would lick their hands and frol-ic as much as they could in the lit-tle pen. When An-nie and Ma-rie left the ship, they gave Muff and Tuf-ty to a poor wom-an, who led them home for her own lit-tle chil-dren to pet.

BABY'S JOURNEY.

By Laura E. Richards.

HOP-PET-Y, hop-pet-y, ho!

Where shall the ba-by go?

O-ver dale and down,

To Lim-er-ick town,

And there shall the ba-by go.

Hop-pet-y, hop-pet-y, ho! How shall the ba-by go? In a coach and four, And pos-si-bly more, And so shall the ba-by go.

Hop-pet-y, hop-pet-y, ho!

When shall the ba-by go?

In the aft-er-noon,

By the light of the moon,

And then shall the ba-by go.

Hop-pet-y, hop-pet-y, ho!

Why shall the baby go?

To learn a new jig,

And to buy a new wig,

And that 's why the ba-by shall go.



HARKEE, harkee to the clock,—
"Tick, tock, tick, tock!"
This the pretty clock doth say
All the night and all the day.

" Tick, tock, tick, tock!"

Tell me, tell me, pretty clock,—
"Tick, tock, tick, tock!"—
Is this all that you can say
All the night and all the day?
And the clock makes answer quick,
"Tock, tick, tock, tick!"

LITTLE BOY JOHN IS SLEEPY.

LITTLE boy John is sleepy,
Little boy John can rest,
Now that the sun all its labor has done,
And gone to its bed in the west.

Little boy John to-morrow

Shall laugh and sport all day;

Little boy wise is shutting his eyes,

He will wake in the morning and play.

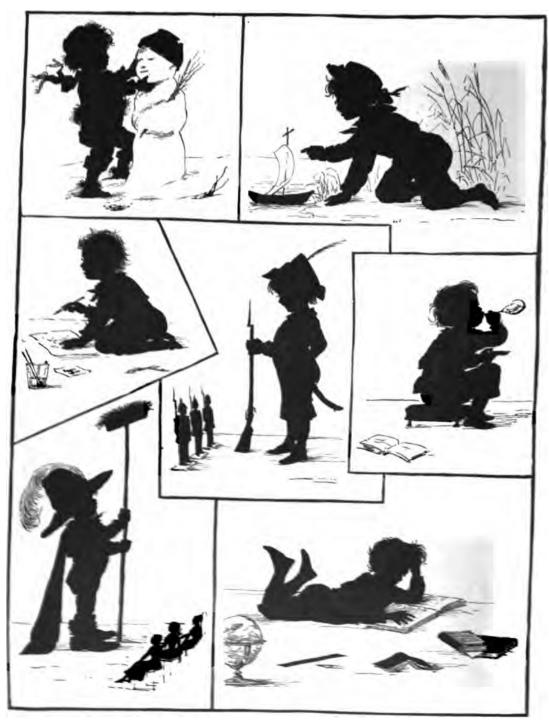
Rattle goes into the closet,

Letter-blocks go there too;

Wait till the morn for the cow in the corn.

And the horn of the Little Boy Blue.





Which of these little boys lives in your house?

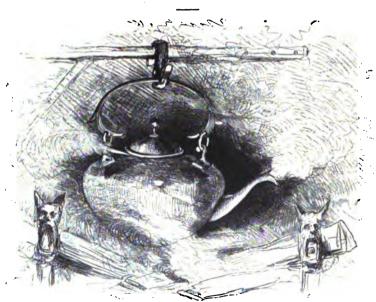


Which of these little girls lives in your house?

HALLOA, OLD SCUTTLE!

Halloa, old scuttle! good old soul,
What 's become of all your coal?
"Why, the tongs he came with a gobbledy-gun,
And took my coals out, one by one;
And the blaze ran in with a tricksy-spire
And set the pretty things afire;
And the blower came with a roaring roar,
And made them burn up more and more;
And the poker with kloppity-hop,
He poked their ashes and made 'em drop,—
And that, O Gobbledy-kloppity-dole!
Is what's become of all my coal."

"SING-A-SING!"



LISTEN! Hear the tea-kettle sing:
"Sing a-sing a-sing a-sing!"
It matters not how hot the fire,
It only sends its voice up higher:
"Sing a-sing a-sing a-sing!
Sing a-sing a-sing a-sing!"

Listen! Hear the tea-kettle sing:

"Sing a-sing a-sing a-sing!"
As if 't were task of fret and toil
To bring cold water to a boil

"Sing a-sing a-sing a-sing!"

FOUR LITTLE BIRDS.



Four little birds all flew from their nest,—
Flew north, flew south, to the east and the west;
They could think of nothing so good to do,
So they spread their wings and away they flew.
And I don't know whither they went. Do you?
Perhaps they all will return next spring,
As light of heart, and fleet of wing.

KITTY AND DODO.

By W. S. H.

OH! Kitty and Sir Dodo
Went out to take a ride;
And Dodo sat upon the seat,
With Kitty by his side.
Now, Kitty had a bonnet on,
All trimmed with ostrich feathers;
And Dodo had pink ribbons hung
Upon the bridle leathers.

And Kitty wore a blue silk dress With ninety-seven bows;
And Dodo's coat had buttons fine Sewed on in double rows.
And Kitty had a parasol
Of yellow, white, and red;
And Dodo wore a jaunty cap
Upon his curly head.

Says Dodo to Miss Kitty:

"Where shall we drive to-day?"

"Just where you please," says Kitty;

"I'm sure you know the way." Now Dodo had a famous whip, That glistened in the sun, And when he cracked the silken lash It made the horses run.

"Oh, my!" said timid Kitty,

"I fear they 'll run away."

"Don't be afraid," said Dodo,

"I can hold them any day." Sweet flowers were blooming all around,

The birds sang soft and low, While, in the west, the setting sun Set all the sky aglow.

Says Dodo to Miss Kitty:

"You are my pet and pride. I love to go a-driving, With Kitty by my side."

And then says happy Dodo:

"I know a lovely street Where we can get some good ice-

And strawberries to eat."

"How charming!" says Miss Kitty;

"I'm sure I'm fond of cream, But of eating ice and strawberries, I never yet did dream."

With that he smoothed the lap-robe

'T was made of leopard's skin,— And put his arm around the seat And tucked Miss Kitty in, And said, "I hope, Miss Kitty, Your pretty feet are warm?"

"Oh, thank you!" said Miss Kitty;

"I think they 'll take no harm." Thus Dodo and Miss Kitty Enjoyed their pleasant ride, Likewise the cream and strawberries;

And came home side by side.



THE WISE LITTLE CHICK.

(A story founded strictly on fact.)

By HYLIE MORREL.

ONCE there was a wise lit-tle chick, who felt ver-y, ver-y hun-gry; so hun-gry that for a long time he did not know what to do a-bout it. So he thought, and he thought, and he thought:

And at last he made up his mind that he would go and find some-thing to eat.

So he went, and he went went. Now, was not this a wise lit-tle chick?



LITTLE GOO-GOO.

We have in our house a brave little chap, Who loves to be in his dear mamma's lap; He is laughing and singing the whole day long, And "Goo-goo-goo!" is all of his song.

I catch up the darling and throw him high, And he reaches his hands to touch the sky; But all that he says, to show his delight, Is "Goo-goo-goo!" with his baby might.

He shakes his fists and kicks his feet, Because he is waiting for something to eat; And then speaks up, very loud and strong, And his "Goo-goo" means "I can't wait long."

The little birdies say, "Cheep! cheep!"
"Ba! Ba!" says the baby-sheep;
But the sweetest song, I think—don't you?—
Is our little darling's "Goo-goo-goo!"

THE STORY OF ROB .- TOLD BY HIS LITTLE MAMMA.

Rob is my boy doll. No-bod-y knows what he says but me. Rob ran a-way one day—when he was young-er than he is now—and he was gone a long time. I was a-fraid he would nev-er come back; and Pa-pa went out one day and brought home Nee-na. Nee-na is a ba-by-doll,



ROB AND NINA.

with-out an-y hair; but she has blue eyes like Rob's, and is just too sweet for an-y-thing. One day it was my birth-day, and I had a birth-day par-ty, and we had real dish-es, and I poured the tea, same as Mam-ma does; and the door-bell rang, and who do you think was there?

It was Rob. come home! And he had on a Scotch cap and an Ulster coat. Yes, and he had a car-pet bag, too, and there he stood in the hall, look-ing up at me, and hold-ing out his arms. He had come to my birth-day party, just as Pa-pa said he would. Oh, how splen-did he looked, and how glad I was to see him! And when he saw Nee-na he was glad, and I knew he

would nev-er run a-way an-y more. And now he stays home ev-er-y day and helps nurse his sis-ter, and he is a good boy. Not a speck of naugh-ty in him. This is a true sto-ry, and here is Rob tak-ing care of Nee-na.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER ABOUT HER DOLLS.

LOWELL, 1883.

DEAR GIRLS: Perhaps you would like to see a picture of my children. My Mamma says I may send you one that was made the same day that my picture was taken for Papa. It is perfect, and shows you just how they look at me. So I send it with this letter. I call it my dear little six.

Shall I tell you their names? The biggest child is the baby,—but you

know that doll children do not grow as other children do. Her name is Reba. has blue She eves, and one little curl, and is as sweet as can The oldest be. child is Mary. She is ten years old. She sits by the baby, and helps me a great deal in taking care of her. The little girl with the long hair and lace cap is Mabel, and her brother. the Scotch in dress, is Colie. Lu Sin and Yung



Wing are twins. They came from Japan, and are really adopted children; but I would n't have them know this for anything. Lu Sin is the little girl, Yung Wing is the boy. He is the one sitting in front of Mabel.

They are all very nice children; but, of course, with such a big family, Mamma says I must expect a good lot of care and trouble. But I do not mind that. I expect to make all their clothes as long as they live. I am very fond of reading aloud to them, and they seem to like it, too.

Your friend, KITTY R.



THE SWEET RED ROSE.

By Joel Stacy.

"Good-morrow, little rose-bush,
Now prythee tell me true:
To be as sweet as a sweet red rose
What must a body do?"

"To be as sweet as a sweet red rose

A little girl like you

Just grows and grows and grows—

and grows—

And that 's what she must do."

LITTLE SQUIRRELS.

Little squirrels, crack your nuts;
Chip your busy tune;
Sound your merry rut-a-tuts—
Boys are coming soon!
Hide to-day, and pile to-day,
Hoard a goodly store;
When the boys are gone away,
You may find no more.

Hear you not their merry shout, Song, and happy laughter?
Sure as leaping, boys are out I
Girls are coming after.
Hide and pile, then, while you may,
Hoard a goodly store;
If the children come this way,
You may find no more.



A RIDDLE.-WHO CAN GUESS IT?

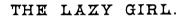
I know a little creature
In a green bed,
With the softest of wrappings
All 'round her head.

When she grows old

She 's hard and can't feel,

So they take her to the mill

And make her into meal.



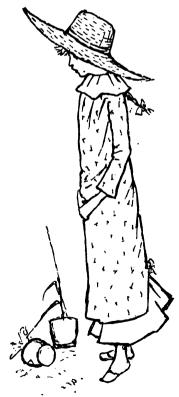
By Bessie Hill.

When I work in the house I always say:

"How I'd like to toil out of doors all day!"

And when they send me to weed the flowers

The day seems made of a hundred hours!"



ROY'S VIS-IT.

THESE two lit-tle boys lived next door to each oth-er, but there was a high board fence be-tween the two gar-dens. One day Roy felt ver-y

lone-ly, and, when he looked to-ward How-ard's house, he saw a step-ladder lean-ing a-gainst the high board fence. Roy ran to it, and climbed up to the top step, and looked o-ver. The first thing he saw was How-ard, sit-ting on a lit-tle grass mound; and just then How-ard looked up and saw Roy. "Hal-lo!" said How-ard; "can't you come and play with me?"



HOW-ARD.

ROY.

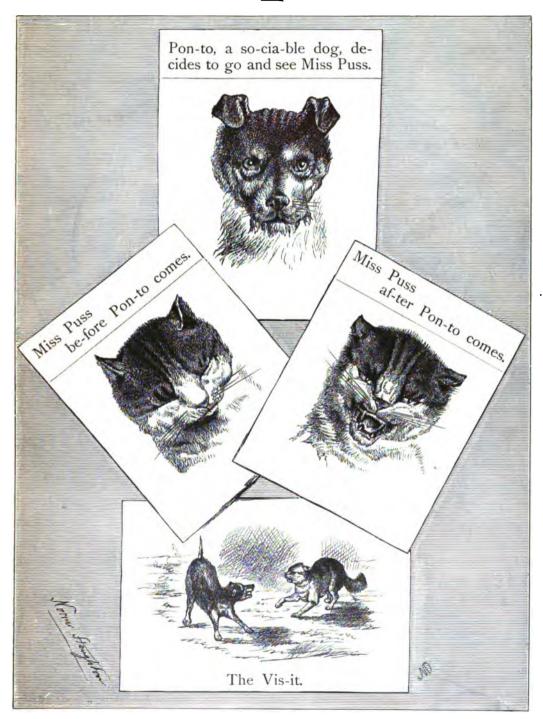
"Yes, I am com-ing now," said Roy; and he stepped down from the lad-der, and went through the front gates in-to the oth-er yard. Then the boys sat down on the grass mound, and talked and played for an hour. But they were very kind and po-lite to each oth-er, and so they had a hap-py time.

Roy's nurse did not know where he had gone, and looked ev-er-y-where for him, and, at last, she climbed up the step-

lad-der, and saw the two lit-tle

boys. Roy was just bid-ding How-ard good-bye, and tell-ing him what a pleas-ant vis-it he had had. "Sakes a-live!" said the nurse to herself. "How po-lite these lit-tle fel-lows are! A great ma-ny boys, when they vis-it each oth-er, act just like cats and dogs!"

CAT-AND-DOG MANNERS.



THE BROOM GIANT.

Two swallows sat on a telegraph wire. Their wise little eyes were looking all about, in search of a good place to build a nest.

"There is that nice low house, with the porch, over there," said one;

"let us go and look at it."

So, over they flew, and soon they stood side by side on a lovely place to build a nest in.

"It's a long way to go to fetch the mud," said one bird, "but I like the place. Let us build here."

"Agreed," said the other one; "and we'll build right away."

And off they flew toward the sea. They alighted on a sedge-bog and pecked about for marsh mud, because they knew it was just what they needed. They carried it to the porch and laid it on the ledge.

The blue and green and purple wings were very happy little wings

as they went and came full fifty times within the next hour.

"Now, you can go alone this time, and I'll pick up straws and sticks before the mud dries too hard," said one swallow, and away flew the other to the blue sea. As he came back, when he flew over the telegraph wire, he thought he heard his mate calling, "Here! here!"

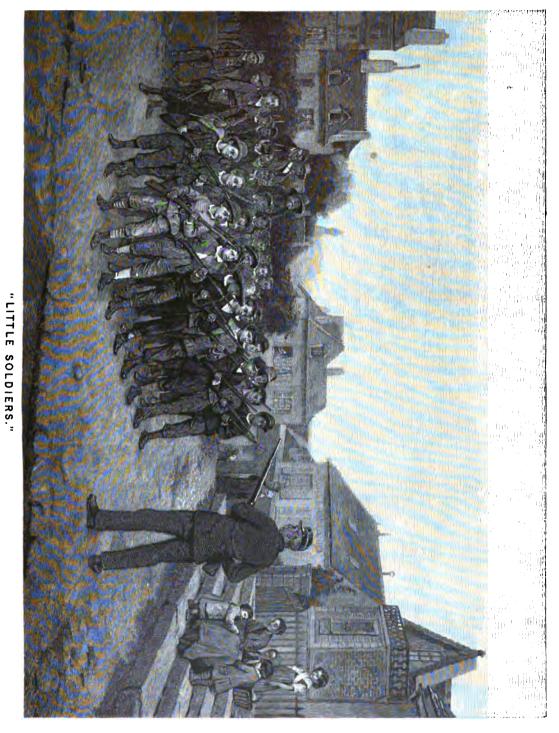
Giving a little swoop down, he found her sitting on the wire.

"No use! no use." said she. "A dreadful giant came out of the house, and when I just flew quietly over her big head with my straws, she looked up to the ledge, and said she: 'Laura, Laura, come here! The swallows are nesting in the porch. Fetch a broom, quick!' Then another giant came with a broom and swept away all the foundations of our nest. It's too bad!"

"Oh, never mind," said the other bird. "Plenty of good places to build nests in, and we'll go right away and find another spot."

Off they flew, and they went to the biggest barn they could find, and, in the very tip-toppest part of the roof they found a tiny window; so in they flew, and there was a ledge just as good, and every way safer than the one in the porch; for no house-cleaning had been done there or would be done while the barn should last. Here the swallows built their nest, and to this barn they come back from year to year, and every year they tear down the old nest and build a new one, and say each time:

n After all, it was a good thing for us that the giant did n't let us build in the porch, for there is no telling what might have happened to the baby swallows there; and here, we are as safe as safe can be."



A PUSSY PAGE.



SEVEN LITTLE PUSSY-CATS.

By Joel Stacy.



Seven little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,

Cried: "Mother, let us go. Oh, do! for good we'll surely be.

We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you have shown us how—

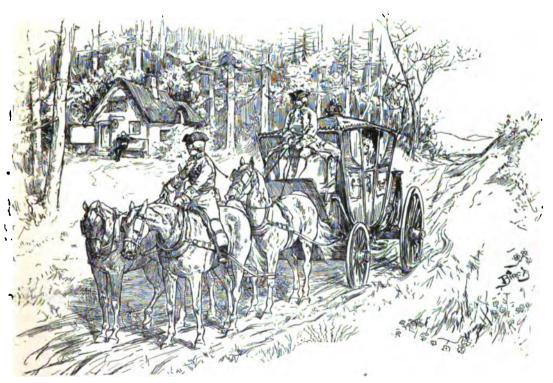
Spoons in right paws, cups in left—and make a pretty bow;

We'll always say 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.'"

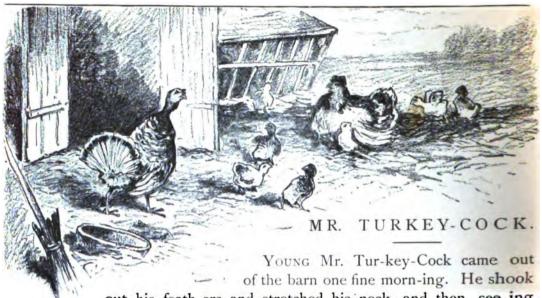
"Then go, my darling children," said the happy Mother Cat.

The seven little pussy-cats went out that night to tea,
Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails were swinging free;
They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite;—
With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.
But, alas for manners beautiful, and coats as soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—oh, what do you think!
They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink!
Yes, every naughty little kit set up a "me-ouw!" for more,
Then knocked the tea-cup over, and scampered through the door.

A FINE TURN-OUT.



THIS IS THE WAY THE PRINCESS RODE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



out his feath-ers and stretched his neck, and then, see-ing some ti-ny lit-tle chick-ens close by, he ran to-ward them with his tail set up proud-ly like a fan, and mak-ing a sort of drum-ming noise with his wings. The lit-tle things, who had left their egg-shells on-ly the day before, were fright-ened, and ran a-way as fast as they could to the old hen, who spread her wings o-ver them. This as-ton-ished the young tur-key-cock, who had nev-er be-fore sup-posed that a-ny one could be a-fraid of him.

"I won-der if I could make a-ny-thing else run a-way," thought he. He looked a-round the barn-yard, and saw a lit-tle calf; so he walked qui-et-ly o-ver to it, with his feath-ers ly-ing smooth. The calf looked up, and then turned a-way and rubbed a fly off its side with its nose. Then Mr. Tur-key swelled up his feath-ers, and gave a long "gob-ble," and rushed drum-ming

up to the calf. Boss-y gave one quick look, then jumped side-wise, and took an-oth-er look, and then shook its

head, kicked up its heels, cut two or three fun-ny cap-ers, and ran a-way.

Now the tur-key was proud in-deed, for he had fright-ened the calf, which was big-ger than he. So he looked a-bout to find some oth-er creat-ure to try his trick up-on. At last he saw a horse

crop-ping the grass. So he flew down and walked qui-et-ly to-ward it. When quite close, he ran at it, gob-bling and drum-ming, and the horse, which had not seen him com-ing, gal-loped a-way in a fright.

"Ah!" thought Mr. Tur-key, "I can scare ev-ery-thing! What fun it is!" —— Just then a long, shrill whis-tle was heard, and an en-gine

came a-long on the oth-er side of the mead-ow, draw-ing a train of cars. Mr. Tur-key knew noth-ing a-bout trains or rail-roads, and he looked hard at the en-gine.

"That can be noth-ing but a ver-y big, black sort of a horse," thought he. "I will go o-ver there and wait for it to come back a-gain." So he strut-ted a-cross the field, think-ing all the time what a splen-did bird he was, since ev-ery-body was a-fraid of

him. He walked a-long the rail-road track, all read-y to run at the black i-ron horse when it

should come. He had not long to wait. The whis-tle

was heard, and he puffed himself up and ran at the great black thing as it came whizzing a-long. Did the en-gine

run a-way? Yes, but it car-ried Mr. Tur-key with it, which was more than he had bar-gained for. A great wind seemed to sweep him up on a big

black thing, and he was car-ried
bell rang, and the train stopped at
"Hel-lo! look at that tur-key

a-long at a ter-ri-ble rate un-til a
a sta-tion, and a man shout-ed:
on the cow-catch-er!"

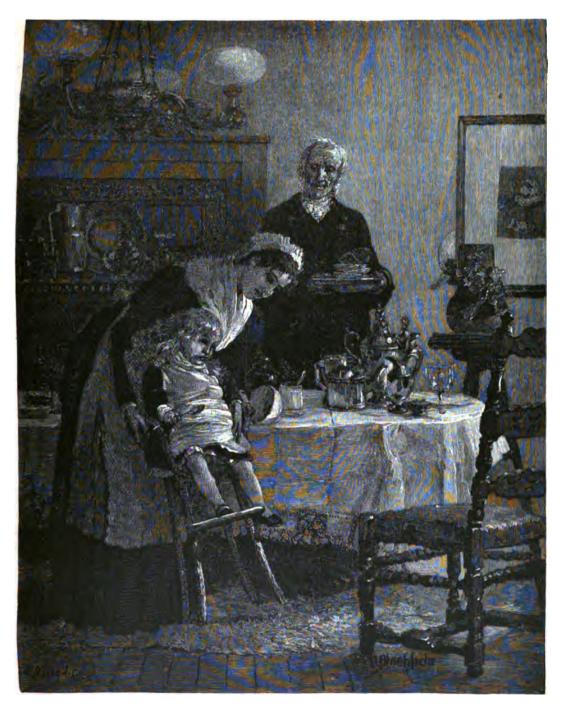
Mr. Tur-key got safe-ly est day of his life, he fright-en e-ven a

on the cow-catch-er!" home, but, to the latnev-er a-gain tried to chick-en.





THIS IS THE WAY MY GRANDMAMMA DANCED.
FROM A PAINTING BY J. E. MILLAIS.



HIS LORDSHIP'S BED-TIME.

DRAWN BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.

5 49

"NOON, NOON!"



Noon! Noon!!

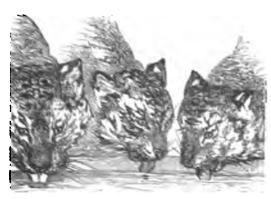
Laugh, and stop the Baby's tears!

Liance, and drive away his fears!

Kiss, and stop the swelling of it,—

Baby fell and bumped his head,

And all the clocks are telling of it.



THE THREE TIGERS.

Three twers went to take a drink:
And, what do you think? What do
you think?

They drank as much as heart could wish,

And never swallowed a single fish!

JACK AND JILL,

Long, long ago, a Mother said
Unto her children small:
"Now Jack and Jill, go up the hill—
And see that you don't fall.
Fetch me a pail of water back,
And hurry with a will."
"Oh, no, mamma," said Lazy Jack.
"Oh, yes, mamma," said Jill.

The Mother frowned an angry frown;
They went as she directed—
Alas, she saw them coming down,
Sooner than she expected!
You know the story, children all?—
If Jack had scorned to grumble,,
Perhaps he'd not have had that fall,
And made his sister tumble.



THE TAME CROW AND THE EGG.

ONCE up-on a time there lived a tame crow who was ver-y fond of eggs. He would some-times steal hens' eggs, and fly a-way with them to the mead-ow be-hind the barn, where he would break them and eat them. He found that a nice way to break an egg was to take one in his claws and fly up in the air and let it fall on the ground. He would then fly down and eat it as it ran out of the bro-ken shell. Some-times the egg would fall on the grass, or on the soft earth, and would not break. Then he would pick it up a-gain and fly up high-er, so that he could be sure to break it.

One day, Mis-ter Crow found a nice, shin-y white egg in a nest, and picked it up and flew a-way to feast upon it.

"My!" said Mis-ter Crow, as he flew a-long. "This is a ver-y heav-y egg. Per-haps it has a doub-le yolk. Here is a nice hard place. I'll let it fall on the gar-den walk, where it will be sure to break."

He let it fall, but it did not break.

"That is strange!" said Mis-ter Crow. "I must try a-gain."

So he did. He flew up high-er in the air, and let the egg fall right on some stones. It did not break this time.

"The third time nev-er fails," said Mis-ter Crow. "I'll try once more."

A-gain he flew up with the egg and let it fall. It did not break e-ven this time, but just bounced like a rub-ber ball on the stones.

"Now, this is strange," said Mis-ter Crow. "It is the hard-est egg I ev-er saw. Per-haps it has been boiled for four min-utes."

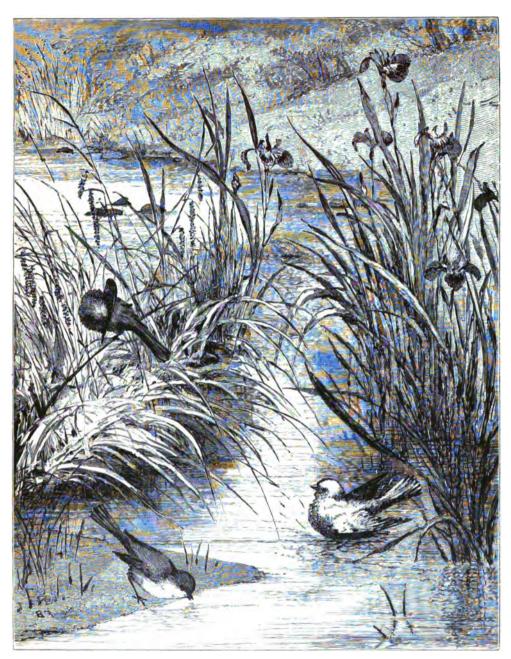
He flew down and looked at the egg. It did not look like a hard-boiled egg, and he took it up a-gain, and flew as high as the wood-en roost-er on top of the barn.

"This time it must break," said Mis-ter Crow. And it only bounced high-er than be-fore, and was as whole as ev-er.

"I nev-er saw such an egg," said Mis-ter Crow. "I am a-fraid it is not good. I am ver-y hun-gry, and this is tire-some work. I 'll sit on the top of the barn and rest."

Just then the dai-ry-maid came a-long, and see-ing the egg on the path, she picked it up and said: "Gra-cious me! Here is one of those Chi-na nest-eggs out in the gar-den!"

Do you won-der that Mis-ter Crow could not break it?



"SEE how the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill,
Come to the murmuring water's
edge
And freely drink their fill.

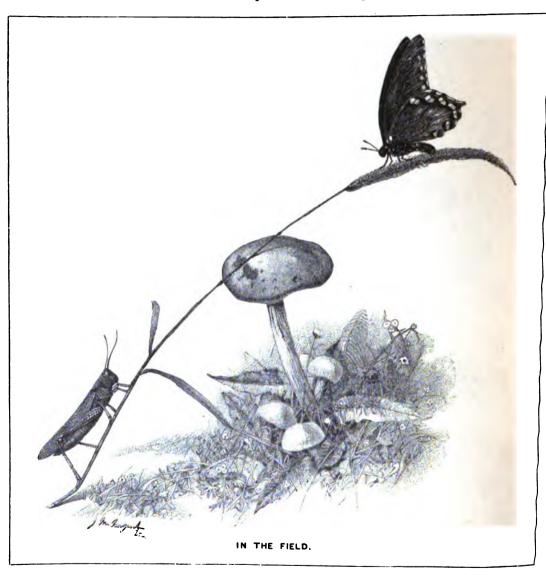
And dash about, and splash about,
The merry little things!
And look askance with bright black
eyes,

And flirt their dripping wings."

THREE KINDS OF SEE-SAW.

See-saw I saw in the fields one day;
A see-saw you'll see when the children play:

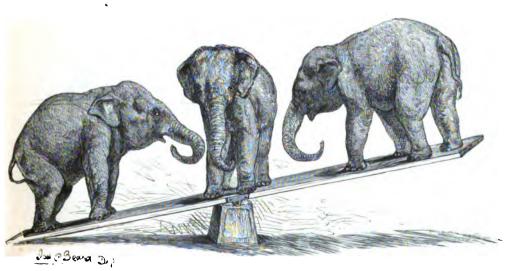
And oh! the very funniest way



To see a see-saw, I know you'll say, Is when at the biggest show in town, The elephants see-saw, up and down:

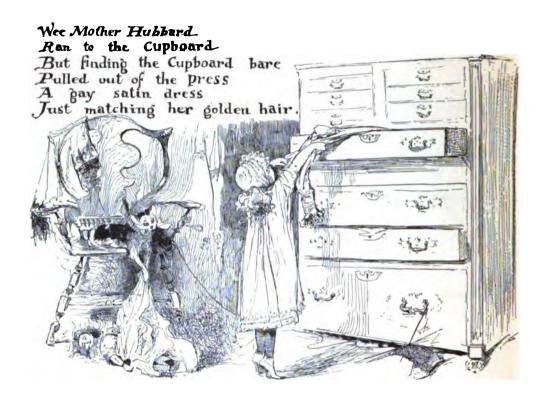


MARY ANN: "EDDY WHITE, IF YOU DARE TO JUMP OFF, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN, THE LONGEST DAY THAT I LIVE! NEVER!"



TRAINED BABY ELEPHANTS PLAYING SEE-SAW.

Wee Mother Hubbard .



"PHILOPENA!"

The pretty Princess Wilhelmina
Thought she 'd eat a Philopena.
She asked the Prince. He answered
"Yea";

And "caught" was he that very day.
The present came in course of time;
No jewel it, nor gold nor delf.
The Prince just waited for his prime,
Then gave the Princess fair,—himself!



THE PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS EAT A PHILOPENA.

ARTHUR AND HIS PONY.

ABOUT the middle of the summer, little Arthur, who lived in the country, went to see his grandmother, whose house was three or four miles away from Arthur's home. He staid there a week, and when he came home and had been welcomed by all the family, his father took him out on the front piazza and said to him:

"Now, Arthur, if you are not tired, how would you like to take a ride?" "Oh! I'm not tired," said Arthur. "I'd like a ride ever so much. Will you take me?"

- "No," said his father. "I meant for you to take a ride by yourself."
- "But I can't drive," said little Arthur.
- "I know that," his father said, with a smile, "but I think we can manage it. Here, Joseph!" he called out to the hired man, "hurry and bring Arthur's horse."
- "Oh, papa!" cried Arthur, "I don't want my horse. I can't take a real ride on him. He's wooden, and I was tired of him long ago. I thought you meant for me to take a real ride," and the little fellow's eyes filled with tears.

"So I do, my son," said his father, "and here comes the horse on which you are to take it. Is that animal real enough for you, sir?"

Around the corner came Joseph, leading a plump little black pony, with a long tail and mane, and a saddle, and bridle, and stirrups.

Arthur was so astonished and delighted that at first he could not speak.

- "Well, what do you think of him?" said his father.
- "Is that my horse?" said Arthur.
- "Yes, all your own."

Arthur did not go to look at his pony. He turned and ran into the house, screaming at the top of his voice:

"Mother! mother! I've got a pony! Come quick! I've got a pony—a real pony! Aunt Rachel! I've got a pony. Laura! Laura! come, I've got a pony!"

When he came out again, his father said: "Come now, get on and try your new horse. He has been waiting here long enough."

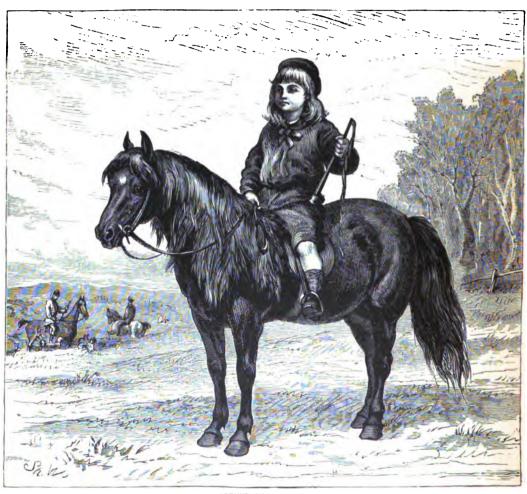
But Arthur was so excited and delighted, and wanted so much to run around his pony and look at him on all sides, and kept on telling his father how glad he was to get it, and how ever so much obliged he was to him for it, and what a good man he was, and what a lovely pony the

pony was, that his father could hardly get him still enough to sit in the saddle.

However, he quieted down after a while, and his father put him on the pony's back, and shortened the stirrups so that they should be the right length for him, and put the reins in his hands. Now he was all ready for a ride, and Arthur wanted to gallop away.

"No, no!" said his father, "you cannot do that. You do not know how to ride yet. At first your pony must walk."

So Arthur's father took hold of the pony's bridle and led him along



ARTHUR ON HIS PONY.

the carriage-way in front of the house, and as the little boy rode off, sitting up straight in the saddle, and holding proudly to the reins, his mother and his aunt and his sister Laura clapped their hands, and cheered him; and this made Arthur feel prouder than ever.

He had a good long ride, up and down, and up and down, and the next day his father took him out again, and taught him how to sit and how to guide his pony.

In a week or two Arthur could ride by himself, even when the pony was trotting gently; and before long he rode all over the grounds, trotting or cantering or walking, just as he pleased.

The pony was a very gentle, quiet creature, and Arthur's father felt quite willing to trust his little boy to ride about on him, provided he did not go far from home.

Arthur rode that pony until he became a big boy. Then he gave the good little animal to a young cousin.

But he never liked any horse so much as this pony, which was his own, real horse, when he was such a little boy.

THE BIRD AND ITS MOTHER.

(A Kinder-Garten Dialogue for Baby to Learn with Mamma.)

Mam-ma. Here we are in our nice warm nest—I and my lit-tle bird.

I won-der if he is a-wake? I must list-en.

Ba-by. Peep! peep!

Mam-ma. Oh, yes. He is wide a-wake. What do you want, lit-tle bird?

Ba-by. Peep! peep! peep!

Mam-ma. Oh, you want your break-fast, do you? Well, I must fly a-way and find you some-thing nice.

Ba-by. Peep! peep! peep! peep!

Mam-ma. What! Do you wish to go, too?

Ba-by. Peep!

Mam-ma Ver-y well. The sky is blue, and it is a nice bright day. Let me see if your lit-tle wings are strong. (Mam-ma works Ba-by's arms gent-ly up and down.) Yes, the wings are strong. Now, come! (Mam-ma takes hold of Ba-by's hands and lets him skip with her a-cross the room.)

THE FATE OF A GINGER-BREAD MAN.



HERE's a nice brown ginger-bread man, Freshly baked in the baker's pan, Spiced and sugared, and spick and span; Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie— Oh, what a nice sweet man to buy!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann Looking in at the ginger-bread man (Spiced and sugared, and spick and span, Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie), Wondering whether the price is high.



Here are Felix and Mary Ann Going home with the ginger-bread man That was baked in the baker's pan.

- "Far too nice to be eaten," they said;
- "Keep the man for a dolly, instead."



Here behold the ginger-bread man, That was baked in the baker's pan, In the doll-house of Mary Ann. See him stand, with his round, fat face, Among the dolls in silk and lace!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann Sleeping sound as ever they can, Dreaming about the ginger-bread man Left in the doll-house, set away, Till they wake in the morn to play.



See this rat; since the night began He has prowled to get what he can. Ah, he smells the ginger-bread man! There's the doll-house under the shelf, Just where the rat can climb himself!



Every rat will get what he can.
Ah, the poor, sweet ginger-bread man!
Wake, O Felix and Mary Ann!
There's a patter, a jump, a squeak—
Ah, if the ginger-bread man could speak!



See the rat, as quick as he can, Climbing up for the ginger-bread man In the doll-house of Mary Ann! Ah, if the ginger-bread man could run! Oh, to see what the rat has done!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann Come to play with the ginger-bread man, Spiced and sugared, and spick and span. Ah, behold, where he stood before, Only crumbs on the doll-house floor!





HAPPY DAYS BY THE LAKE.

WAIT.

By DORA READ GOODALE.

When the icy snow is deep,
Covering the frozen land,
Do the little flowerets peep
To be crushed by Winter's hand?

No, they wait for brighter days,
Wait for bees and butterflies;
Then their dainty heads they raise
To the sunny, sunny skies.

When the cruel north winds sigh,
When't is cold with wind and rain,
Do the birdies homeward fly
Only to go back again?

No, they wait for Spring to come,
Wait for kindly sun and showers;
Then they seek their northern home,
Seek its leafy, fragrant bowers.

SANTA CLAUS.

"I so awful bad! Santy Claus wont come down the chimney one bit," said little Bertie, and he began to cry. Bertie

was not four years old, and he did not know just how to act. He had pulled the cat's tail, and upset the milk-pan, and, oh, dear! worse than all, he had gone behind his grandma when she was bending over the fire, and said Boo! so loud that it made her jump, and drop her spectacles, pop! into the

tea-kettle. So he sat down on the floor, with his old fur cap

on, to think about it; for this was Christmas eve.

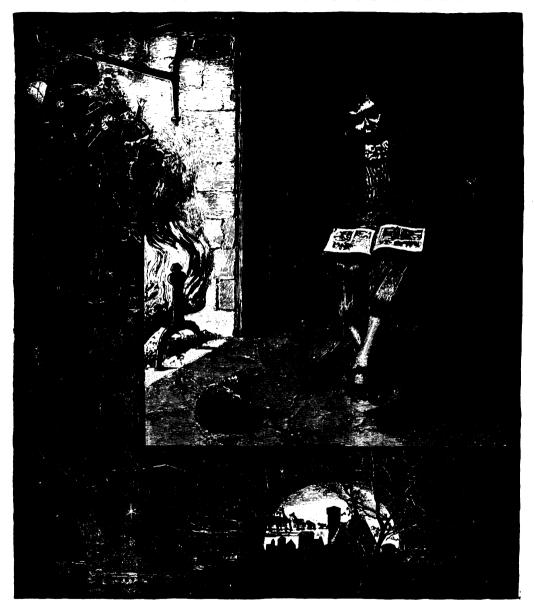
But bless his heart! Grandma loved him if he did say Boo! at her. So did Mamma and Papa, and so did Pussy, and so did Santa Claus! When it was bed-time for Bertie, he wanted Grandma to go to bed, too, though it was not dark, so that Santa Claus would be sure to come. Grandma put on a funny cap, and hid under the bed-clothes, and

Bertie hung up his stocking before he said his prayers. Then he squeezed his eyes tight shut, and went to sleep. In the night Santa Claus came, and before he went, a candy cat, a top, a ball, an or-

ange, a barking dog and a jumping Jack, all went softly into Bertie's stocking, and waited for him to open his eyes.

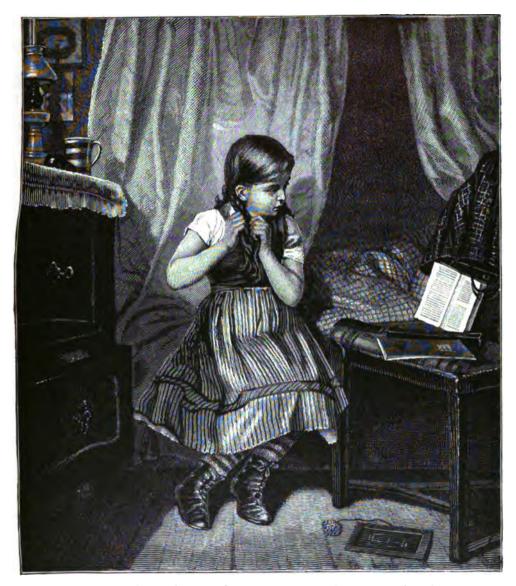
Oh, how glad he was when he woke in the morning!

"WHERE DO ALL THE TOYS COME FROM?"



"Where do all the toys come from?" thought Jamie, as he sat by the fire one night last winter, half asleep. And then he remembered hearing his papa once say that thousands of toys came from a queer old city in Germany, where they were made by poor children and their parents.

LITTLE GRETCHEN.



LITTLE Gretchen has a lesson to study, and she knows that the breakfast-bell soon will be ringing; so she is trying to study her book and braid her hair at the same time. It is not a very hard lesson to learn. I hope she will not be late at school. Don't you hope so, too?

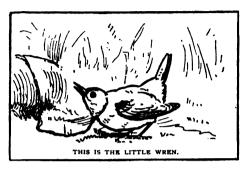
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"FIDDLE-DIDDLE-DEE!"

LITTLE DAVIE ran through the garden,—a great slice of bread and butter in one hand, and his spelling-book in the other. He was going to study his lesson for to-morrow.

You could not imagine a prettier spot than Davie's "study," as he called



it. It was under a great oak-tree, that stood at the edge of a small wood. The little boy sat down on one of the roots and opened his book.

"But first," thought he, "I'll finish my bread and butter."

So he let his book drop, and, as he ate, he began to sing a little song with which his mother sometimes put the

baby to sleep. This is the way the song began:

"I bought a bird, and my bird pleased me;
I tied my bird behind a tree;
Bird said ——"

"Fiddle-diddle-dee!" sang something, or somebody, behind the oak. Davie looked a little frightened, for that was just what he was about to sing in his song. But he jumped up and ran around to the other side of the tree. And there was a little brown wren, and it had a little golden thread around its neck, and the thread was tied to a root of the big tree.

"Hello!" said Davie, "was that you?"

Now, of course Davie had not expected the wren to answer him. But the bird turned her head on one side, and, looking up at Davie, said:

"Yes, of course it was me! Who else did you suppose it could be?"

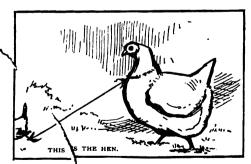
"Oh yes!" said Davie, very much astonished. "Oh yes, of course! But I thought you only did it in the song!"

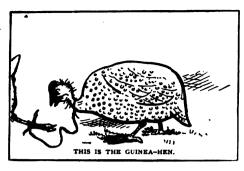
"Well," said the wren, "were not you singing the song, and am not I in the song, and what else could I do?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Davie.

"Well, go, then," said the wren, "and don't bether me."

Davie felt very queer. He stopped a moment, ut soon thought that





he must do as he was bid, and he began to sing again:

"I bought a hen, and my hen pleased me; I tied my hen behind a tree; Hen said --- "

"Shinny-shack! shinny-shack!" interrupted another voice, so loudly that Davie's heart gave a great thump, as he

There, behind the wren, stood a little Bantam hen, and turned around. around her neck was a little golden cord that fastened her to the wren's leg.

"I suppose that was you?" said Davie.

"Yes, indeed," replied the hen. "I know when my time comes in, in a song. But it was provoking for you to call me away from my chicks."

"I?" cried Davie. "I did n't call you!"

"Oh, indeed!" said the Bantam. "It was n't you, then, who were singing 'Tied my hen,' just now! Oh no, not you!"

"I'm sorry," said Davie. "I did n't mean to."

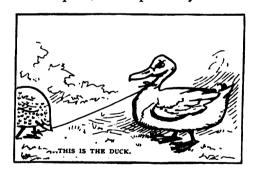
"Well, go on, then," said the little hen, "and don't bother."

Davie was so full of wonder that he did not know what to think of it all. He went back to his seat, and sang again:

> "I had a guinea, and my guinea pleased me; I tied my guinea behind a tree ---- "

But here he stopped, with his mouth wide open; for up a tiny brown path that led into the wood, came a little red man about a foot high, dressed in green, and leading by a long yellow string a plump, speckled guinea-hen! The little old man came whistling along until he reached the Bantam, when he fastened the yellow string to her leg, and went back again down the path,

and disappeared among the trees.



Davie looked and wondered. Presently, the guinea stretched out her neck and called to him in a funny voice:

"Why in the world don't you go on? Do you think I want to wait all day for my turn to come?"

Davie began to sing again: "Guinea said ——"

"Pot-rack! pot-rack!" instantly squeaked the speckled guinea-hen.

Davie jumped up. He was fairly frightened now. But his courage soon came back. "I'm not afraid," he said to himself; "I'll see what the end of this song will be!"—and he began to sing again:

"I bought a duck, and my duck pleased me;
I tied my duck behind a tree;
Duck said ——"



"Quack! quack!" came from around the oak. But Davie went on:

"I bought a dog, and the dog pleased me; I tied my dog behind a tree; Dog said ——"

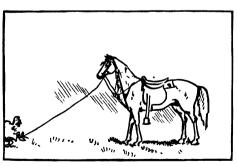
"Bow-wow!" said a little curly dog, as Davie came around the spreading roots of the tree. There stood a little short-legged duck tied to the guinea's leg, and to the duck's leg was fastened the wisest-looking Scotch terrier, with spectacles on his nose and a walking-cane in his paw.

The whole group looked up at Davie, who now felt perfectly confident. He sat down on a stone close by, and continued his song:

> "I had a horse, and my horse pleased me; I tied my horse behind a tree."

Davie stopped and looked down the little brown path. Then he clapped his hands in great delight; for there came the little old man leading by a golden bridle a snow-white pony, no bigger than Davie's Newfoundland dog.

"Sure enough, it is a boy!" said the pony, as the old man tied his bridle to the dog's hind leg, and then hurried away. "I thought so!



Boys are always bothering people."

"Who are you, and where did you all come from?" asked delighted Davie.

"Why," said the pony, "we belong to the court of Her Majesty the Queen of the Fairies. But, of course, when the song in which any of the court voices are wanted, is sung, they all have to go."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," said Davie. "But why have n't I ever seen you all before?"

"Because," said the pony, "you have never sung the song down here

before." And then he added: "Don't you think, now that we are all here, you'd better sing the song right end first, and be done with it?"

"Oh, certainly!" cried Davie, "certainly!" beginning to sing.

If you could but have heard that song! As Davie sang, each fowl or animal took up its part, and sang it, with its own peculiar tone and manner, until they all joined in.

"I had a horse, and my horse pleased me; I tied my horse behind a tree.

Horse said, 'Neigh! neigh!'

Dog said, 'Bow-wow!'

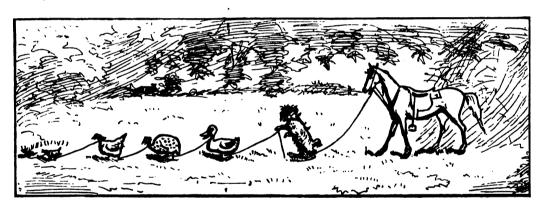
Duck said, 'Quack! quack!'

Guinea said, 'Pot-rack! pot-rack!'

Hen said, 'Shinny-shack! shinny-shack!'

Bird said, 'Fiddle-diddle-dee!'"

Davie was overjoyed. He thought he would sing it all over again. But just then he was sure that his mother called him.



"Wait a minute!" he said to his companions. "Wait a minute! I'm coming back! Oh, it's just like a fairy-tale!" he cried to himself, as he bounded up the garden-walk. "I wonder what mother'll think?"

But his mother said she had not called him, and so he ran back as fast as his legs would carry him.

But they were all gone. His speller lay on the ground, open at the page of his lesson; a crumb or two of bread was scattered about; but not a sign of the white pony and the rest of the singers.

"Well," said Davie, as he picked up his book, "I guess I wont sing it again, for I bothered them so. But I wish they had stayed a little longer."

CARLO, JANE, AND ME.

WHEN-EV-ER Pa-pa takes a walk, He al-ways calls us three; He says he could n't go with-out Old Car-lo, Jane, and me.



We laugh and talk, and bark and play,
And Pa-pa swings his cane;—
Once he for-got and killed some flow-ers,
That stood up in our lane.

And some-times Car-lo runs and jumps, And Jane stands by a tree,—
Oh dear! what fun my Pa-pa has,
With Car-lo, Jane, and me!

And, just for mis-chief, Car-lo barks
At ev-er-y one we pass;
And makes the shad-ow of his tail
Keep wag-gin' on the grass.

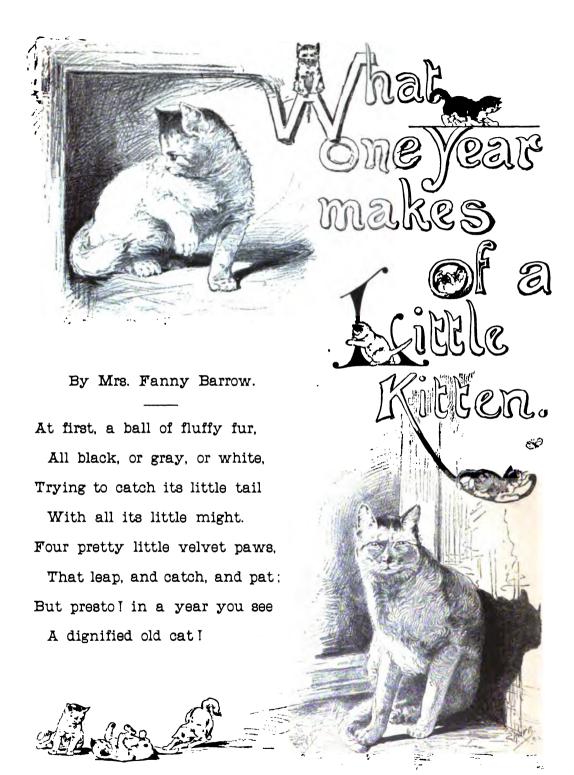
When Jane can't walk, I car-ry her,
And Car-lo car-ries me;
Then Pa-pa al-ways walks be-side,
And shouts out "Haw!" and "Gee!"

I wish he 'd come; poor Jane is tired, With wait-ing here so long; Car-lo don't mind—no more do I, But Jane was nev-er strong.

Car-lo is made of curl-y hair,
And I am made of me;
But Jane is made of wood and things,
As doll-ies have to be.

She had a ac-cer-dent one day
With Tom-my's chis-el tool;—
It's aw-ful dan-ger-ous for dolls
When boys don't go to school.

Oh, here is Pa-pa! Now, we'll start; He's sure to take us three; You see he could n't go with-out Old Car-lo, Jane, and me!



THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

By Mrs. M. F. Butts.

KING FROST comes and locks me up,

The sunshine sets me free;

I frolic with the grave old trees,

And sing right cheerily.

I go to see the lady flowers,
And make their diamond spray;
The birds fly down to chat with me,
The children come to play.

I am the blue sky's looking-glass,
I hold the rainbow bars;
The moon comes down to visit me,
And brings the little stars.

Oh, merry, merry is my life
As a gypsy's out of Spain!
Till grim King Frost comes from the North
And locks me up again.

THE LITTLE CHICK THAT TRIED.



THERE was once a big white hen who had twelve little chickens, and they were all just as good little chickens as ever you saw. Whatever their mother told them to do, they did.

One day, this old hen took her children down to a small brook. It was a nice walk for them, and she believed the fresh air from the water would do them good. When they reached the brook, they walked along by the bank for a little while, and then the old hen thought that it looked much prettier on the other side, and that it would be a good thing for them to cross over. As she saw a large stone in the middle of the brook, she felt sure that it would be easy to jump on that stone and then

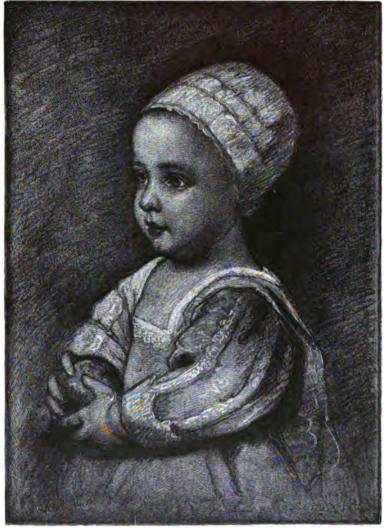
to jump to the other side. So she jumped to the stone, and clucked for her children to follow her. But, for the first time in their lives, she found that they would not obey her. She clucked and flapped her wings and cried to them, in hen-talk:

- "Come here, all of you! Jump on this stone, as I did. Then we can go to the other side. Come now!"
 - "Oh, mother, we can't, we can't!" said all the little chickens.
- "Yes, you can, if you try," clucked the old hen. "Just flop your wings as I did, and you can jump over, easy enough."
- "I am a-flopping my wings," said one little fellow, named Chippy, who stood by himself in front, "but I can't jump any better than I did before."
 - "I never saw such children," said the old hen. "You don't try at all."
- "We can't try, mother," said the little chicks. "We can't jump so far. Indeed, we can't, we can't, we can't, we can't!" chirped the little chicks.
- "Well," said the old hen, "I suppose I must give it up"—and so she jumped back from the stone to the shore, and walked slowly home, followed by all her family.
- "Don't you think mother was rather hard on us?" said one little chicken to another, as they were going home.
- "Yes," said the other little chick. "Asking us to jump so far as that, when we have n't any wing-feathers yet, and scarcely any tails!"
 - "Well, I tried my best," said Chippy. "I flopped as well as I could."
- "I did n't," said one of the others. "It's no use to try to flop when you've got nothing to flop."

When they reached home, the old hen began to look about for something to eat, and she soon found, close to the kitchen-door, a nice big piece of bread. So she clucked, and all the little chickens ran up to her, and each one of them tried to get a bite at the piece of bread.

"No, no!" cried the old hen. "This bread is not for all of you. It is for the only one of my children who really tried to jump to the stone. Come, Chippy! you are the only one who flopped. This nice piece of bread is for you."

BONNIE BABIE STUART.



BONNIE BABIE STUART.

Long ago, nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, this little child was born. She was a bright, beautiful baby—Bonnie Babie Stuart the people called her—and she loved her papa and mamma very much. When you study the history of England, you will learn about Babie Stuart's father, King Charles the First of England, and her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria; and perhaps you will feel like crying over their sorrows. But Babie Stuart did not cry; for she left this world when she was not full four years old, and her little life was as happy as that of any baby in England.

PUSSY AND HER ELEPHANT.

BY HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.

HAVE you heard of little Pussy, in that country o'er the sea. How the dogs came out to chase her and she had to climb a tree? You have n't? Then I'll tell you how gentle Pussy Gray Went climbing up, hand over hand, and safely got away.



But then the strangest trouble came! The tree began to shake! A tremendous giant something took Pussy by the neck And tossed her off! And there again among the dogs was she, And what could frightened Pussy do, but climb the same old tree?

But then the strange thing came again, and, swinging high in air, Pounced right on little Pussy, as she sat trembling there;
But when it touched her fur it stopped; as though its owner thought:
"It's nothing but a pussy-cat that trouble here has brought.



"I'll let her make herself at home."—
And Pussy, safe once more,
Folded her paws contentedly and
viewed the country o'er,
And purred a meek apology: "Excuse
me, friend, I see
I've climbed a broad-backed elephant;

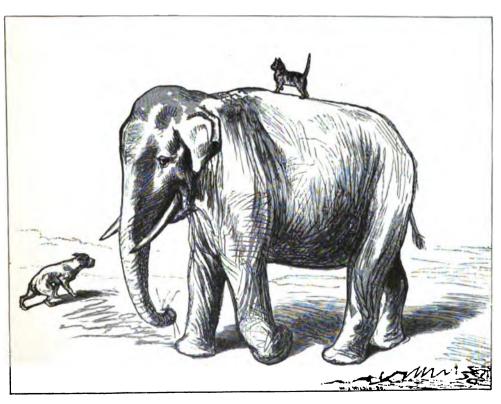
I meant to climb a tree!"

Whatever else she said or sung that

you would like to hear

She must have whispered coaxingly into the giant ear;

For often afterward, 't is said, Miss Pussy Gray was seen To ride the broad-backed elephant as proud as any queen!





 प्रति चित्रकार अपक् प्रति चत्र कर चर्चा चार भागक प्रति चत्र वर्षा चार भागक प्रति चित्रकार अपक् प्रति चित्रकार अपक् स्थापक

THE CRY-BA-BY.

Fred is a lit-tle boy, but a great cry-ba-by. He cries in the morn-ing, he cries at noon, he cries at night. He cries when he is washed, when he is dressed, and when his hair is combed. He cries when he goes to school, and when he goes to bed. He cries be-cause his milk is hot, and be-cause his toast is cold; be-cause his jack-et is too old, and be-cause his boots are too new. It is queer how much Fred finds to cry a-bout.

One day he went to see his Aunt Ma-ry. She gave him a nice thick piece of gin-ger-bread. She thought that would make him smile. Oh, no! it made him cry. He just o-pened his mouth to take a bite, and then burst out with a loud "boo-hoo!"

- "Why, what is the mat-ter?" said Aunt Ma-ry.
- "This gin-ger-bread is too high up!" cried Fred.

"There, there! What a sil-ly boy!" said Aunt Ma-ry. "Hark! I hear mu-sic! The sol-diers are com-ing! Let us look out and see them go by!" said the kind aunt-y.

She put Fred up in a chair at the win-dow, and he saw the sol-diers march by, and heard the mu-sic; and all the time he munched a-way at the gin-ger-bread that was "too high up." By the time the last sol-dier had passed, the gin-ger-bread was all gone.

"Now Fred is a good lit-tle boy," said Aunt Ma-ry. But all at once he be-gan to cry a-gain. "Oh, dear! What is it now?" said Aunt-y. "What are you cry-ing a-bout this time?"

"Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" roared Fred. "I can't 'mem-ber what I cried a-bout be-fore the mu-sic came! Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

Aunt Ma-ry put on Fred's cap and took him home, and called the fam-i-ly to-geth-er.

- "What are you go-ing to do with this boy?" she said. "He cries all the time!"
 - "Let us all laugh at him ev-er-y time he cries!" said Mam-ma.
- "That will make too much noise," said Pa-pa. "I think I'll get him the place of town-cri-er, and let him earn his liv-ing by cry-ing."
 - "He can be a news-boy, and cry news-pa-pers!" said lit-tle Mol-ly.
- "We might make a great dunce-cap, with CRY-BA-BY print-ed on it in big let-ters, and make him wear it all the time he cries," said Sis-ter Sue. "That would make him a-shamed."
 - "What do you say, Char-ley?" said Aunt Ma-ry.

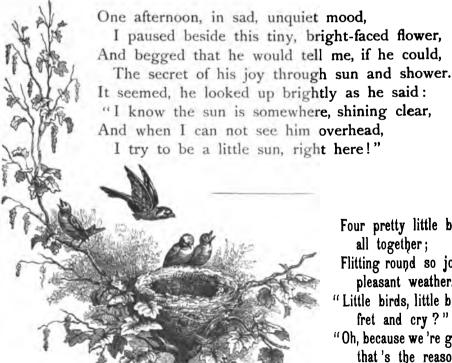
"Set him up in the Park for a drink-ing fount-ain, and let streams of wa-ter come out of his eyes all the time!" said Char-ley.

"Well," said Aunt-y, "I hard-ly know which is the best plan; but some-thing must be done, or Fred will nev-er grow to be a man!"

DANDELION.

By W. B. ALLEN.

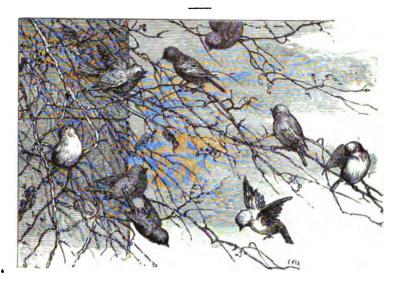
A DANDELION in a meadow grew, Among the waving grass and cowslips yellow; Dining on sunshine, breakfasting on dew, He was a right contented little fellow. Each morn his golden head he lifted straight, To catch the first sweet breath of coming day; Each evening closed his sleepy eyes, to wait Until the long, cool night had passed away.



Four pretty little birds, singing all together; Flitting round so joyfully in the pleasant weather. "Little birds, little birds, why not fret and cry?"

"Oh, because we're good and glad: that's the reason why."

HOW DO BIRDIES LEARN TO SING?



How do birdies learn to sing?

From the whistling wind so fleet,
From the waving of the wheat,
From the rustling of the leaves,
From the rain-drop on the eaves,
From the tread of welcome feet,
From the children's laughter sweet,

Little birdies learn their trill
As they gayly float at will
In the gladness of the sky,
When the clouds are white and high,
In the beauty of the day
Speeding on their sunny way,
Light of heart, and fleet of wing—
That's how birdies learn to sing.

BABY'S SKIES.

(A WORD TO MOTHER.)

Would you know the baby's skies? Baby's skies are Mother's eyes. Mother's eyes and smile together Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mother, keep your eyes from tears, Keep your heart from foolish fears, Keep your lips from dull complaining Lest the baby think 't is raining.



MAMMA'S PETS

SENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL FROM A PICTURE BY KNAUS. BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.

THE STORY OF THE PAPER DOLLIES.

By BESSIE HILL.

ONCE there was a ver-y nice girl who lived in the coun-try. Her name was Kate. She had a lit-tle sis-ter named Ma-bel; and Kate and Ma-bel would play out-of-doors ev-er-y fine day. Some-times they took their dog Car-lo with them, and he would leap be-fore them and bark with joy. Then Kate would throw a stick,—oh, so far!—for him to catch. She could throw a stick twice as far as Ma-bel could. If Ma-bel tried too hard she would fall down, and then Car-lo would try to lift her up, and she would put her lit-tle arms a-round his neck to help him all she could. Some-times Kate and Ma-bel found flow-ers and ber-ries in the field for Mam-ma, and some-times they would go to the brook and watch the lit-tle fish swim past. Or else they would roll a hoo-ple down the long gar-den walk, or jump a rope, or Kate would put lit-tle roll-er skates on Ma-bel and teach her to skate.

But on rain-y days they would stay in the house. Kate oft-en had work to do, or lessons to stud-y, but as soon as she had a mo-ment to spare, Ma-bel would say, in a fun-ny, coax-ing way, "Now, Ka-ty, please me." "Ver-y well," Kate would say; "I'll a-muse you, you dar-ling. What shall we do?"

Ma-bel knew Kate could do so man-y things, that it was hard to make a choice. Play-ing stage with the chairs was great fun; so was look-ing at a pict-ure-book; so was dress-ing the dol-lies; so was play-ing hide-and-seek; and so was hear-ing sto-ries, for Kate could tell ev-er so man-y nice sto-ries. But oft-en Ma-bel would not choose an-y of these things. No. She would run in-stead, and beg her Mam-ma for some sheets of pa-per and the scis-sors, and then Kate would laugh and say:

- "I know what you want now! You want some pa-per dol-lies."
- "Yes," Ma-bel would say, nod-ding her head and get-ting down on the floor close to Ka-tie's feet, "I want pa-per dol-lies."

Then Kate would cut, and cut, and cut till Ma-bel had as many as she wished.

One day Ma-bel looked out of the win-dow, and there sat a poor lit-tle girl by the fence.

"What's your name, lit-tle girl?" called out Ma-bel, as Kate o-pened the win-dow. "You'll get wet there. Come in-to my house. It's rain-ing."

But the poor lit-tle girl was a-fraid to o-pen the gate. She be-gan to cry. "Don't cry!" called Ma-bel. "Oh, Ka-ty, Ka-ty! She 's cry-ing!"

Then Kate went down and brought the lit-tle girl in, and let her sit by the kitch-en fire till she felt warm and dry. Then she and Ma-bel gave the lit-tle girl some bread and tea and cake, and Kate found a bas-ket and filled



KATE CUTS OUT THE PAPER DOLLIES FOR MABEL.

it full of bread and meat and eggs and tea for the lit-tle girl to take home with her. And you may be sure the lit-tle girl did not cry then.

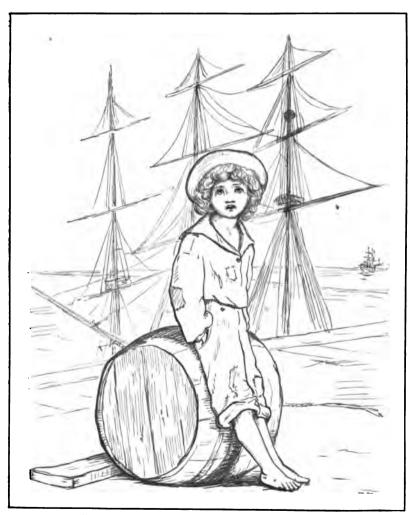
And Ma-bel put in all the pa-per dolls she had, and kissed the lit-tle girl for "Good-bye."

"Come a-gain, lit-tle girl," she said, "and Ka-ty'll make you more pa-per dol-lies."

THE BUMBLE-BEE.

THE bumble-bee, the bumble-bee, He flew to the top of the tulip-tree, He flew to the top, but he could not stop, For he had to get home to his early tea.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee, He flew away from the tulip-tree; But he made a mistake, and flew into the lake, And he never got home to his early tea.



"LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER! SING FOR YOUR SUPPER."

LIT-TLE TO-TOTE.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

No one would think that lit-tle To-tote was a girl who could en-joy stand-ing on her head.

She was as shy as her kit-ten that hid un-der chairs when-ev-er a strange step came near; and she scarce-ly ev-er looked anyone in the face, with-out first let-ting her long, soft eye-lash-es fall up-on her cheek. And yet To-tote's fa-vor-ite de-light was to stand on her head.

Her nurse laughed and cried out, "Oh, To-tote, a-gain on your head!" at which

To-tote would laugh too, and go on with her play.

Now To-tote had for a gift from her good grand-moth-er, a gold spoon with a fan-cy T en-graved on the han-dle. With this she ate her sup-per of bread and milk, and with this she sipped her soup at din-ner. In-deed, it was al-ways laid at To-tote's plate, for wheth-er she re-quired it or not, she al-ways want-ed to see it there. And

when-ev-er she saw it she stood on her head! "Why, To-tote!" you will say, "How could

you do such a thing?"

Yet you would not be so sur-prised if you should see her. Take your own bright spoon at breakfast, or at din-ner, or at tea, look

in-side its shin-ing bowl, and you will see a ver-y good like-ness of a lit-tle boy or girl that you know, and —it will be wrong side up. That was what To-

tote so much en-joyed do-ing at sup-per. It was ver-y fun-ny to her pret-ty French eyes to see the smil-ing lit-tle la-dy look-ing as if she were walk-ing with her feet in the air.

"Oh, oh," she would laugh, "you will get diz-zy in there, Miss To-tote!" And nurse would add; "Yes, yes, she is ver-y diz-zy. Now bid her goodnight, To-tote, and we will light the can-dle and go up to bed."

ED-DY'S BAL-LOON.

ED-DY was a lit-tle boy, who lived on a farm. One day he went with his fa-ther, moth-er, and sis-ter, to the coun-ty fair, four miles a-way.

Ed-dy saw a great man-y won-der-ful things that day, but there was noth-ing there that he want-ed so much as a red bal-loon, so he bought one with some mon-ey giv-en him to spend "as he pleased."

All the way home Ed-dy held the string, and the bal-loon float-ed a-bove the car-riage. When he went in-to the house he tied it to the chair-back, and left it there, while he sat down and ate his sup-per.

Af-ter sup-per he a-mused him-self by try-ing to make the bal-loon stay down on the floor. As soon as it rose, he struck it with the palm of his hand, and made it go down a-gain; but, as it jumped up ev-ery time, he had to strike it a-gain and a-gain.

Now, Ed-dy lived in an old house, with a large, open fire-place; as he was chasing his play-thing, all at once he came to the fire-place; the bal-loon slipped a-way from his hand and went right up the big chim-ney.

Ed-dy and his sis-ter An-nie ran in-to the yard, but they could not catch the fly-away; it rose high-er than the house-top. They watched it go up, up, up, un-til it was on-ly a speck a-gainst the blue sky. Then it went so ver-y high that, al-though they kept look-ing and look-ing, at length,



they could not see it at all; and that was the last of Ed-dy's bal-loon.

THE FIVE-FINGER FOLK.

By OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

AH! what dear little things the five-finger folk are! And they live on every little baby-hand. Can you find them? First, there's Little Pea, she's the smallest of all; Tilly Lou stands next; she is taller than Little Pea. Bess Throstle is of about the same size as Tilly Lou; and Lu Whistle, who is the tallest of the family, stands between them. Then there's Tommy Bumble,—sometimes known as Thumbkin,—what a plump, funny little fellow he is!

Now you shall have a song about them all; so hold out your little fist and we'll begin:

LITTLE Pea, Little Pea, pray where are you going,
In your little pink hood and your little pink shoe?
"I'm going where she goes, my next bigger sister;
I always go with her—my own Tilly-Lou."

Tilly-Lou, Tilly-Lou, pray where are you going,
With motions as light as the down of a thistle?
"I'm going where she goes, my next bigger sister;
I always go with her—my own Lucy Whistle."

Lu Whistle, Lu Whistle, pray where are you going?—You're frail to be tossed in the jar and the jostle!
"I'm going where she goes, my next little sister;
I always go with her—my own Bessie Throstle."

Bess Throstle, Bess Throstle, pray where are you going?—
Beware, as you rove, of a trip or a tumble!
"I'm going where he goes, my only big brother;
I always go with him—my own Tommy Bumble."

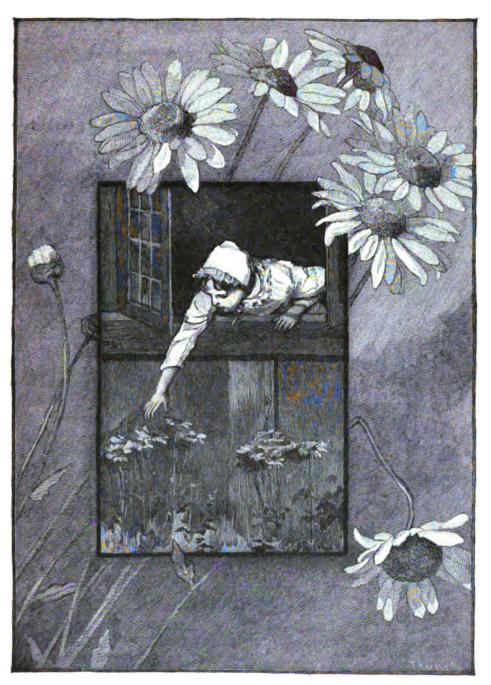
Tom Bumble, Tom Bumble, pray where are you going, If you don't think it rude to ask or to guess? "I'm going where they go, my four little sisters—Little Pea, Tilly-Lou, Lu Whistle, and Bess."

Little folk, little folk, where are you all going?

Going up?—going down?—going out?—going in?

"We're going, we're going creep-mousing

Right under the dimple in baby's own chin!"



"DAISY TIME."

MISUNDERSTANDING.



liftle Dutch Karl

French Jeanne
They went out together

OCOCO to dine.

But they couldn't agree

For when she said Oui

He always would answer her

Nein

A WONDERFUL GIRL.

BY HATTIE S. RUSSELL.

I 've read somewhere about a girl
Whose cheeks are rosy red,
While golden tresses, curl to curl,
Bedeck her pretty head.
Her eyes, I 'm told, are bright and blue,
Her smile is kind and sweet;
The errands she is asked to do
Are done with willing feet.

'T is said that when she goes to school
She 's just the sweetest lass!
So quick to mind the slightest rule,
And prompt in every class.

To girls and boys she's never rude
When all are at their play;
Her "conduct"—be it understood—
Is "perfect" every day.

Where lives this child, I cannot say,
Nor who her parents are,
Although for many a weary day
I 've sought her near and far.
If you should ever see her smile,
As o'er the world you rove,
Just hold her little hand awhile,
And give her my best love.

FLOWER FAIRIES.



THE STORY OF THE LITTLE RED HEN.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago my mother told me the story of the little red hen. She told it often to me at that time;

but I have never heard it since. So I shall try to tell it to you now from memory:

There was once a little red hen. She



was scratching near the barn one day, when she found a grain of wheat.

She said, "Who will plant this wheat?"
The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said,
"I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the

duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said, "I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she planted the grain of wheat. After the wheat grew up and was ripe, the little red hen said, "Who will reap this wheat?" The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said, "I wont." The

little red hen said, "I will, then." So she reaped the wheat. Then she said, "Who will take this wheat to mill to be ground into flour?" The rat said, "I wont;" the dog



said, "I wont;" the

duck said, "I wont:" and the pig said, "I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she took the wheat to mill. When she came back with the flour, she said, "Who will make this into bread?"

The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said,

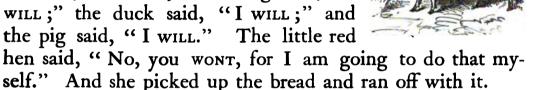
"I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she made it into bread. Then she said, "Who will bake this

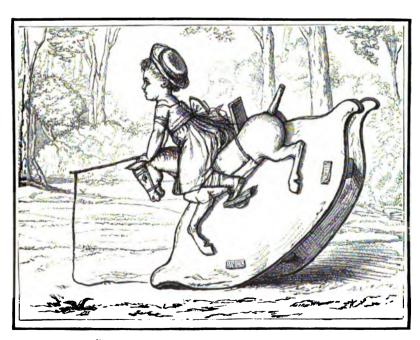


bread?" The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said, "I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." When the

bread was baked, the

little red hen said, "Who will EAT this bread?" The rat said, "I will;" the cat said, "I will;" the dog said, "I will;" the duck said, "I will;" and the pig said, "I will." The little red





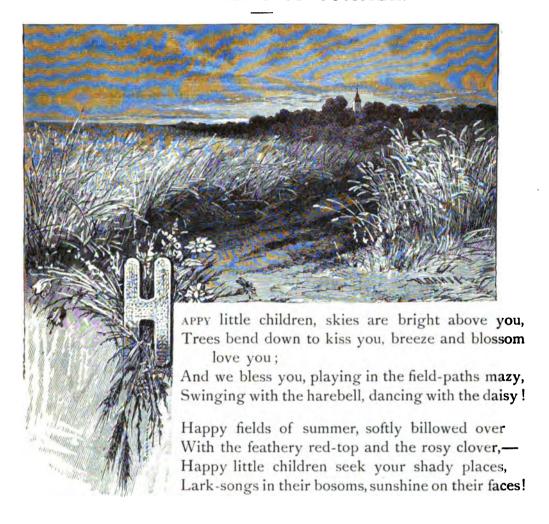
"SOMEBODY STOP HIM! HE'S RUNNING AWAY!"

THE CALL OF THE SEA.



SAY! How old must a fellow be
(A fellow who's pretty old!)
Before he can follow the call of the sea,
And be a sailor bold?

"HAPPY FIELDS OF SUMMER."



A BOBOLINK and a chick-a-dee
Sang a sweet duet in the apple-tree.
"When I'm in good voice," said the chick-a-dee,
"I sing like you to 'high' C, 'high' C;
But I've caught such a cold
That for love or for gold
I can sing only chick-a-dee-dee-dee!"

LITTLE ELSIE.

Now, who should know
Where pansies grow
As well as little Elsie—0?

As deep her eyes
As purple skies;
Of softest velvet is her chin;

And I've been told,
Her heart is gold,
By one who has been peeping in

So, who should know
Where pansies grow
As well as little Elsie—O?



THE BOY AND THE TOOT.

By M. S.



There was a small boy, with a toot. Whom the neighbors all threatened to shoot: But the toot the next day, was filled full of clay, which stopped all the toot of the toot





PORTRAIT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

HOW HAROLD CAME TO TELL HIMSELF A STORY.

HAROLD did not know how to read; so one night, after he had eaten his supper, he went upstairs to ask his papa to tell him a story. Papa was in the parlor talking to a gentleman, so that, when Harold ran into the library and shut the door behind him, he found nobody there.

Now, the door was big and heavy, and Harold was too little to turn the great handle and open it again. He tugged for a while, and then he stood still to think, a few tears in his eyes. His first thought was:

"I need not cry. Mamma says it is of no use to do that. If I cry, Papa will not tell me a story, and I want one about two frogs."

He looked through the key-hole, but saw nothing; so he put his mouth to it and called: "Hallo! Papa!" Then he called, "Mamma!" and "Katy!" But nobody heard him.

Then he climbed up to the table, and turned over the leaves of all the books he could reach. "What funny books!" he said. "Not any pictures in them! What can they tell about without any pictures?"

Harold's eyes were all wet again, and he had to wipe them. But soon a happy thought came to him, and he said:

"I will tell myself a story! Papa told it to me one night, and I will tell it to myself again. So he began:

"A boy was so big that he could lift a little boy upon his back. But he was cross. He had to carry a heavy load of beets to market in a wheel-barrow. But he was so cross that he could not make the wheel-barrow go straight, then it ran against stones and the beets fell out. Carts came along, and a pig ran in where the beets were and ate some. That made the big boy mad. When the wheel of the barrow broke, he was so cross that he could not mend it, and when he asked a man to do it, the man said: 'No, I will not do anything at all for a cross boy!' So he had to do it himself. Then he ran against a man and hurt him, and when he got to market he tipped over a basket of eggs.

"And the market-man said that the big boy was too cross to work, and that he could not pay him any more money.

"So the big boy had to go away.

"But a little boy came and helped the man pick up the eggs, and took the beets out of the wheel-barrow and put them in a big box, and he was not a bit cross. So the market-man said: 'Little boy, you are of much more use than a big, cross boy, and you can work for me, and——'"

But, just as Harold got to that part of the story, the door opened, and there was his papa! Papa was so glad to find his little boy happy, and not fretting, that he told him a story about ten frogs instead of two.

LITTLE SINGING MAIDENS.



THE LITTLE BIG WOMAN AND THE BIG LITTLE GIRL.

By M. M. D.



A LITTLE big woman had a big little girl,
And they merrily danced all the day;
The woman declared she was too small to work;
And the girl said: "I'm too big to play."
So they merrily danced
While the sunlight stayed,
And practiced their steps
In the evening's shade.

"We must eat," said the little big woman. "Why not?"
"Why not?" said the big little girl;
So they sipped as they skipped when they wanted a drink,
And swallowed their cake in a whirl.

And they merrily danced

While the sunlight stayed,
And practiced their steps
In the evening's shade.

THE JAPANESE MAMMA AND BABY.

This is the way they carry the baby in Japan. The mother, or older sister, or nurse, holds him on her back, or ties him on with straps. They call him "ko," which means



child or baby. Is n't he fat? Almost all the Japanese babies are fat and rosy. Somebody has called Japan the Paradise of Babies. Do you see how his hair is cut? His little head is shaved in front, except one wide lock, which is "banged." His eyes are looking right at you. He seems to think: "Why, what a funny-looking baby you are! You 're not a Japanese 'ko,' are you?"

GOING TO THE MOON.

It is very easy to go to Japan, but what would you think of any one who proposed to go to the moon? Once there was a man who wished to go, and he thought and thought and thought about it, till at last he dreamed that he was going! His dream was very pleasant indeed, but just as he was climbing up the long stairs of the moon-station with all the other passengers, he woke up, and that was the end of his wonderful voyage.



"ALL ABOARD FOR THE MOON!" 103

GRANDMA'S NAP.

By M. M. D.

ONE day, Grand-ma went to sleep in her chair, and it near-ly turned the town up-side down. It was only a lit-tle bit of a nap, but oh! how much trou-ble it made!

You see, be-sides the nap, there was a lit-tle boy in the house. This



lit-tle boy's name was Rob, and Rob was so hard to watch that when his Mam-ma went out she used to say:

"Grand-ma, do you think you can watch Rob while I go to mar-ket?"

Then Grand-ma would give a lit-the jump and say:

"O! of course I can."

So this day Mam-ma went to market, and Grand-ma watched Rob as hard as she could till the NAP came!

As soon as Rob saw the nap, he knew he was free; and off he ran.

In a mo-ment Grand-ma woke up and saw the emp-ty room.

"Sake's a-live!" she cried, as she ran out in to the hall. "Where is that child?"

He was not in the hall, nor in the yard, nor any-where a-bout the house. Oh! oh! oh! where could he be!

The poor old la-dy was sure she nev-er would see the dear boy a-gain. In her

fright she looked in the beds, un-der

the beds, in the pan-try, in the coal-scut-tle, in the ice-pitch-er, and even in the crack-er-box. Then she ran out to a po-lice-man, and told him all a-bout it.

"Mad-am," said the po-lice-man, "it is not like-ly he can be found. I think he is gone for good; but we'll send a cri-er all over the town."

So the cri-er went all over the town with a big bell, scream-ing:



"Hear! hear! Boy lost, named Rob,—black eyes, pug nose. Boy lost! boy lost!" (Ding, dong.) "Boy lost, three years old!" (Ding, dong.)

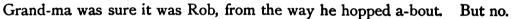
The cri-er made such a noise that if Rob had screamed out "Here I am!" right un-der his nose, he would not have heard it; or if all the men on the street had called, "Stop that bell—here's Rob, safe and sound," it would have been just the same. He would have gone on ring-ing the bell and scream-ing at the top of his voice, "Boy lost! boy lost!"

But Rob was not un-der the boy's nose at all. Where was he?

Poor Grand-ma was al-most cra-zy by this time. She ran in-to the yard with a kind man and looked down the well.

"Rob-by! Rob-by, my dar-ling! are you there? Come to Grand-ma, my pet. Oh! oh!"

Then she ran back in-to the street, and there he was with an or-gan man!



When she put on her glass-es it was not Rob at all—only a mon-key.

By this time near-ly the whole town knew that Rob was lost. Such a time you nev-er heard. All the grand-mas cried and said it was very wrong to take a nap when you were watch-ing a child like that; and all the lit-tle boys thought how nice it would be to

live with Rob's grandma. The pa-pas went

to the sta-tion-house to in-quire; the mam-mas ran to mar-ket to tell Rob's mam-ma; and the news-boys ran all o-ver town with "ex-tras," cry-ing, "Boy lost! boy lost!"

When Rob's mam-ma heard the bad news, she ran home as fast as she could go.

"Rob-by! Rob-by!" she called, up and down the house. "Rob-by! Rob-by!" But no one an-swered. Then she turned pale, and Grand-ma said, "Don't faint; that's a good child," when all at once the poor



Mam-ma clasped her hands and said: "He must be killed! If he were a-live he would hear me. I know he must be dead

or else—or else—he is eat-ing jam!" She flew to the cel-lar where all the good thing were kept. Grand-ma hob-bled after her, quit tired out; then fol-lowed the po-lice-man, the cri-e and the cook; and there, down in the cel-lar, just as hap-py as he could be, sat Rob—eat-ing jam.

He was so hap-py that he did not know that h Grand-ma was a-wake; and Grand-ma was so gla that she went up-stairs and took the nicest lit-ti nap she ev-er had in all her life.

THE OLD MAN BY THE GATE.



An old man who lived by a gate, On the passers by promptly would wait; And when no one would ride, He would open it wide, And march through himself in great state.

THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

By JOEL STACY.

ONCE there was a vain lit-tle girl named Kate, who thought more of her fine clothes than of a-ny-thing else. She would look in the glass a long time when-ev-er she put on her hat, and then she would turn and twist her-self this way and that, to ad-mire the bow of her wide sash-rib-bon.

Well, one day her mam-ma said: "Kate, if you will put on your hat quick-ly, you may drive with me in the Cen-tral Park. But I can wait for you on-ly two min-utes, my dear."

"Oh, yes, Mam-ma," said Kate, much de-light-ed; "I shall be read-y."

So she went up-stairs and braid-ed her hair, and tied it with a rib-bon. Then she put on her best shoes, and her best dress, and her best sash. This she tied a-bout her waist in front, mak-ing a large bow; then she pushed the sash down as far as she could, and then turned it a-round so as to put the bow be-hind. But Kate did not yet feel sat-is-fied. The pink sash, she thought, would, af-ter all, look bet-ter than the blue one; so she took off the blue and put on the pink sash. Then she said she must have a pink bow on her hair to match the sash. At last she was near-ly dressed, all but the gloveswhich pair should she wear? Her lace mits were pret-ty, but she felt they were too old; so she put on her white silk gloves, but soon took them off, be-cause they were too short to suit her. Then she put on her kid gloves, and felt just like cry-ing be-cause they were a lit-tle loose. Poor, fool-ish lit-tle girl! At last her gloves were on, and af-ter



tak-ing her lit-tle par-a-sol from the shelf, and ad-mir-ing her-self in the glass a-gain and a-gain, she ran down-stairs.

"Mam-ma, Mam-ma!" she called. But Mam-ma did not an-swer.

Then Bridg-et, who was dust-ing the hall, said:

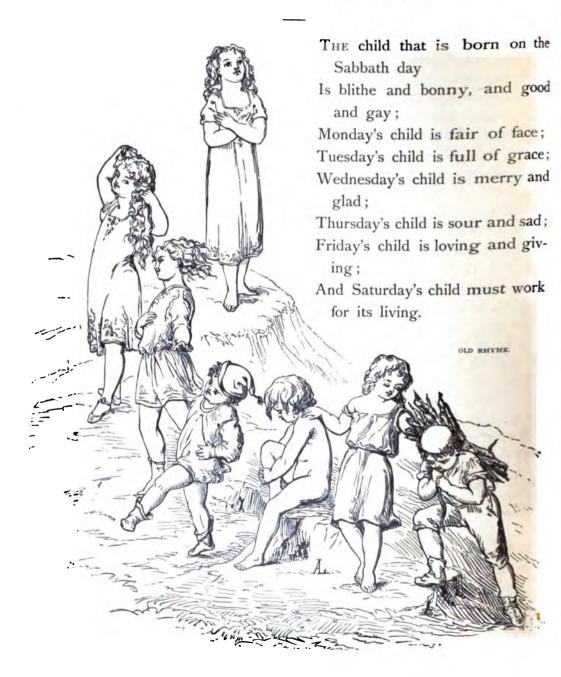
"Shure, Miss Ka-tie, if it's yer mam-ma ye are want-in', she's gone out rid-in' 'most an hour a-go, so she has."

Poor Kate! She sat down on the stairs and cried.

"It was all the fault of my gloves," she sobbed.

Do you think it was?

CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.





LITTLE GIRL: "I wiss 'ey would n't look at me so! Me tant take any tomfort eatin' a bistit 'at way! I orful hung'y, I am."



THE LION.

If any of you ever saw a lion, I am quite sure that he was in a cage Now a lion in a cage is a noble-looking beast, but he never seems a grand and king-like—you know some people call the lion the King of Beasts—as he does when he is free. Of course, almost any living creature will look happier and better when it is free than when it is shut up; but there is another reason why the lions we see in cages do not seem a grand as those which are free.

We almost always go to see wild animals in the day-time, and animal of the cat-kind, of which the lion is one, like to take the day for the sleeping time. So, when we see them, they are drowsy and lazy, are would much rather take a good nap than be bothered with visitors. If we could go and look at them at night, it is likely we should find them much more lively.

Lions are natives of Africa and Asia, and there they roam around a night and are not afraid of any living creature. They sometimes stand and roar as if they wished all other animals to know that a lion was about and that they would do well to behave themselves.

When a lion is hungry, he kills a deer or an antelope, or some such animal, and eats it. But sometimes he comes near to men's houses and fields, and kills an ox or a cow, and carries it away. A lion must be very strong if he can even drag away a great ox.

The male lion is much handsomer and finer looking than the female, or lioness. He has a large head, with a great mane of hair hanging down all around his head and over his shoulders. This gives him a very noble look. The lioness has no mane at all.

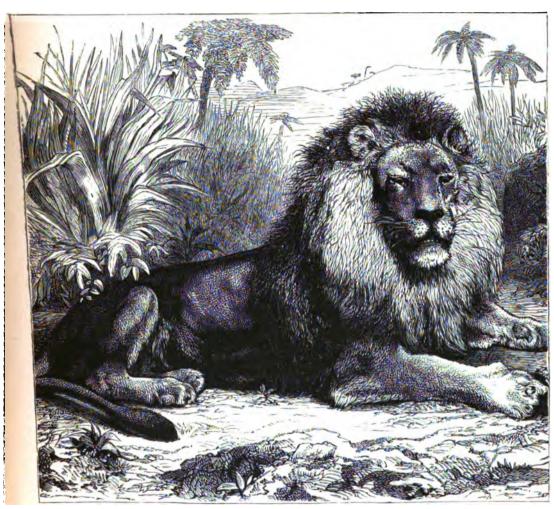
Baby lions are funny fellows. They look something like clumsy dogs, and are quite playful. But long before they are full-grown they begin to look grave and sober, as if they knew that it was a very grand thing to be a lion.

Two half-grown lions that I saw not long ago, looked just as quiet and sedate as their old father, who was in the next cage. But perhaps they had their play and fun at night, when there was nobody there to see.

Some lions are quite easily tamed, and often learn to like their keepers. I suppose you have seen performing lions in cages. The keeper goes into the cage and makes the lions, and sometimes leopards and other animals, jump about and do just as he tells them.

As the lion seems to have a better disposition than most other savage peasts, he sometimes becomes so tame that his keepers do not appear to be at all afraid of him.

But he is really a wild beast, at heart, and it would never do to let the very tamest lion think that he could go where he pleased, and choose his



THE LION.

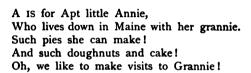
dinner for himself. It would not be long before he would be seen springing upon a cow or a horse—if he did not fancy some little boy or girl.

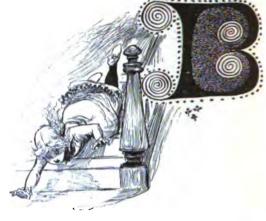
So, after all, there are animals which have much nobler dispositions than the lion, and among these are elephants and dogs—who not only are often trusted servants of man, but also seem to have some reasoning powers, and are known to do actions that are really good and kind.

AN ALPHABET OF CHILDREN.

BY ISABEL FRANCES BELLOWS.



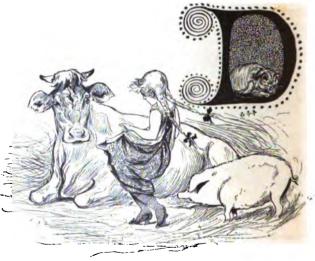




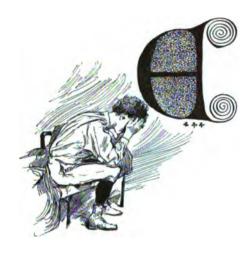
B is for Bad little Bridget, Who is morn, noon, and night in a fidget. Her dresses she tears, And she tumbles down-stairs, And her mother 's most worn to a midget

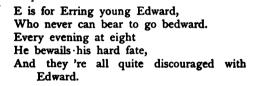


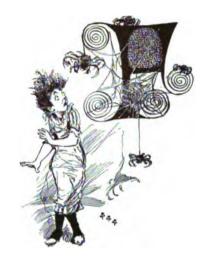
C is for Curious Charlie, Who lives on rice, oatmeal, and barley. He once wrote a sonnet On his mother's best bonnet; And he lets his hair grow long and snarley.



D is for Dear little Dinah, Whose manners grow finer and finer. She smiles and she bows To the pigs and the cows, And she calls the old cat Angelina.







F is for Foolish Miss Florence,
Who of spiders has such an abhorrence
That she shivers with dread
When she looks overhead,
For she lives where they 're plenty—at
Lawrence.



G is for Glad little Gustave, Who says that a monkey he *must* have; But his mother thinks not, And says that they 've got All the monkey they care for in Gustave.

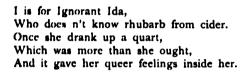
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H is for Horrid young Hannah, Who has the most shocking bad manner. Once she went out to dine With a party of nine, And she ate every single banana.

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J is for Jovial young Jack, Who goes to the balls in a hack. He thinks he can dance, And he'll caper and prance Till his joints are half ready to crack.



K is for Kind little Katy, Who weighs 'most a hundred and eighty; But she cats every day, And the doctors all say That's the reason she's growing so weighty.



L is for Lary young Lester, Who works for a grocer in Chester; But he says he needs rest, And he finds it is best To rest very often, does Lester.





M is for Mournful Miss Molly, Who likes to be thought melancholy. She's as limp as a rag When her sisters play tag, For it's vulgar, she says, to be jolly.

N is for Naughty young Nat, Who sat on his father's best hat. When they asked if he thought He had done as he ought, He said he supposed 't was the cat!



O's Operatic Olivia,
Who visits her aunt in Bolivia.
She can sing to high C—
But, between you and me,
They don't care for that in Bolivia.



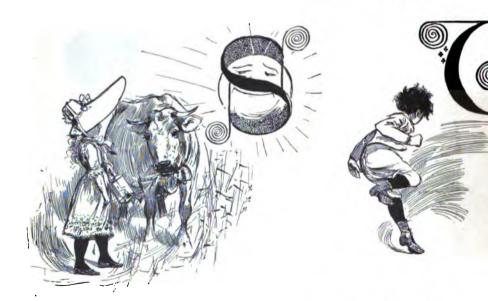
P is for Poor little Paul, Who does n't like study at all. But he 's learning to speak In Latin and Greek, And is going to take German next fall.



Q is for Queer little Queen, Who's grown so excessively lean That she fell in a crack, And hurt her poor back, And they say she can hardly be seen.

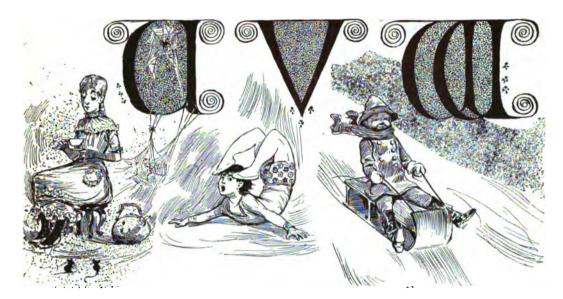


R is for Rude Master Ruby, Who once called his sister a booby! But a boy who stood by Heard her piteous cry, And came and chastised Master Ruby.



S is for Stylish young Sadie, Whose hat is so big and so shady That she thought it was night When the sun was out bright, And mistook an old cow for a lady.

T is for Turbulent Teddy, Who never can learn to be steady. He'll skip and he'll hop, And turn 'round like a top, And he's broken his leg twice already.

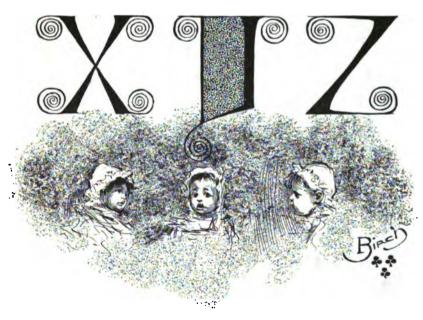


U is Unhappy Ulrica,
Who takes her tea weaker and
weaker;
She sits in the dust
And eats nothing but crust,
And Moses, they say, was n't
meeker.

V is for Valiant young Vivian, Who practiced awhile in oblivion; Till he saw, without doubt, He could turn inside out, And now they 're all boasting

of Vivian.

W is Wise little Willie,
Who lives where the weather
is chilly;
But he skates and he slides,
And takes lots of sleigh-rides,
And he coasts on his sled where
it 's hilly.



X, Y, Z—each is a baby
Who is going to be wonderful,
maybe;

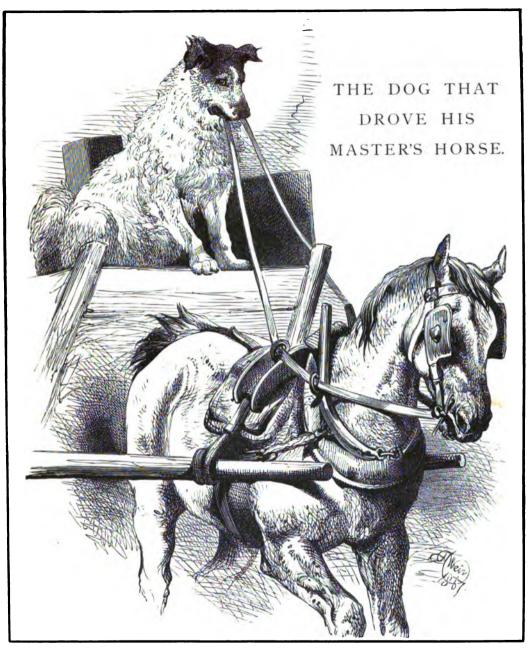
For their mothers all say To themselves every day, That there never was quite such a baby.



THE BIG GRAY DOG AND THE BIG GRAY GOAT.

BY A. P. WILLIAMS.

A BIG gray dog met a big gray goat one day on the street. Said the big gray dog to the big gray goat: "Let's play!" "What shall we play?" said the big gray goat to the big gray dog. "A-ny-thing you like," said the big gray dog to the big gray goat. "Well," said the big gray goat to the big gray dog, and he stood up on his hind legs to make a bow. On his way down, the big gray goat struck the big gray dog with his head and threw him off the walk. "What's that?" said the big gray dog to the big gray goat. "I don't play that way!" "Butt!" said the big gray goat to the big gray dog, "that's the way I play!"



WATCH is a good dog. His master has a cart full of new potatoes. Watch holds the reins in his mouth, and drives the gentle old horse while his master goes along the sidewalk, from house to house, saying: "New po-ta-toes! Want to buy any fine new potatoes to-day, ma'am?"

Watch and Old Steady, the horse, are great friends.

THE GIN-GER-BREAD BOY.

Now you shall hear a sto-ry that some-bod-y's great, great-grand-

moth-er told a lit-tle girl ev-er so ma-ny years a-go:

There was once a lit-tle old man and a lit-tle old wom-an, who lived in a lit-tle old house in the edge of a wood. They would have been a ver-y hap-py old coup-le but for one thing,—they had no lit-tle child, and they wished for one ver-y much. One day, when the lit-tle old wom-an was bak-ing gin-ger-bread, she cut a cake in the shape of a lit-tle boy, and put it in-to the ov-en.

Pres-ent-ly, she went to the ov-en to see if it was baked. As soon as the ov-en door was o-pened, the lit-tle gin-ger-bread boy jumped out, and

be-gan to run a-way as fast as he could go.

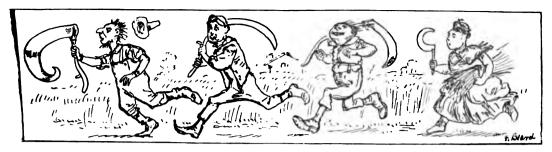
The lit-tle old wom-an called her hus-band, and they both ran after him. But they could not catch him. And soon the gin-ger-bread boy came to a barn full of thresh-ers. He called out to them as he went by, say-ing:

"I've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
And I can run a-way from you, I can!"



Then the barn full of thresh-ers set out to run aft-er him. But, though they ran fast, they could not catch him. And he ran on till he came to a field full of mow-ers. He called out to them:

"I've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,
A lit-tle old man,
A barn full of thresh-ers,
And I can run a-way from you, I can!"



Then the mow-ers be-gan to run aft-er him, but they could n't catch Ihim. And he ran on till he came to a cow. He called out to her:



"I've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,

A lit-tle old man,

A barn full of thresh-ers,

A field full of mow-ers,

And I can run a-way from you, I can!"

But, though the cow start-ed at once, she could n't catch him. And soon he came to a pig. He called out to the pig:

"I've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,

A lit-tle old man,

A barn full of thresh-ers,

A field full of mow-ers,

A cow,—

And I can run a-way from you, I can!"



But the pig ran, and could n't catch him. And he ran till he came a-cross a fox, and to him he called out:



"I 've run a-way from a lit-tle old wom-an,

A lit-tle old man,

A barn full of thresh-ers,

A field full of mow-ers,

A cow and a pig,

And I can run a-way from you, I can!"

Then the fox set out to run. Now fox-es can run ver-y fast, and so the fox soon caught the gin-ger-bread boy and be-gan to eat him up.

Pres-ent-ly the gin-ger-bread boy said: "O dear! I'm quar-ter gone!" And then: "Oh, I'm half gone!" And soon: "I'm three-quar-ters gone!" And at last: "I'm all gone!" and nev-er spoke a-gain.

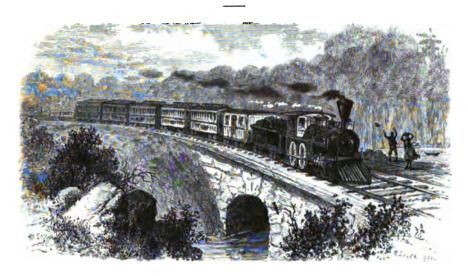
THE COWS AND THE DUCKS.



HEAR the ducks to the big cows cry:
"Quack! Quack! Go away!"
Hear the cows to the ducks reply:
"Moo! Moo! We'd rather stay."

RIDING ON THE RAIL.

By H. F. King.



CLICKETY, clackety, how the wheels run!
Crickety, crackety, is n't it fun
Rushing through bridges and over the streams,
Seeing the country like so many dreams!

Bumpity, bumpity, bang, on each rail! How the car shivers through mountain and vale! Now on the hill-side, and now on the plain, Running the same in the sunshine or rain. Chunkety, chunkety, chunk!
Bandbox and passenger, bundle and trunk,
All on the single train speeding away
Faster than antelopes bounding in play.

Jigglety, jogglety, bumpity, bump, Crickety, crackety, humpity, hump, Rattlety, battlety, clickety, clang, Whistlety, ringity,—here we stop, bang!

ON THE ICE.



THE TWO SUNFLOWERS.



ONCE there were two sun-flowers who lived in a gar-den. On of them knew the lit-tle girl wh lived next door; but the other did not care for any-thing but the The friend-ly sun-flow-er of en leaned o-ver the fence a bowed to the lit-tle girl. It was so tall, that she could not read it, e-ven if she stood on her ti toes; but it some-times would p one of its broad leaves o-ver it fence like a hand, and the lit-t girl would shake it, and say, will a laugh:

"Good morn-ing, dear old Brigh face!"

One day she said:

"Would you like to know m

dol-ly?"

The sun-flow-er nod-ded; so the lit-tle girl reached up as high a she could, and held up her dol-ly to be kissed. And they were a three ver-y hap-py.

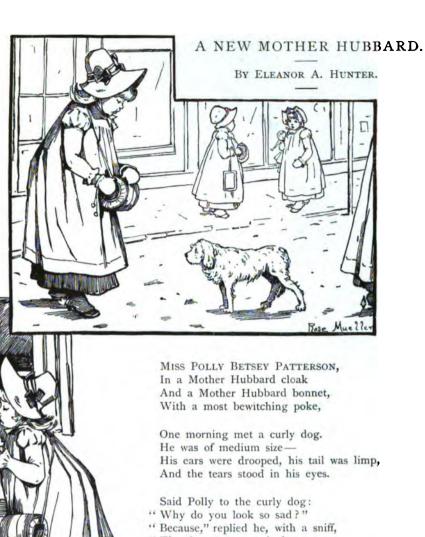
Then the big-gest sun-flow-e

nudged the oth-er, and said:

"How fool-ish you are! Why do you not al-ways look at the sun, as I do?"

Poor thing! It did not know how bright a lit-tle girl's face can be

Now, little daughter, the sun is up, Here is your breakfast, and "good-girl" cup; The birds are singing, the cows are fed, Jump right out of your little warm bed!



"The times are very bad.

"You see," said he, "the streets are full Of little Mother Hubbards, But though I've wagged my tail most off, They never speak of cupboards."

Said Polly Betsey: "Come with me.
'T would melt a heart of stone!
I 'll give you lots of bread and
milk,

And a juicy mutton-bone."

She took him home and fed him well; His tears were turned to laughter; And now, wherever Polly goes, The curly dog trots after.



Ou! I'm my mamma's lady-girl, And I must sit quite still; It would not do to jump and whirl, And get my hair all out of curl, And rumple up my frill. No, I'm my mamma's lady-girl, So I must sit quite still.

WILLIE AND ROSA.

By EMMA GILBERT.

LIT-TLE Wil-lie Jack-son and his sis-ter Ro-sa lived in a pret-ty lit-tle house in the coun-try. Wil-lie had six toys and Ro-sa had four dolls. And Wil-lie had a lit-tle toy-bank, too, that his pa-pa had given him; and his un-cle gave him ev-er so many pen-nies and some silver, to put in the bank.

Wil-lie and Ro-sa lived close by a riv-er. And they had fine times play-ing a-long the shore, throw-ing in sticks and stones, and sail-ing lit-tle bits of board and pieces of bark which they called boats. Wil-lie was six years old and Ro-sa was eight. The riv-er was not deep near their home, and they played near it all they chose, and they oft-en put a lot of small sticks on the bark boats and played that the sticks were boys and girls go-ing for a ride on the wa-ter.

One day, Ro-sa was gone from home, and Wil-lie played a-lone. Aft-er send-ing off some boats load-ed with lit-tle sticks, he wished for some-thing to sail that looked more like real peo-ple, and he went sly-ly in-to the house and got Ro-sa's four dolls, Maud, Fan-ny, Grace, and Pol-ly, and set them all on a large piece of board and pushed them off in-to the mid-dle of the riv-er with a long stick. He played that Maud, who was the larg-est, was the mam-ma of the oth-ers, and that they were go-ing to the end of the world. They float-ed a-long in fine style, and Wil-lie fol-lowed them a-long the shore, great-ly pleased to see them sail, un-til they got so far a-way that he could hard-ly see them when he went home, and the four dolls were left a-lone on the riv-er to sail as far as they liked.

Now, Ro-sa had gone to see a lit-tle girl named Hel-en, who lived far-ther down the riv-er, and as the dolls sailed a-long, the girls were at play on the shore throw-ing sticks in-to the wa-ter. For when-ev-er they threw a stick in-to the riv-er, Hel-en's big black dog would then swim out and bring the stick back in his mouth.

All at once, Hel-en cried out, "What is that com-ing down the riv-er?" and as the boat came near-er, Ro-sa looked and looked, and soon she saw that her own dolls were up-on it, and she be-gan to cry for fear they would all be drowned.

Hel-en said, "Per-haps Trip will bring them in. There, Trip! There,

Trip!" and pointed to them; but Trip on-ly looked and wagged his tall He would not go in-to the wa-ter un-less some-thing was thrown to him to go in aft-er; and when Hel-en threw a stick, he swam out an got it and let the dolls sail a-long.

"He does n't know what we want," said Hel-en. "I will run and te Mam-ma; may-be she can get them out." But be-fore she got to the hous the board ran a-gainst a rock, and all the dolls tipped in-to the wa-ter and when Hel-en's mam-ma came, the emp-ty board was float-ing a-way down the riv-er.

Then Ro-sa went home ver-y sad, and Hel-en cried a lit-tle, too.

When Wil-lie's mam-ma knew what he had done, she said he must o-pen his lit-tle bank and give all the pen-nies and sil-ver his un-cle had



"THERE, TRIP!" SAID ROSA, POINTING TO THE DOLLS.

giv-en him to Ro-sa, to buy her an-oth-er doll like La-dy Maud; and Hel-en's mam-ma and Ro-sa's aunt brought her some more, and Wil-lie nev-er sent Ro-sa's dolls to sail a-gain.

But when Wil-lie grew to be a big boy, he had a real boat with seats in it, and he oft-en took Ro-sa and Hel-en in his boat on the blue wa ter. They were care-ful not to tip out, as the poor dolls did.

He could not think what had made him act so bad-ly to the dolls. But it must have been be-cause he was such a ver-y lit-tle boy in those days.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN UP AND DOWN.



1.-IT'S SUCH WORK TO GO UP,-UP.-UP!



2.-BUT SUCH FUN TO GO DOWN,-DOWN,-DOWN!

DRESSING MARY ANN.



- I. SHE came to me one Christmas day, In paper, with a card to say:
- 2. "From Santa Claus and Uncle John,"—And not a stitch the child had on!



- "I'll dress you; never mind!" said I,
 3. "And brush your hair; now, don't you cry."
- 4. First, I made her little hose,
 And shaped them nicely at the toes.



5. Then I bought a pair of shoes,—A lovely "dolly's number twos."



6. Next I made a petticoat; And put a chain around her throat.



7. Then, when she shivered, I made haste, And cut her out an underwaist.



9. And then I named her Mary Ann, And gave the dear a paper fan.



8. Next I made a pretty dress,
It took me 'most a week, I guess.



Next I made a velvet sacque
That fitted nicely in the back,



Then I trimmed a lovely hat,—
Oh, how sweet she looked in that /



12. And dear, my sakes, that was n't all, I bought her next a parasol!



She looked so grand when she was dressed You really never would have guessed How very plain she seemed to be The day when first she came to me.



On these two pages, dear Owner of This Book, perhaps Papa, Mamma, Brothers, Sisters, and others of your dear relations or friends will write their names and their birthdays if you ask them to do so. Some ddy you may prize "Baby World" all the more for the sake of the writing held in these pretty settings of bloom and sunshine.



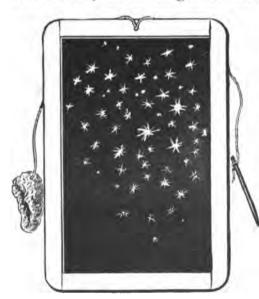
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TSUMMO TSUMMO		

ONE day an ant went to visit her neighbor; She found her quite busy with all sorts of labor; So she did n't go in, but stopped at the sill, Left her respects, and went back to her hill.

HOW ROB COUNTED THE STARS.

OTH-ER lit-tle boys have count-ed the stars, but let me tell you how lit-tle Rob count-ed them. Rob was then just four years old.

It was a warm sum-mer night. Mam-ma had put Rob in-to bed, and aft-er kiss-ing him sev-er-al times, had left him a-lone to fall a-sleep. The stars came out, one by one, till the win-dow was full of the lit-tle bright twink-lers, and the tired lit-tle boy lay won-der-ing at their bright-ness, and count-ing them on his fin-gers and toes; but pret-ty soon ev-er-y lit-tle fin-ger and toe was "used up," and Rob had ma-ny



stars left in the win-dow and nowhere to put them. "If I on-ly had
a lit-tle sis-ter," he said, "I could
use her fin-gers." And there he lay,
with his arms stretched up-ward and
a star on ev-er-y lit-tle fin-ger-tip.
Then a hap-py thought came in-to
his head. He popped out of the
bed, and in an in-stant more was
mak-ing a map of the lit-tle piece of
sky which he saw, by put-ting a
mark for ev-er-y star up-on his slate.
But soon he grew dream-y, his pencil moved slow-er, and slow-er, and
lit-tle Rob was fast a-sleep.

The next morn-ing, Rob's mam-

ma found the slate ly-ing by his side, cov-ered with queer lit-tle marks, but mam-ma did n't know what they were till Rob said they were stars, and she could count them.

Can you make stars up-on your slate?



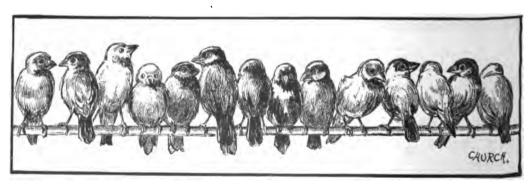
THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

This engraving is copied from a beautiful painting by an English artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds. He died many years ago. Are you not glad that he painted this dear little girl's picture? Her queer basket, or pottle, is full of strawberries. I hope she will sell them, don't you? She wishes to earn some money for her mother.

REMINDING THE HEN.

- "IT's well I ran into the garden," Said Eddie, his face all aglow;
- "For what do you think, Mamma, happened? You never will guess it, I know.

 The little brown hen was there clucking;
- 'Cut-cut!' she 'd say, quick as a wink, Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower; And then she would stop short and think.
- "And then she would say it all over,—
 She did look so mad and so vext;
 For, Mamma, do you know, she 'd forgotten
 The word that she ought to cluck next.
 So I said 'Ca-daw-cut,' 'Ca-daw-cut,'
 As loud and as strong as I could.
 And she looked 'round at me very thankful
 I tell you, it made her feel good.
- "Then she flapped, and said, 'Cut-cut—ca-daw-cut!'
 She remembered just how it went, then.
 But it's well I ran into the garden,—
 She might never have clucked right again!"



LITTLE LIGHTFOOT.

Bright in the early morning

His brown eyes open wide,

And there's never a wink more slumber

To be thought of at his side.



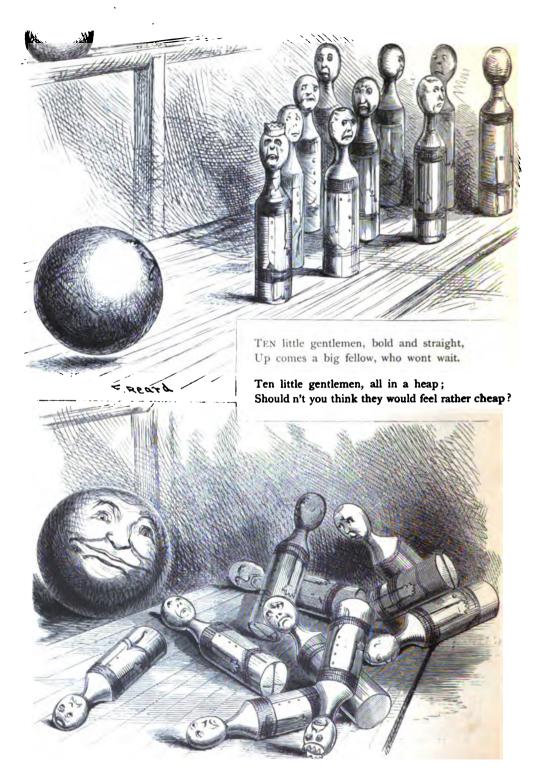
Awake from his hair all a-tumble

To the tips of his springing toes,
Into his clothes he dances,

And down to his breakfast goes.

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

- "DEAR me! dear me!"
 Said a busy bee,
- "I'm always making honey,—
 No time to play,
 But work all day.
 Is n't it very funny—
 Very, very funny?"
- "Oh, my! oh, my!"
 Said a butterfly,
- "I'm always eating honey; And yet I play The livelong day. Is n't it very funny— Very, very funny?"



LITTLE PERI-WINKLE.

LITTLE Peri-Winkle,
With her eyes a-twinkle,
Said, "I am going to the ball to-night."
But nobody could wake her,
Hard as they might shake her,
For she went to sleep with her eyes shut tight,
And never waked up till the sun shone bright.



THE OWL, THE EEL AND THE WARMING-PAN.

THE owl and the eel and the warming-pan, They went to call on the soap-fat man. The soap-fat man, he was not within; He'd gone for a ride on his rolling-pin; So they all came back by the way of the town, And turned the meeting-house upside down.

PUNKYDOODLE AND JOLLAPIN.

OH, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee! How does the Emperor take his tea? He takes it with melons, he takes it with milk, He takes it with syrup and sassafras silk. He takes it without, he takes it within; Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

JOE AND THE SEAL.

BY C. M. DRAKE.

JOE is a little Californian, and he lives close by the Pacific Ocean. His father often takes him to walk on the beach.

"See, papa, see!" cried Joe one day when the two were out together. "What a nice log to sit on!" and Joe ran along the beach until he came to a brown object that lay on the warm sand, a little way up



from the ocean. But just as Joe was sitting down, the brown "log" began to move, and Joe ran back to his papa in fear, crying:

"It is a whale, papa, and it was agoing to eat me up, just as the one in the Bible ate Jonah."

"No, it is a seal, my boy," replied his father. "It wont hurt us. It is a young one. Let me coax it to stay a while."

So saying, he took hold of the little seal, and, by rubbing it on the back and under the neck, he soon had the little fellow as quiet as a pet dog. Joe soon lost his fear of the seal, and, going up to it, began to rub the soft fur on its back. I think the little seal must have liked this, for, when Joe turned to go, the seal tried to follow him.

"How tame it is! How queerly it walks on those funny little legs!" said Joe. "Are they his legs or his arms, papa?"

"A little of both," said his papa, laughing. "They are called flippers; and he also can use them as our gold-fish use their fins."

"May I take him home? See! he would follow me clear to the house."

"He would not be happy, Joe, away from the ocean. We will put him back into the ocean, where his brothers and sisters are, Joe. I will take him out to this rock and drop him into the water."

"Does n't he look like a big dog-fish, papa?" cried Joe, as the seal swam away, diving under each big wave that tried to shove him back to the shore.

"Good-bye, little seal! I hope you'll find your mamma again."

Joe and his papa turned to go home. After a little while, Joe said, very soberly:

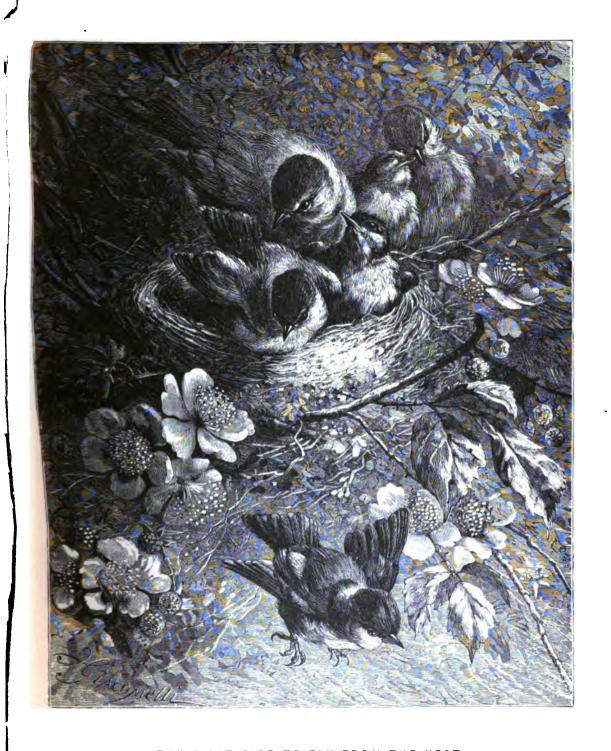
"Papa, I guess I don't want the seal-skin hat, that I teased you for. May be it came off of that nice little seal's brother or sister. I don't see how folks can shoot such dear little things as that seal is."



A HARP-SEAL MOTHER AND HER BABY.



A HAPPY PAIR. THEIR HOUSE AND HOME



THE FIRST BIRD TO FLY FROM THE NEST.

11 145

DOCTOR WILLIE.

ONE rainy day, Susie was singing her doll to sleep. "There, darling!" she said, putting dolly in her cradle; "now you are asleep, and your poor mamma can rest."



Just then her brother Willie came into the room. He wanted to play with somebody, and so he said:

"Oh, Susie! Let us play that Dolly is sick, and that you are the mother and I am the doctor."

Susie was all smiles and delight in a minute. She patted

her doll, saying tenderly, "Don't cry, darling; the doctor is coming to make you well."

Willie put on his papa's coat, took out his toy-watch, and

making his boots creak, walked up to Susie with:

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown?"

"How do you do, Doctor?" said Susie.

"How is the baby to-day?" asked Doctor Willie.

"Very sick," said its mother.

"Does she sleep at night?" said the doctor.

"No, never! And she has only one arm."

"Indeed!" said the doctor. "Then it must be measles. Let me feel her pulse."

"Would you like to feel her pulse in her other arm, too?"

asked Susie. "May be I can find it."

"No," this will do," said the doctor. "You must give her some peppermint and put her in a warm bath."

Susie jumped up to put some water on the stove to get

warm, when just then the golden sunshine flashed out.

Dolly did not get the warm bath, but was put to sleep instead, while her little mamma and the doctor ran joyfully out, to play in the garden with Flash, their pet dog.



A LULLABY.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.



HER NAME.

By Mrs. L. P. WHEELER.

N search, from A to Z, they passed,
And "Marguerita" chose at last,—
But thought it sounded far more sweet
To call the baby "Marguerite."
When Grandma saw the little pet,
She called her "darling Margaret."

Next, Uncle Jack and Cousin Aggie
Sent cup and spoon to "little Maggie."
And Grandpapa the right must beg
To call the lassie "bonnie Meg."—
(From "Marguerita" down to "Meg"!)
And now she's simply "little Peg."

THE SONG OF THE ROLLER SKATES.

By A. C.

(The Start.)

SWOOP-A-HOO! swoop-a-hoo! To the left,— to the right. Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo! On our rollers so bright! Swoop-a-hoo! here we go; All a-gliding along; Swoop-a-hoo! here we go; With a roller-skate song!

Whiz-a-whir! whiz-a-whir!

What a rush, what a stir!

All the children in town

Whizzing down, whizzing down!

(The Turn.)

Slower now. Have a care! Here 's the corner,— beware! See the curb! It is near; We must carefully steer. Sweep around, one and all!

Make the curve,—do not fall!

—That was gracefully done.

Hurrah for the fun!

Whiz-a-whir! whiz-a-whir!
What a rush, what a stir!
Every child on the track
Whizzing back! whizzing back!

(Home again.)

Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!

To the left,—to the right.

Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!

All aglow with delight!

Swoop-a-hoo! who 's ahead?

Well, they 're all nearly there.

Swoop-a-hoo! cheeks so red;

Full of laughter, the air!

Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!

AN APRIL GIRL.

THE girl that is born on an April day
Has a right to be merry, lightsome, gay;
And that is the reason I dance and play
And frisk like a mote in a sunny ray,—
Would n't you
Do it, too,

If you had been born on an April day?

The girl that is born on an April day
Has also a right to cry, they say;
And so I sometimes do give way
When things get crooked or all astray,—
Would n't you
Do it, too,

It you had been born on an April day?

MY BONNY BLUE BOWL AND SILVER SPOON.

What do they bring me at morn and noon,
And what do they bring me at night?

A bonny blue bowl and a silver spoon,
All polished so smooth and so bright, so bright.

This do they bring me at morn and noon,
And this do they bring me at night.

What do I see in my bonny blue bowl,
To eat with my silver spoon?
Crusty crumbs of a baker's roll,
And milk as white as the moon, the moon.
This do I find in my bonny blue bowl,
To eat with my silver spoon.

OH! WHAT A GREEDY BOY!

THERE was once on a time a little boy, And a small, greedy boy was he; His mother gave him two plums and a pear, And he hurriedly ate all three.

But just as he finished the very last,

He grew very gloomy and glum;

And muttered, "I think she could just as well

Have made it two pears and a plum."



AN APRIL GIRL.

LITTLE TWEET.

THERE were once some nice little birds who lived together in a great big cage. This cage was not at all like the bird-cages we generally see.

It was called an aviary, and it was as large as a room. It had small trees and bushes growing in it, so that the birds could fly about among the green leaves and settle on There were branches. little houses where the birds might make their nests and bring up their young ones, and there was everything else that the people who owned this big cage thought their little birds would want. It had wires all around it to keep the birds from flying away.

One of the tamest and prettiest of the



THE OTHER BIRDS BRING SEEDS TO POOR TWEET.

birds who lived in this place was called little Tweet, because, whenever she saw any of the family coming near the cage she would fly up close to the wires and say, "Tweet! Tweet!" which meant "Good-morning! how do you do?" But they thought it was only her pretty way of asking for something to eat; and as she said "Tweet" so much, they gave her that for a name.

One day there was a boy who came to visit the family who owned the birds, and very soon he went to see the big cage. He had never seen anything like it before. He had never been so close to birds that were sitting on trees or hopping about among the branches. If the birds at home were as tame as these, he could knock over lots of them, he thought.

There was one that seemed tamer than any of the rest. It came up close to him and said: "Tweet!"

The boy got a little stick and pushed it through the wires at little Tweet, and struck her. Poor little Tweet was frightened and hurt. She flew up to a branch of the tree and sat there, feeling very badly. When the boy found he could not reach her any more with his stick, he went away.

Tweet sat on the branch a long time. The other birds saw she was sick, and came and asked how she felt. Some of them carried nice seeds to her in their bills. But little Tweet could not eat anything. She ached all over, and sat very quietly with her head down on her breast.

She sat on that branch nearly all day. She had a little baby-bird, who was in a nest in one of the small houses, but the other birds said she need not go and feed it if she did not wish to move about. They would take it something to eat.

But, toward night, she heard her baby cry, and then she thought she must go to it. So she slowly flew over to her house; and her baby, who was in a little nest against the wall, was very glad to see her.

In the morning, two of the birds came to the house to see how little Tweet was, and found her lying on the floor, dead. The little baby-bird was looking out of its nest, wondering what it all meant. How sorry those two

birds were when they found that their good little friend Tweet was really dead!

"Poor Tweet!" said one of them, "She was the gentlest and best of us all. And that poor little dear in the nest there, what will become of it?"

"Become of it!" replied the other bird, who



"I WILL BE A KIND MOTHER TO IT, FOR THE SAKE OF POOR LITTLE TWEET."

was sitting by poor Tweet, "Become of it! Why, it shall never want for anything. I shall take it for my own, and I will be a kind mother to it, for the sake of poor little Tweet."

Now, do you not think that there were good, kind birds in that big cage? But what do you think of the boy?



JINGLES.

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Around and around a dusty little room,

Went a very little maiden with a very big

broom.

And she said: "Oh, I could make it so tidy and so trig,

Were I a little bigger and my broom not quite so big!"



There was a small servant called Kate,
Who sat on the stairs very late;
When asked how she fared,
She said she was scared,
But was otherwise doing first rate.



One, two, three!

A bon-ny boat I see.

A sil-ver boat, and all a-float,

Up-on a ros-y sea.

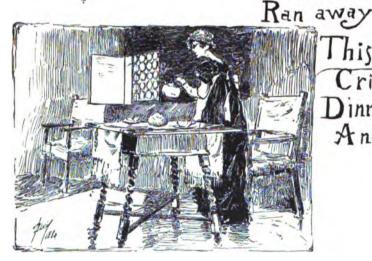
One, two, three!
The rid-dle tell to me.
The moon a-float is the bon-ny boat,
The sun-set is the sea.



This liftle mousie
Peeped within;
This liftle mousie
Walked right in!
This liftle mousie

eu?ie

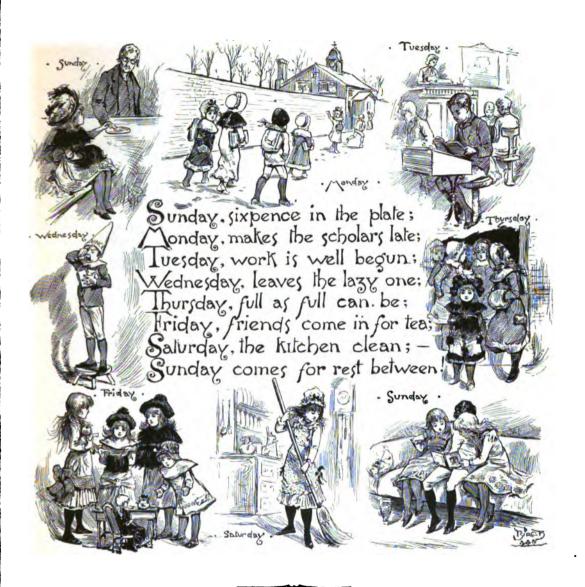
Came to play, This liftle



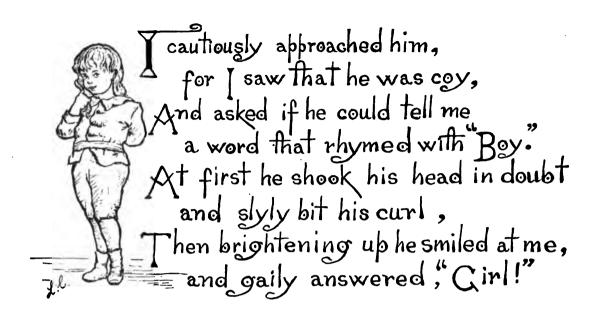
This liftle mouse-Cried Oh, dearme! Dinner is done, And time for tea!

A MONDAY RIDDLE.

Ver-y use-ful and ver-y slim; Ver-y tidy and ver-y trim. Once a week they make a dis-play; Aft-er that they are hid-den a-way. Two long legs and a ver-y small head; If you can guess it, e-nough has been said.



Wee little house with the golden thatch;
Twice I knocked and I lifted the latch:
"And pray, is the mistress here?"
"In black stuff gown and a yellow vest,
She's busily packing her honey-chest;
Will you taste a bit, my dear?"





POOR THINGS!

A PLUMP little girl and a thin little bird
Were out in the meadow together.

"How cold that poor little bird must be Without any clothes like mine!" said she,

"Although it is sunshiny weather."

"A nice little girl is that," said he,

"But oh, how cold she must be! For, see,
She has only a single feather!"—

So each shivered to think of the other poor thing, Although it was sunshiny weather.

HEIGH-HO! SAYS BRIDGET.

- "Он! who would be a little boy's nurse? Heigh-ho!" says Bridget.
- "Oh! who would be a little boy's nurse?
 Sure, no situation could ever be worse,
 With a hurly-burly, racket and cracket, and fuss and
 frolic and fidget.
- "I'm teased and worritted day and night; Heigh-ho!" says Bridget.
- "I'm teased and worritted day and night,
 And when I'm not angry I'm all in a fright,
 With the hurly-burly, racket and cracket, and fuss and
 frolic and fidget.
- "He's up in the morning before the sun; Heigh-ho!" says Bridget.
- "He's up in the morning before the sun,
 And screams in my ear that the day is half done,
 With a hurly-burly, racket and cracket, and fuss and
 frolic and fidget.
- "Then, who would be a little boy's nurse? Heigh-ho!" says Bridget.
- "Then who would be a little boy's nurse?

 To my bitterest foe I'd be wishing no worse,

 Than the hurly-burly, racket and cracket, and fuss and frolic and fidget."



"PUPS."

AFTER A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.

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DISCONTENTED POLLY.

Polly ought to have been a very happy little girl, but she was not, because she had no dolly. She had everything else: a beautiful kitchen, a stove with everything to use on it, some pretty china dishes, a table to put them on, and a neat little wicker chair to match the table.

Only a little while ago she had three lovely dolls; but there was another D to Polly's name—Destructive Polly; and now there was not a bit of a dolly left, and mamma had determined to let her wait till she wanted one so very much that when it did come she would be sure to take care of it. But Aunt Alice said, one day, "That child shall have a doll to-morrow." And sure enough! the next morning, in the little wicker chair, Polly found the most beautiful doll she had ever seen.

It had fluffy, golden hair, and bright blue eyes, and a dress just like Polly's best one with puffed sleeves. It could say "papa" and "mamma" quite plainly, and could move its eyes.

Of course, the first thing to be done was to find a name for the new treasure, and that made Polly discontented again. She wanted to call it after herself, but she said, "Polly is such an every-day name, it would never do; my doll must have a 'company' name." So she called her doll "Rosalinda."

The next day, mamma said there might be a party in honor of the new doll; so Polly carried Rosalinda into the play-room, put her in the little chair, and began to get ready for the party. Rosalinda looked as though she would like to help; so Polly filled one of her prettiest cups with milk, and put it in the dolly's lap, while she went out for three lumps of sugar.

Just then a dreadful thing happened. Puss, who had been hidden under a chair, came out, jumped to Rosalinda's lap, and began to drink the milk as fast as he could. Before it was half gone he heard Polly coming, so he jumped down again in a hurry, and out of the window. But one hind paw caught the cup by the handle, spilled the milk on dolly's dress, dashed the cup to the floor, and broke it all to bits!

When Polly came in and saw this, what do you think she did? She just looked at Rosalinda a moment, then she took her out of the chair and shook her—shook her so hard, and sat her down again with such a bounce that the pretty blue eyes shut up tight, and would n't open again.

Polly did n't mind that at first. She said, "Yes! you'd better shut

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your eyes, you naughty thing! Don't tell me it was 'a accidence.' You did it yourself, I know, and I don't love you one bit. You don't look fit to be seen, and the party will be here before I'm ready. Oh, dear! just open your eyes, and see what you've done."

But poor Rosalinda's eyes would n't open, and the more Polly shook her, the tighter shut they stayed, till she ran, crying, to mamma, to ask for help. Mamma had seen it all; so now she took Polly and Rosalinda both on her lap, and gave what Polly called "a little preach."



"JUST OPEN YOUR EYES, AND SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE."

It did her good, real good, and at last she said: "Dear mamma, if Rosalinda will only open her eyes once more and look at me, I believe I will never be so naughty again."

So mamma found a way to open the pretty blue eyes, and Polly kissed them both, and then kissed mamma for helping her.

By the time the party came, everything was ready. Polly was very good, and let the girls play with her beautiful Rosalinda the whole time. I do not know how long the good will last. I hope till every one forgets to call her Discontented Polly, and learns to call her Darling Polly instead.



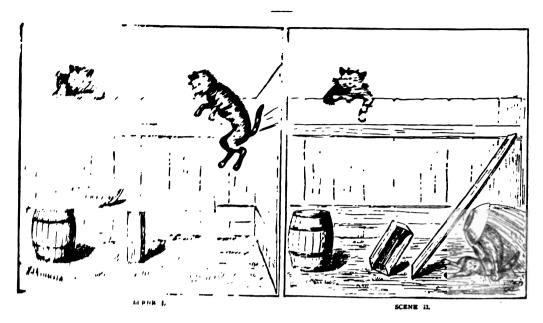
HERE THEY COME!

I KNOW A LITTLE MAIDEN.



KNOW a little maiden who can knit and who can sew,
Who can tuck her little petticoat; and tie a pretty bow;
She can give the thirsty window-plants a cooling drink each day;
And dust the pretty sitting-room, and drive the flies away.
She can fetch Papa his dressing-gown, and warm his slippers well,
And lay the plates, and knives and forks, and ring the supper-bell;
She can learn her lessons carefully, and say them with a smile,
Then put away her books and slate and atlas, in a pile;
She can feed the bright canary, and put water in his cage;
And soothe her little brother when he flies into a rage.
She can dress and tend her dollies like a mother, day or night,—
Indeed, one-half the good she does, I cannot now recite;
And yet there are some things, I 'm told, this maiden cannot do.
She cannot say an ugly word, or one that is not true;—
Who can this little maiden be? I wonder if it 's you.

CAT-PRANKS.





THE TIMID KITTENS.

BY S. B. RICORD.

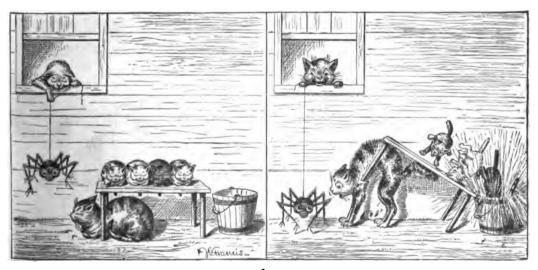




A HIGHLY respectable cat
In the midst of her family sat,
And she said to them all:
"Even while you are small,
Don't ever be scared by a rat!"—

BUT THEY WERE!

SOME FUN WITH A TOY SPIDER.



WAS HE CAUGHT?

HERE is a story told in pictures by a famous French painter named Édouard Frère. In the first picture, you see a little bird near a sort of basket or wicker trap. Several children may be watching



him at a distance, but we see only three in the picture. Well, the bird has seen some crumbs under the trap all ready for his dinner. He is very glad. It is so hard for birds to find anything to eat in



winter when snow is on the ground! He sees, too, that there is plenty of room for him to get in under the pretty basket. Why not step under at once and have a feast? He does not know that when the long string which is tied to the trap is pulled, the pretty basket will drop and shut him in with the crumbs. So the hungry little bird goes closer and closer, and just as he is picking up the very best crumb—"snap!" goes something, and he is a prisoner!

Ah, hear the children shout! The two very little ones, half laughing, half crying, run in to tell their mother what has happened, and all the rest come up to get the poor, frightened bird. They intend to put him into a cage and feed him every day, and they feel sure that he will sing for them, and be very happy. But that is not the bird's idea of happiness. So while their bright eyes are watching to see him come out of the wicker trap, his bright eyes are on the lookout, too. He sees the rim of the trap lifted. He sees a chubby hand steal in very carefully, and just as it is going to



take hold of him — wh-i-s-s-s-k / he goes, and, with a faint cry and a flutter, he darts past them and flies up, up, till they can see him no more.

At first the children are too much surprised to say a word. They were so sure of him! and now where is he?

- "Somebody moved the trap!" at last says Louis, the biggest brother, crossly.
- "Whose fault is it that he got away?" asks Louise, the eldest sister. "Did you shake the trap, dear Nannette?"
 - "Not I," exclaims Nannette. "I just held my breath and never once moved."
 - "Then you did, Auguste, perhaps?" asks Louise, gently, of the younger brother, Auguste.
- "Ha! Ha!" laughs Auguste. "He did n't need any help from me. He was a brave, strong little fellow that bird was and I, for one, am right glad that he was too smart for us."
 - "We caught him, anyway," says little Nannette, laughing.
 - "I think he caught us," Louis says, with a slow smile.

SIGNS OF MAY.

By M. M. D.



MAY day and June day. Spring and Summer weather, Going to rain; going to clear; Trying both together. Flowers are coming! No, they 're not, Whilst the air 's so chilly; First it 's cold, then it 's hot-Is n't weather silly? S'pose the little vi'lets think Spring is rather funny, So they hide themselves away, Even where it 's sunny. S'pose the trees must think it 's time To begin their growing. See the little swelling buds! See how plain they 're showing! S'pose they know they 're going to make Peaches, apples, cherries. Even vines and bushes know When to start their berries. Only little girls like me Don't know all about it: May be, though, the reason is We can do without it. Winter-time and Summer-time We keep on a-growing; So, you see, we need n't be-Like the flowers, and like the trees, And the birds and bumble-bees-Always wise and knowing.

THE COW AND HER CALF.

RED and white, red and white,
O, I have seen the funniest sight,—
The old red cow with her pretty white calf,
And she was trying to teach him to laugh!

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T SAY PLEASE.

By M. S. P.



THERE was once a small child who would never say please, I believe, if you even went down on your knees.

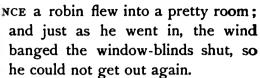
But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,

And call out to her mother in words such as these:

- "I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"
- "Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!"
 So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,
 Once blew her away in a powerful breeze,
 Over the mountains, and over the seas,
 To a valley where never a dinner she sees,
 But down with the ants, the wasps, and the bees,
 In the woods she must live till she learns to say please.

THE ROBIN'S VISIT.

By M. M. D.



At first he did not mind, but flew about and lit on the bright picture-frames, and wished his pretty wife were with him to enjoy the pleasant place. Then he rested on the back of a small chair, and then he saw another robin!

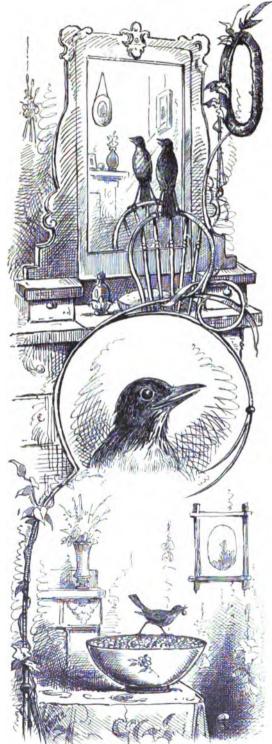
"O-ho!" sang he to himself,—
"here is some one else. I must speak to him: 'Whew! Mr. Robin, glad to meet you. My name is Cock Robin. What do they call this place?'"

But the other robin did not answer. He only opened his mouth and jerked his head from side to side just as Mr. Cock Robin did. You see the other robin lived in the looking-glass, and could not speak.

"A rude fellow!" chirped Mr. Cock Robin to himself. "Not worth talking to! Ah! yonder are some fine cherries! I'll eat some."

The cherries were in a bowl on the table. Mr. Cock Robin helped himself. Then he decided to try the other bird once more.

"My friend," sang he softly, as he caught the stem of a fine cherry in his beak and flew to the chair again, "here is a fine cherry for you — Oh! oh!"



Well might Mr. Cock Robin say "Oh!" for there stood the other robin on just such a chair, offering him a cherry in the most polite manner!

"Thanks!" said Mr. Cock Robin. "But, my deaf and dumb friend, as we each have one, we need not stand on cer-e-mo-ny."

So both began to eat.

"He is a fine, sociable fellow, after all," said Mr. Cock Robin.

The door opened, and in came a little girl.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Cock Robin faintly to himself.

The girl clapped her hands for joy, and ran toward him.

Up flew Mr. Cock Robin in a great fright. He whisked past the lookingglass and saw that the other robin was badly scared also. Then he tried to fly out of a closed window where there were no blinds; but he only dashed against some very hard kind of air that hurt his sides. If he had been like you, he would have known that it was window-glass, and not hard air.

"Poor birdie!" said the little girl, as she threw open the window. "You shall go out if you want to."

In an instant, Mr. Cock Robin was flying through the sunlight to his little wife.

"Where have you been?" chirped she, as he reached the nest.

"Oh, I've been on a visit," said Mr. Cock Robin—and he told her all about it.

Soon Mrs. Cock Robin said, softly: "I should like to see that other one. Was he very handsome, my dear?"

"Handsome!" cried Mr. Robin, sharply. 'Handsome! Not at all, my dear—a very homely bird, indeed! Yes, ma'am—very homely, and as deaf as a post."

"How dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Cock Robin.



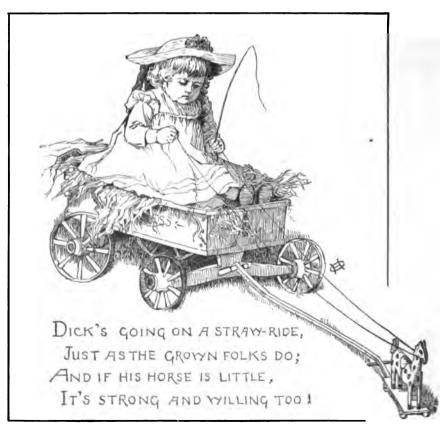
HARK! HARK!

By M. M. D.

HARK! hark! O my children, hark!
When the sky has lost its blue
What do the stars sing, in the dark?
"We must sparkle, sparkle, through."

What do leaves say in the storm,
Tossed, in whispering heaps, together?
"We can keep the violets warm
Till they wake in fairer weather."

What do happy birdies say,
Flitting through the gloomy wood?
"We must sing the gloom away—
Sun or shadow, God is good."







"OH, you pussy willow! Pretty little thing, Coming with the sunshine of the early spring! Tell me, tell me, pussy, for I want to know, Where it is you come from, how it is you grow?"

"Now, my little girlie, if you 'll look at me
And my little sisters, I am sure you 'll see
Tiny, tiny houses, out of which we peep
When we first are waking from our winter's
sleep.

This is where we come from. How it is we

grow,

I will try, my girlie, now to let you know:
As the days grow milder, out we put our heads,
And we lightly move us in our little beds—
Find the world so lovely, as we look about,
That we each day move a little farther out;
And when warmer breezes of the spring-time

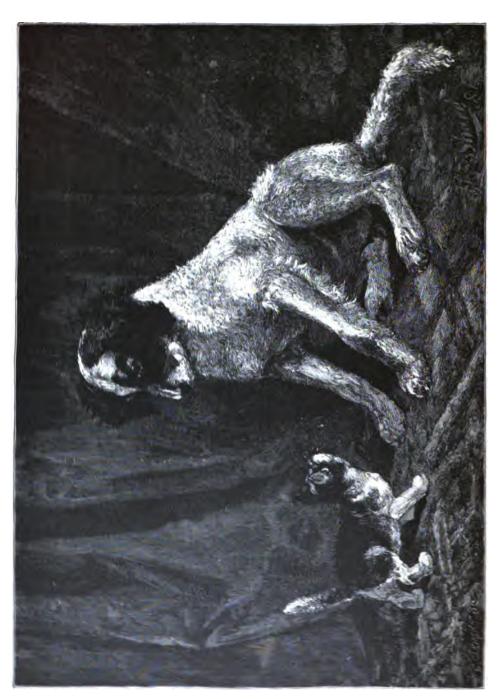
Then we little pussies all to catkins grow."

YOUNG MARCH WIND.

By M. F. BUTTS.

A JOLLY fellow is young March Wind,
With all his bluster and noise;
Though he has no thought for the old and poor,
He's a thorough friend of the boys.
He joins their play with right good will—
Aha, do you see him go,
With a hi, hi, hi! far up in the sky,
While the boys stand tugging below?

Oh, a noisy fellow is young March Wind,
And almost any day
You may see him up in the highest trees,
Blowing his trumpet for play.
Oho! oho! now high, now low,
He blows with all his might:
Oh, dear Mr. Wind, would you be so kind
As to go to sleep at night?



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TOMMY HOPPER'S CHOICE.

TOMMY HOPPER and his sister Susan were standing one day before a toy-shop window. Tommy had twenty-five cents, and he was trying to decide what he would buy. But although there were balls, and bats, and hoops, and kites, and boxes of tools, rocking-horses, sleds, steamboats with real engines, boxes of games, ninepins, battledores and shuttlecocks, steam-cars that moved along a track just like real ones (only not so fast), babies that

crept on their hands and knees if you wound them up, little boys riding on velocipedes, great big humming-tops, and jack-straws, and dear knows what all, Tommy did not hesitate long. In less than half a minute he chose a rocking-horse.

"Oh! you can't buy that for twenty-five cents, Tommy!" cried Susan.

"You must choose something cheaper."

Tommy hesitated a little now. The next thing he chose was a box of tools.

"Oh! you little goose!" cried Susan. "That box would cost two or three dollars. Is n't there any small thing that you like which does not cost more than a quarter?"

Tommy was now silent for some time. At last Tommy made a hit: "One of those creeping babies," said he.

"Oh! I can't buy that," said Susan, a little impatient.

"Why, that is ever so little," said Tommy, firmly.

"But, I tell you, you can't buy that for twenty-five cents," said Susan. "Don't you know it creeps?"

"It's littler than our baby at home," said Tommy, grumly.

"Well," said Susan, "you could n't buy that for twenty-five cents."

"Yes, I could," said Tommy.

"You little simpleton!" said Susan, laughing, and shaking him by the shoulders. "If you don't choose something quickly, I'll go away!"

"No, you wont," said Tommy. "I have n't choosed anything yet, and you said you'd wait till I did."

But he liked so many things, and changed his mind so often, that his sister at last said she was tired, and must go home.

"Here, Tommy," she said, as she went away. "You will have to take

care of the money, and buy something for yourself."

Tommy was delighted to be free from Susan. She bothered him in his choice. Now he felt he could pick out something he would like, without her all the time telling him that each thing cost too much. So he walked boldly into the store with his twenty-five cents.

After looking around a moment, he stepped up to the man at the counter:

"I want one of those sleds," said he, pointing to a number of handsomely painted sledges near the door.

"Which one will you have?" said the man, coming out from behind the

counter, "this green one, or the blue one with red runners?"

Tommy hesitated. The blue one was very handsome, but the green one had a horse painted on the seat.

"I'll take the green one," said he, at last.

"That is three dollars and a half," said the man, looking at Tommy, and noticing, apparently for the first time, what a very little boy he was.

"But it's too much," said Tommy. "I've only got a quarter."

The man laughed.

"You ought to have known whether you had money enough or not, before you asked for it," said he.

"Are all sleds more'n a quarter?" asked Tommy.

"Yes," said the shopman.

"Good-by," said Tommy, and out he marched.

On his way home he passed a peanut-stand. Tommy stepped up to the man and demanded twenty-five cents' worth of peanuts. Peanuts were cheap in those days, and when Tommy's little pockets were all full, and his hat would scarcely go on his head for nuts, and he had even stuffed some in the waist-band of his trousers, there were yet ever so many peanuts and no place to put them.

"Bother on twenty-five cents!" said Tommy. "In some places it's too

little, and in some places it's too much."



MY LADY IS EATING HER MUSH.

Hushaby, hushaby, hush, My lady is eating her mush. Her little black servant, alas! Is bobbing in front of the glass— Bobbing now, just think upon it, Drest in my lady's best bonnet!

The cat on the pantry shelf
To the cream is helping herself.
A little gray mouse, at her ease,
Is nibbling away at the cheese.
Each slyly her own way pursuing,
Sees not what the other is doing;—

But wait till my lady is done! Wait, if you wish to see fun!



GOOD FRIENDS.

TABBY was a great traveler. She knew every spot about the house—from attic to cellar—and just where everything that she liked was kept. There was hardly a rat or a mouse on the place that could hide from her. She crawled into every dark corner of the barn; could tell the number of eggs in each hen's nest; and often she took long walks through the fields, creeping through every hole in the fence that was as big as her body.

Besides all this, she rode about the farm-yard a great many times. She had merry rides with little Harry in his baby-carriage, with Johnny and Fred as horses; she had lain curled up on the great load of hay when Mr. Dorr and the men drove in from the fields; and she had traveled ever so many miles in the empty wagon, when the boys played it was a train of cars. She liked this railroad journey best; but Fred always waked her up at every station by his loud Too-oo-oo-t! At other times, she did not know that they were moving, even when Fred said they were dashing along at a terrible rate!

But such a ride as the one I shall tell about, she never had had before in all her life! Indeed, she would never have taken it—but she could not help it. Ponto made her go. You see, Ponto and Tabby were good friends. They lived and ate together; they ran races and played all sorts of nice games; and they liked each other very much. Sometimes they had little quarrels; but they soon forgot their anger and were friends again.

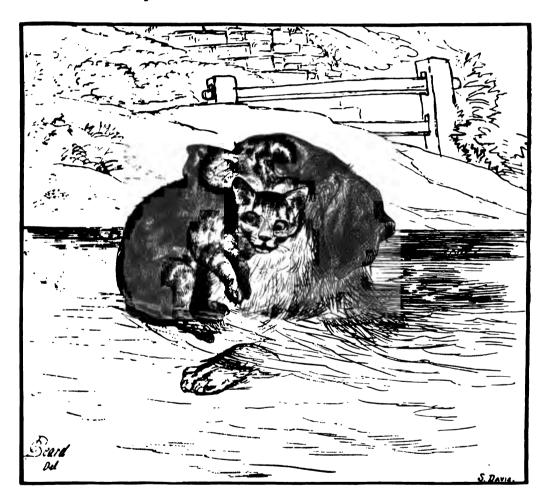
Every evening, when Ponto came into the yard, the two friends would run down one little hill from the house and up another little hill to the barn where Mary was milking. Ponto would keep the pigs out of the yard, and Tabby would watch every hole in the barn floor for a rat or a mouse. Then, when Mary was done milking, she would pour some fresh milk into a pan for Tabby to drink.

But, after a while, there came a long rain-storm. Ponto had to stay in the yard for two or three days. Tabby did nothing but doze! It seemed as if it never would stop raining! But it did at last; and when Ponto and Tabby ran down the hill again, they saw at the bottom—a pond deep enough to drown them both!

Tabby did not know what to do. In all her travels she had never crossed a pond of water. She was frightened, and would have gone back to the house, but she looked toward the barn, and saw Mary and the pan of milk waiting for her beside the door.

Ponto did not care for the water, for he could swim. So when they came to the edge of the pond, he plunged in and was soon across. Then he looked back to see what had become of Tabby. He thought she would be at his heels.

But no! There she was on the bank where he had left her. Her back was curled up till it looked as if it were broken, and her tail was



waving over it! What in the world was the matter? She never looked so except when she was angry.

Now, Ponto thought Tabby was a wonderful cat. He had seen her catch rats, and he knew that she could do some things that even he could not. "Surely she can cross that pond," thought he. He did not know what to make of it.

He called to her, with a bark, to "Jump in and swim across." But she

only replied with a cross "Meouw," which he did not hear. Then he said again, "It's easy to swim across—come on!"

"As easy as for you to climb a tree," said Tabby, in an angry way.

This was too much for Ponto! He could not climb a tree, and Tabby knew it. When he was too rough in his play, she would run up into the apple-tree, and there she was safe. So this reply made him angry. Tabby should not have said it—but then, she wanted the milk!

"It is so easy that I can swim across and carry you, too," thought Ponto, and then he plunged into the water again. When he reached the shore, he seized Tabby by the back of the neck with his teeth, and rushed back into the water. Poor Tabby! She thought she certainly would be drowned.

But Ponto knew better. He held his head so high that the water hardly touched her pretty little paws. So she kept quiet and did not struggle. It was not so bad after all! And besides, there was the milk!

When they landed, Tabby had a stiff neck for a while, and Ponto had to shake his great shaggy sides until they were dry. Then they ran up the hill as fast as they could go, and into the barn,—and almost into the milk-pail before they could stop.

Tabby was very thankful to Ponto for this ride. She said to herself that she would help him to climb a tree the next time that he tried. But as she drank her milk, she was glad that they both could follow Mary home by the long path through the orchard.

Tabby did not forget her strange ride. But she has never taught Ponto how to climb a tree! She has not even helped him up to the lowest limb. Do you think she ever will?





"I CAN'T GROW TO BE A GOOD GIRL UNLESS I EAT GOOD THINGS."

THE LITTLE KINDERGARTEN GIRL.

By BESSIE HILL.

sew, sew, sew, and pull, pull,

The pattern will come, and the card be full;

So it 's criss, criss, criss, and it 's cross, cross, cross;

If we have some pleasant work to do we 're never at a loss.

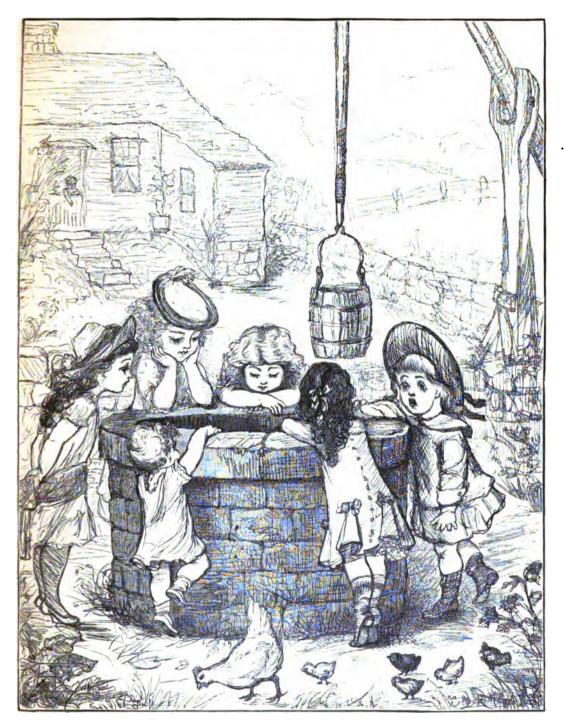
Oh, dear! I pulled too roughly,—I 've broken through my card.

I feel like throwing all away, and crying real hard. But no, no, no,—for we never should despair, So I'll rip, rip, rip, and I'll tear, tear, tear.

There! you pretty purple worsted, I 've saved you, every stitch (Because if we are wasteful we never can get rich).

Now I 'll start another tablet, and I 'll make it perfect yet,

And Mother 'll say: "Oh, thank you, my precious little pet!"



"OH, WHAT A DEEP WELL!"

HELLO!



FRED is a dear lit-tle boy. He is not yet two years old, but he can say a great man-y words, and he can do a great man-y fun-ny things. One day, his mam-ma was talk-ing in the tel-e-phone. Fred want-ed to talk, too, but his mam-ma said, "No, Fred-dy, not now. Run a-way." What do you sup-pose Fred did then? He did not cry, but he ran off to the nurs-er-y. His mam-ma did not know what he was go-ing to do. Pret-ty soon he came tod-dling back. He had in his hand his cup and ball. You will see them in the pict-ure.

What do you think he was go-ing to do with them? Catch the ball in the cup? No. He walked straight up to the wall un-der the tel-e-phone, and put the cup up to his ear. Then he looked up to Mam-ma with a fun-ny lit-tle smile, and shout-ed "Hel-lo!"

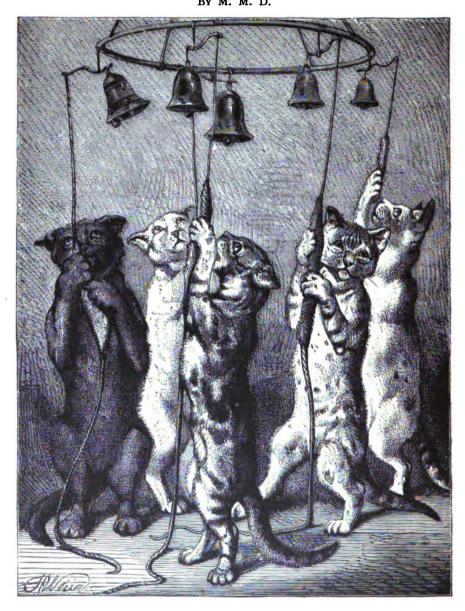
A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said:
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their eager hands
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

A BLACK-NOSED kitten will slumber all the day; A white-nosed kitten is ever glad to play; A yellow-nosed kitten will answer to your call, And a gray-nosed kitten I would n't have at all.



AN OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.

THE BELL RINGERS. By M. M. D.



DING-DONG! ding-dong. ding!

The bell-ring-ers in the pict-ure are re-al cats. Their names are Jet, Blanche, Tom, Mop and Tib. Jet is Black; Blanche is white as snow; Tom stands in the mid-dle; Mop is next; and Tib, who has the small-est bell, has to reach high-est to ring it.

These five bright lit-tle cats—Jet, Blanche, Tom, Mop and Tib—have

been trained to do won-der-ful tricks. They can stand up and beg like dogs; they can lie down and play that they are fast a-sleep; they can march in a row like sol-diers; more than all, they can ring the bells in good time, so soft-ly and sweet-ly that the music is pret-ty e-nough for Christ-mas chimes.

Mr. Bow-en tells a-bout them in a Lon-don book called "The Children's Friend." He says the mas-ter who taught them to ring the bells was al-ways ver-y kind and gen-tle. They knew that he loved them, and that when-ev-er they tried to learn their les-son well, he would give them a nice meal of fish.

Cats like fish as well as you like can-dy,—bet-ter than you like a can-dy fish; so you see they must have felt, when they gave the ropes a good pull, that, some-how, they were ring-ing their own din-ner-bell. At first the pus-sies found it ver-y hard to catch hold of the bell-rope; but when their mas-ter put soft bunch-es of wool up-on the cord, so that the pus-sies could fast-en their sharp lit-tle claws in-to it, they took hold with a good will.

"Ding-dong! Thank you, Mas-ter," they seemed to say. "This is some-thing like!"

Some-times the pus-sies would not a-gree ver-y well. Tib would get tired of her short rope, and try to get hold of Jet's. Then Blanche and Tom would join in the fight; the ropes would get twisted; all the bells would ring out of tune, and Mop would "me-ouw" with all her might. But the dread-ful noise would soon bring them to their senses; and the mo-ment they were good, the sweet mu-sic would come a-gain and make them hap-py.

When the pus-sies were not do-ing their fun-ny tricks, they would walk a-bout just like any oth-er cats, or lie down on the rug and doze. Sometimes, in their sleep, they would wave their tails slow-ly, and then their mas-ter would say:

"Bless 'em! They are dream-ing of the bells."

If he called to them, they would spring to his side and rub their cool noses a-gainst his hand, or, jump-ing up-on his knee, they would look up in-to his face, as if to say:

"Good mas-ter! you look tired. Poor dear! you are on-ly a man. But you may de-pend up-on our help. We know ver-y well that if it were not for us cats there would be no bells rung in the world."

The mas-ter would smile at this, and stroke them fond-ly; then the fire-light would play a-bout their forms as, one by one, they would set-tle soft-ly up-on the rug for an-oth-er nap.



THERE was a little lass who wore a Shaker bonnet;
She met a little laddie in the dell
Whose round and curly pate had a farmer's hat upon it.
Now which was most astonished? Can you tell?



POMPEY: "HERE'S YOUR SLIPPER! DID YOU THINK IT WAS GONEP" 188

JEMIMA BROWN.

By Laura E. Richards.

BRING her here, my little Alice—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Make the little cradle ready,
Softly lay her down.

Once she lived in ease and comfort,
Slept on couch of down;

Now upon the floor she 's lying—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Once she was a lovely dolly,
Rosy-cheeked and fair,
With her eyes of brightest azure,
And her golden hair.
Now, alas! no hair 's remaining
On her poor old crown;
And the crown itself is broken—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Yet be kind to her, my Alice!
'T is no fault of hers

If her willful little mistress
Other dolls prefers.

Did she pull her pretty hair out?
Did she break her crown?

Did she tear her arms and legs off?

Poor Jemima Brown!

Little hands that did the mischief,
You must do your best
Now to give the poor old dolly
Comfortable rest.
So we'll make the cradle ready,
And we'll lay her down;
And we'll ask papa to mend her—
Poor Jemima Brown!



GETTING ACQUAINTED.

THREE SMART LITTLE FOXES.

THERE were once three little foxes who lived in a hole in a bank. It was a large, comfortable hole, and these three little foxes (two of them were brothers and one was a sister) could lie down and put their heads out of the hole, and see what was going on in the neighborhood.

One afternoon one of the brother foxes slipped out by himself for a little walk, and when he came back he called the other two, and said: "Oh, come here! I will show you something, and tell you all about it."

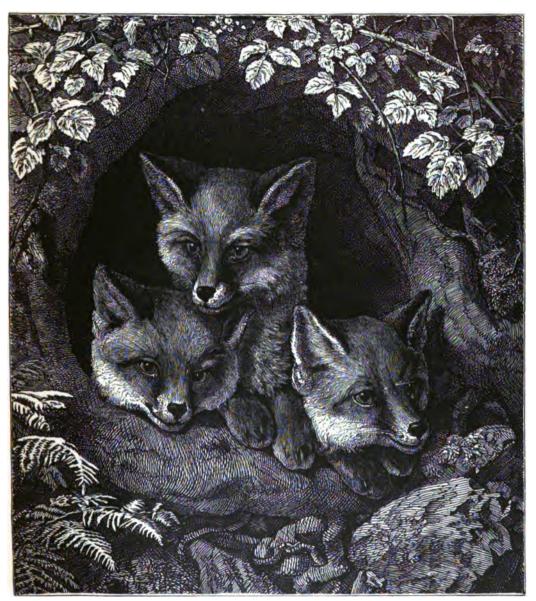
So they all lay down close together, and looked out of the hole.

- "Now then," said the brother fox who had been out, "you see that fence down there?"
 - "Oh yes," said his brother and sister.
- "Well, on the other side of that fence is a splendid chicken-yard. I went down there and saw it myself. I peeped through the fence. And in that yard there is a row of chicken-coops, all with chickens in."
 - "Oh!" said the others. They began to feel hungry already.
- "Yes, all with chickens in, and I heard a little girl say that the row of coops was called Pullet Row, Chicken Avenue, and that all the houses were taken. The first coop had an old hen and eleven little puffy chickens in it, and the second one held a whole lot of small chickens who were big enough to take care of themselves; and the next coop had in it an old rooster who had hurt his foot, and who had to be shut up. I think it's funny that neither mother nor father ever found out this splendid chicken-yard, so near us too! As soon as it gets to be a little dark we must go down there and get some of those chickens."
- "All right," said the sister fox; "we'll go, and I'll take the first coop with the little chickens."
- "And I'll take the coop with the young chickens who are big enough to take care of themselves," said one of the brother foxes.
- "I'll take the big old rooster," said the other brother fox. "I like lots of chicken when I eat any"

At the back of the hole the old Mother Fox was lying down. Her children thought she was asleep, but she was not, and she heard all that they had been talking about.

She now came forward and said: "That is certainly a very nice place that you see down there, and you, my son, were very smart, no doubt, to discover it. But when you go down there, this evening, take a look at a small house near the chicken-yard. A dog lives there—a big black

and white fellow—named Bruce. He is let into the chicken-yard every night at dark. If you think that he wont see you, when you go inside, or that he can't run fast enough to catch you, it might be a very good idea for you to go down there this evening and get some chickens."



THE THREE SMART LITTLE FOXES.

The three little foxes looked at each other, and concluded that they would not go. It was a long time after that before they were heard to boast of being smarter than their father and mother.

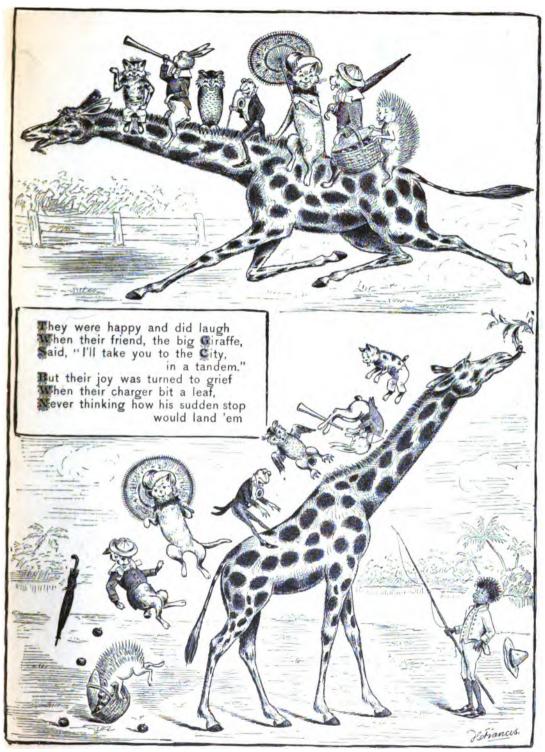
A DOZEN LITTLE DOLLS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

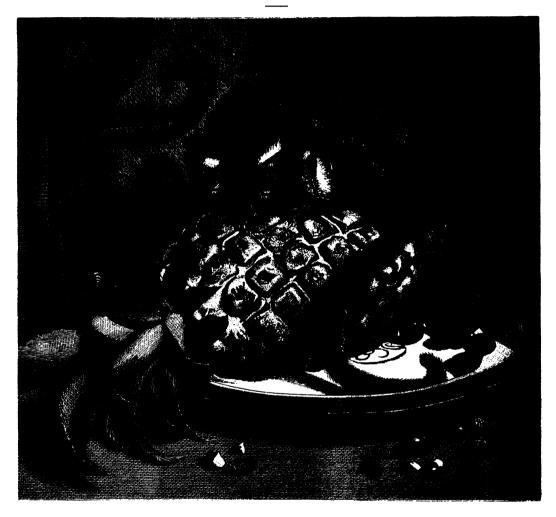


A DOZEN LITTLE DOLLS ARE WE AS HAPPY AS THE DAY,
BLACK AND WHITE, SHORT AND TALL, GRAVE AND GRAND AND GAY,
A DOZEN DOLLS ALL WAITING HERE. WHO WILL COME AND PLAY?
COME AND TAKE US, LITTLE MAIDENS, ERE WE RUN AWAY.





MARMOSETS.



Marmosets are cunning little monkeys from South America, and are often very tame and gentle. These little creatures are of about the size of squirrels, but they have very old and wise faces. The two in our picture, which is copied from a beautiful painting by Sir Edward Landseer, do not seem to know what sort of an insect it is that has alighted on the leaves of the pine-apple. So they have jumped up to examine it. If they come too close, and get their noses pricked, they may find out more than they want to know.



WISDOM IN THE WELL.

By PHIL O' GELOS.

There was an old man in Birtleby-town, Who chose to live down in a well; But why he lived there, in Birtleby-town Was never a man could tell.

The reason we'd never have known to this day
Had not the old gentleman told:
He said he was cool when the weather was hot,
And warm when the weather was cold.

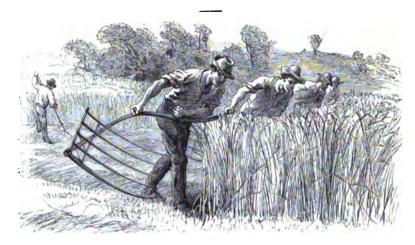
A bucket he had to draw himself up,
A bucket to let himself down;
So, perhaps, he was either the silliest man,
Or the wisest, in Birtleby-town.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

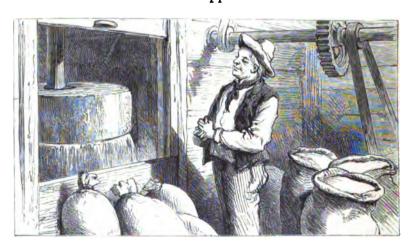


"LITTLE BOY BLUE, COME BLOW YOUR HORN, THE SHEEP'S IN THE MEADOW, THE COW'S IN THE CORN!"

ALICE'S SUPPER.



FAR down in the valley the wheat grows deep,
And the reapers are making the cradles sweep;
And this is the song that I hear them sing,
While cheery and loud their voices ring:
"'T is the finest wheat that ever did grow,
And it is for Alice's supper—ho! ho!"



Far down by the river the old mill stands,
And the miller is rubbing his dusty old hands;
And these are the words of the miller's lay,
As he watches the mill-stones grinding away:
"'T is the finest flour that money can buy,
And it is for Alice's supper—hi! hi!"

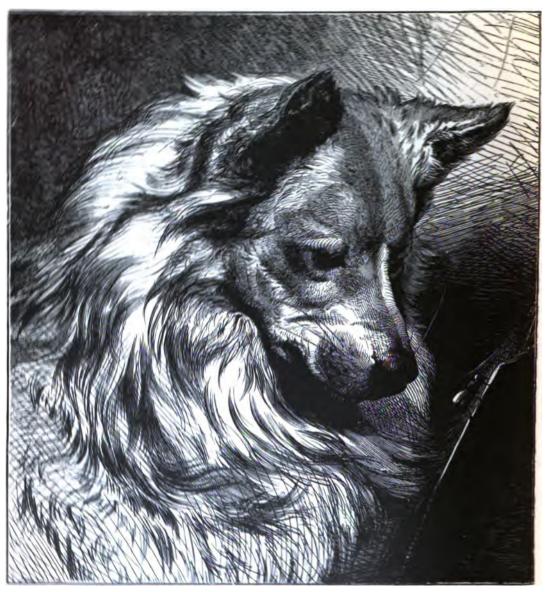


Down-stairs in the kitchen the fire doth glow, And cook is a-kneading the soft white dough; And this is the song she is singing to-day, As merry and busy she's working away:
"'T is the finest dough whether near or afar, And it is for Alice's supper—ha! ha!"



To the nursery now comes mother, at last,—
And what in her hand is she bringing so fast?
'T is a plateful of something, all yellow and white,
And she sings as she comes, with her smile so bright:
"'T is the best bread and butter I ever did see,
And it is for Alice's supper," says she.

POMPEY AND THE FLY.



"I WONDER," thought Pompey, the dog, "what that fly will do when he gets to the top of that board? Will he jump off, or fly off, or just stop? What a lot of legs he has! Or, perhaps they are arms. He has too many for such a little fellow. I am glad I am not a fly." And the th, who was looking backward at Pompey, thought to itself, "I wonder why that dog is sitting there so still? Why does he not climb up a board? I am glad I am not a dog."

TONY, THE DOCTOR'S PET.



AND, all this while, Tony, the doctor's pet, was watching a fly upon the ceiling overhead, and thinking: "What a queer, upside-down little thing that is! Now, if he really fancies he is walking upon the floor, where in the world does he suppose I am?"

THE FAST GOAT LINE.



Buck, Bounce, Bill, and Bob were four goats. Tom, Sam, and Jack were three boys. Sue and Ann Jane were two girls. Zip was a small dog, with a big head. Tom had a cart with four wheels; and he thought that if he made the four goats draw the cart, he could have a stage line from his house to the big tree at the end of the street. He said he would charge the boys and girls one cent for a ride. That would make him rich, if all the boys and girls in town took a ride.

When Tom had put the four goats to his stage, he took the reins in his hand, and got up on the front seat, which was a chair. Sam took his seat on one side of Tom, and blew his horn to let the boys and girls know they soon would start. When Sue came, she had to sit on a box, for there was no chair for her. Jack stood up in the back part of the cart and took hold of the hands of Ann Jane to help her in, for she was quite a small girl. Zip sat on the ground, near the goats. He did not know what all this meant, but he thought he would wait and see.

When there were no more boys and girls to come, Sam blew his horn again, and Tom sang out: "All on board the fast goat line for the big tree!" Then he cracked his whip, and said: "Get up!"

The goats knew how to pull a cart, and they set off on a trot. This was fine, for all the boys and girls. But Zip, the dog, thought the goats went too slow. "I can make them go fast," he thought, "if I bark at them, and give them each a right good bite."

So he ran close up to Buck and gave a great bark. Buck did not like Zip. So when Zip ran up and barked close by his ear, Buck set off on a run, and Bob, Bounce, and Bill ran, too.

They ran so fast that Tom could not hold them in, and they gave such great jerks that the chair, with Sam in it, fell back on Sue, and made her break through the lid of her box, so that she went right down in it. As for Jack, he fell out of the cart at the first jump of the goats, and came down, head first, in the road. Ann Jane sat flat down at the back end of the stage, and held on with all her might. Tom's hat, and Sam's hat, blew off, and the wind made Ann Jane's hair fly. Tom drew in the reins as tight as he could, and said: "Whoa! Whoa!" But the goats would not stop, nor go slow. They ran on till the wheels went round so fast you could not see the spokes. Tom lost his whip, but he did not care for that. He did not want to whip the goats now.

At last, Buck and Bounce broke loose, and then Bill and Bob ran on; but they could not pull the stage fast, so they made a short turn, and broke off the pole of the stage close up to the wheels. But Tom let go of the reins, and so they did not pull him out.

Tom and Sam then got out of the stage, and Sam took hold of Sue's hand to lift her out of the box, while Tom went to see if Jack was hurt. But Jack got up and said he was all right. Then Sue sat down by Ann Jane on the floor of the stage, while the three boys took hold of it to pull it back home. They could not pull it as fast as the four goats could, and so, as they went on to Tom's house, the boys and girls of the town, who had not had a ride in it, said it was not a fast goat line, but a slow boy line.



FLUFFY AND SNUFFY.

By CARRIE W. THOMPSON.





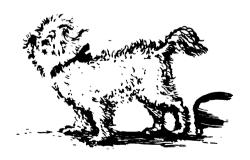
FILUFFY was a little girl, with some nice clean clothes on; Snuffy was a little dog, with a naughty nose on.





Fluffy had a bowl of broth given her for dinner; Snuffy, from a stool near by, watched her,—little sinner!





Fluffy thought she heard a noise like an organ-grinder: Turned her curly head to look through the pane behind her.

Smuth, when she dropped her spoon, went to learn the reason: Mild respect was in his eye,—in his heart was treason.





Fluffy's thoughts came back to broth, at the time precisely, That he turned it upside down, just to cool it nicely.

Fluffy cried and ran away, with no nice clean clothes on; And Snuffy was a little dog, with an injured nose on.



"NOW, YOU CAN FLY AWAY!"

CHANGING BABIES.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

N the morn-ing of a bright, warm day, Su-sy car-ried her ba-by broth-er out to the great farm-yard. It was a ver-y pleas-ant place. A large barn stood at one side of it, and near this was a poul-try-house. The chick-ens, ducks, and geese used to come out of it to stray a-bout the large grass-y lot. And in one cor-ner was a nice clear pond.

Su-sy knew she should find ma-ny pret-ty things out here, and that Ba-by would like to see them too. She walked a-round till the lit tle pet got sleep-y, and laid his head on her shoul-der. Then she car-ried him to a long, low shed, where the sheep and cat-tle were fed in win-ter. There was some hay in a man-ger; she laid him on it, and, sit-ting be-side him, sang soft-ly. This is what she sang:

"What will you give,
What will you give,
For my lit-tle ba-by fair?
Noth-ing is bright as his
bon-ny blue eyes,
Or soft as his curl-ing hair.
"What will you bring,

What will you bring,
To trade for my treas-ure here?

No one can show me a thing so sweet,

A-ny-where, far or near."

"Moo, moo-oo!" said some-thing not far from Susy. "You think that's so,

do you?" And Mad-am Jer-sey Cow looked ver-y doubt-ful-ly at Ba-by. Said she: "Can he kick up his heels, and frol-ic all o-ver the yard?"



- "Why, no," said Su-sy; "he can't walk yet."
- "Ah; how old is he?"—"Near-ly a year old," said Su-sy.
- "Near-ly a year! My child walked be-fore she was two days old!" The cow gave a scorn-ful sniff, and walked off with-out an-oth-er look.
- "Baa-aa," said an old sheep, walk-ing up with a snow-white, down-y lamb. "Let me see. He is a nice lit-tle thing, sure e-nough. But has he only two legs?"—"That 's all," said Su-sy.
 - "Then mine is worth twice as much, of course. If you had two ba-bies,



pret-ty curl-y hair he has." — "I don't think I would wish to trade, thank you," and she and her lamb trot-ted a-way and went to eat grass.

- "Quack! quack! Let me take a look," and Mrs. Duck flew up on the edge of the man-ger.
- "His feet don't look as if he 'd make a good swim-mer," she said, looking at Ba-by's pink dim-pled toes.
 - "Oh, he can't swim at all," said Su-sy.
 - "Good-bye," said Mrs. Duck. "All my dar-lings can swim."
- "Chip! chip! "was the next sound Su-sy heard. From its nest in an old elm-tree which stood near, a rob-in flew down, and perched on the end of a pitch-fork. She turned her head from side to side, gaz-ing at Ba-by in a ver-y wise way. "What can he sing?" said she.
 - "Oh, he can't sing at all yet," said Su-sy; "he 's too lit-tle."



"I should n't like to hurt your feel-ings, but you see how much I should lose on an ex-change, and I 'm sure you would not wish that."

"No, I should n't," said Su-sy. And Mrs. R. Red-breast flew a-way.

"Cluck! cluck!" "Peep! peep!" Mrs. White Leg-horn Hen came a-long with her down-y chicks. No won-der she fussed and fumed and cack-led at such a rate, Su-sy thought, with twelve ba-bies to look af-ter!

"I have n't much time to look," said the hen, "and I should hard-ly be will-ing to trade. Can your ba-by say 'peep—peep' when he 's hun-gry?"

"When he 's hun-gry he cries—but not 'peep—peep,'" said Su-sy.

"I see his legs are not yel-low, ei-ther, so I 'll bid you a ver-y good af-ter-noon." Off she went, ruf-fling her feath-ers, and cluck-ing and scratch-ing till Su-sy laughed a-loud.

"I don't won-der you laugh," purred some-thing near her. Su-sy turned in great sur-prise. There, at the oth-er end of the man-ger, in a co-zy cor-ner, was her old gray cat. That was n't all. There were three

lit-tle kits; a white one, a black one, and a gray one. Su-sy had not seen them be-fore, and she fond-led them lov-ing-ly.

"She's so proud be-cause she has twelve!" said Mrs. Puss, look-ing af-ter Mrs. W. L. Hen. "Now I think a small fam-i-ly is much bet-ter—three, for in-stance. Don't you think three e-nough?"

"In-deed," said Su-sy, "I think one 's e-nough; if it 's teeth-ing."

"Mine nev-er have trou-ble with their teeth. And per-haps I can nev-er teach your ba-by to purr, or to catch mice. Still, I be-lieve I 'll take him, and let you have one kit-ten, as I have three."

"Oh, no; you don't un-der-stand me," cried Su-sy. "I don't want to change at all. I 'd rath-er have my lit-tle broth-er than a-ny-thing else in the world." But Mrs. Puss took hold of him as if to car-ry him off. Ba-by gave a scream, and then Su-sy—a-woke! Then she looked a-round with a laugh, as she thought of all she had seen and heard in her dream, since she had sung her-self to sleep be-side the ba-by.



Puss did not seem to care wheth-er she had twelve chick-ens or a hun-dred. The calf was feed-ing qui-et-ly by its mam-ma, and the sheep and her

lamb lay un-der the old elm. And up in the branch-es Su-sy could hear Mrs. Red-breast teach-ing her bird-ies to sing.

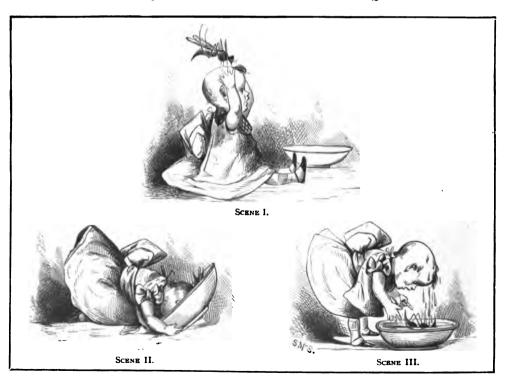
So then Su-sy ran up to the house and found sup-per wait-ing.

Ba-by held out his arms and was soon on his moth-er's lap, as hap-py as could be. Su-sy looked at him and said: "God has made ev-er-y-bod-y and ev-er-y-thing love their own ba-bies best, has n't he, Mam-ma?"

"Yes. We would rath-er take care of our ba-by than a-ny oth-er, would n't we?" "Yes, in-deed," said Su-sy. And as she rocked the ba-by's cradle that night, she fin-ished her lit-tle song in this way:

"Noth-ing will do, noth-ing will do;— You may trav-el the world a-round, And nev-er in earth, or sea, or air, Will a baby like him be found."

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE MOSQUITO.

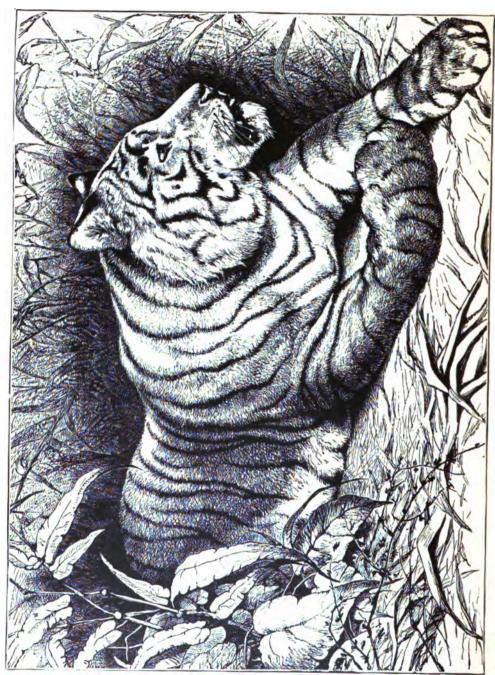




WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO A LITTLE BOY WHO WILL NOT HAVE HIS HAIR BRUSHED.



A PAIR OF BROTHERS.



WINTER AND SUMMER.

OH, I wish the winter would go,
And I wish the summer would come.

Then the big brown farmer will hoe,
The little brown bee will hum.—Ho, hum!

Then the robin his fife will trill,
And the woodpecker beat his drum,

And out of their tents in the hill
The little green troops will come.—Ho, hum!

When in bonny blue fields of sky
And in bonny green fields below,
The cloud-flocks fly and the lamb-flocks lie,
Then summer will come, I know.—Ho, ho!
Oh, the blossoms take long to come,
And the icicles long to go;
But the summer will come, and the bees will hum,
And the bright little brook will flow.—Ho, ho!

BOBBY'S SUPPER.

By B. W.

LIT-TLE BOB-BY was a lit-tle ne-gro boy. He was ver-y fond of his break-fast, his din-ner, and his sup-per, and if there had been any oth-er meal, he would have been glad to have that, too. One day, his moth-er said to him:

"Bob-by, my boy, here is your big wood-en bowl, with your mush and milk. You can take it out to the back door, and sit on the top of the steps. It will be nice and cool for you there." So he went to the back door and sat down.

"This is re-al nice," said Bob-by to him-self, aft-er he had tast-ed one spoon-ful of his sup-per. "I like mush and milk, and I am go-ing to eat just as much as I can. Mam-my says it will make me grow. Peo-ple who are big can eat a big sight too much if they want to. I like to eat too much. I think too much is just e-nough. I'd like more yet."

As he said this, Bob-by let go of his bowl, which he held with his left hand, and he sat up as straight as he could, as if he felt he was



"ALL BOBBY'S SUPPER WAS GONE!"

al-read-y grow-ing big-ger. Then he gave such a great dip in-to the mush and milk, with the spoon which he held in his oth-er hand, that the bowl up-set and rolled off his knees. Then it went bang-ing and thump-ing down the steps, spill-ing some of the mush and milk on each step, un-til it got to the bot-tom, when it turned o-ver on one side, and all the rest of the mush and milk ran out on the ground.

Poor Bob-by sat on the top step, still hold-ing the spoon-ful of mush and milk in his hand. His eyes o-pened as wide as they would go, and he sat and looked at the bowl as if he did not know what in the world had hap-pened.

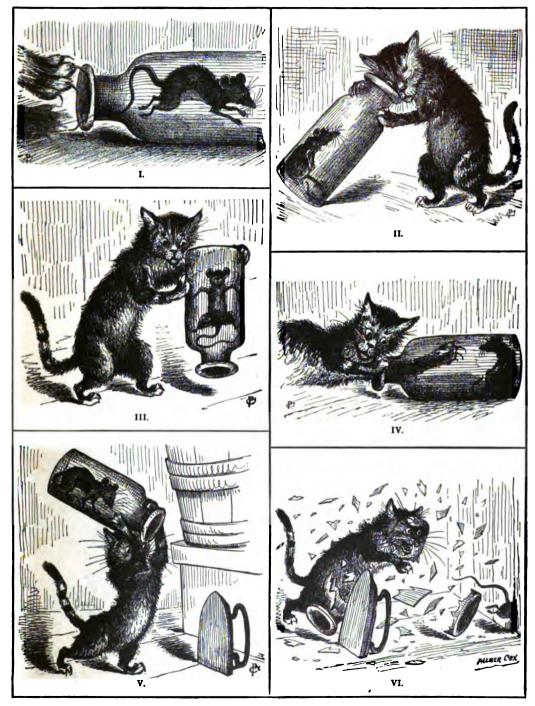
But he soon saw that it was of no use to sit there and look at the bowl. He could not make it climb up the steps and gath-er up all the mush and milk in-to it-self as it came up. All of Bob-by's sup-per was gone, and there was no help for it. He gave a deep sigh. Then the tears began to come in-to his eyes.

"I'd like to know how I'm going to grow," he said, rub-bing his eyes, "if the bowls go and do that way. Now I shall have no sup-per at all." But it was not as bad as that.

Bob-by's moth-er had heard thebowl roll down, and she was getting him an-other sup-per just as fast as she could.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

A PICTURE STORY.—BY PALMER COX.



LEARNING THE LETTERS.

By M. M. D.

WISH I knew my letters well,

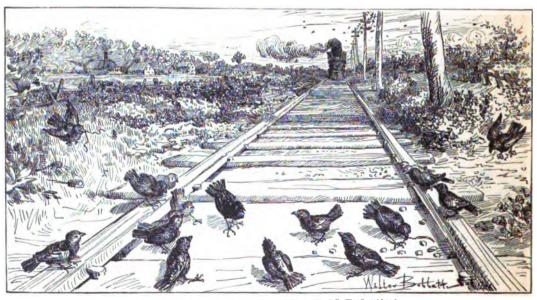
So I might learn to read and spell;

I'd find them on my pretty card,

If they were not so very hard.

Now S is crooked—don't you see? And G is making mouths at me, And O is something like a ball,— It has n't any end at all.

And all the rest are — my! so queer! They look like crooked sticks — oh dear! Ma counted six, and twenty more; What do they have so many for?



IS N'T IT ABOUT TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAYP

VICTOR'S WONDERFUL ANIMALS. AND WHAT THEY ALMOST DID.

VICTOR ROYL was eight years old. He had a little dog and a kitten. His Uncle John gave him the dog, and his Aunt Jane gave him the



kitten. Now Uncle John and Aunt Jane called them "sweet little things," but Victor knew more than that. saw at once that they were very bright and very brave. He had been to a circus show, and he knew what wonderful things animals could do. made up his mind that his dog and cat should soon astonish the world. The first thing he did was to give them both fine names. He named his dog

the Wild Mazeppa, after a famous horse; and he called his cat Mademoiselle Planchette, after a pretty lady in spangled skirts at the circus who stood on the Wild Mazeppa's back, and waved a flag while Mazeppa gal-

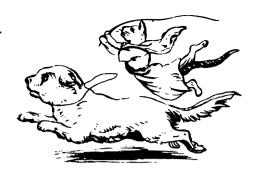
loped round the ring.

Then Victor sat down to make his plans: Mazeppa should first learn to gallop and leap over bars. Mademoiselle Planchette should learn to ride. to stand up on Mazeppa and wave flags, to jump through rings, to stand on one foot on Mazeppa's back while he was going at full speed; to spin, to hop, to dance-in fact, to almost





fly in the air after Mazeppa as he tore round Wonderful Mademoiselle Planthe ring. chette! She and Mazeppa should give a grand performance in aid of the Sundayschool. Victor decided to charge five cents a ticket. Three thousand and twenty-seven people would come, and that, as Victor said, would make a hundred thousand million dollars. Then if the Sunday-school teacher would give him back some of the money, he would buy another dog and a cat. Oh! what times he could have then! He would name the new dog Professor Macfoozelem, and the new cat the Fairy Queen of the Wire, and all four of his animals could then perform. It would take a long while, perhaps, for



him to teach them to act as wonderfully as Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette, but he knew he could do it in time. Then, when everything



was ready, he would give another grand exhibition, that should raise twenty hundred thousand dollars, to buy shoes for every poor little boy and girl in the world. He thought, but he was not quite sure, that he would make a speech to the spectators on the occasion. If so, this is what he thought he would say:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I appear before you with my four celer-berated dogs and cats. Their names is

the Wild Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette, and Professor Macfoozelem and the Fairy Queen of the Wire. Wild Mazeppa and Planchette came first; they are a present from my Aunt Jane and my Uncle John. They scratched and snapped a little when they was first getting to be wonderful, but now they don't



do it at all. They are very glad to earn some money for the Sunday-school, and Mademoiselle aint afraid of tumbling off any more, and Wild Mazeppa knows she wont scratch his eyes. They play they was tearing through a forest with sol-



diers, and mighty giants coming after them. The others are newer.

taught 'em all my own self. Professor Macfoozelem is splendid. He growls all the time he is performing. The Fairy Queen of the Wire is



the wonderfullest cat that ever lived except Planchette. When I get big I am going to take my show all over the world—to Asia and Brooklyn and Albany and Atlantic Ocean and to Scotland and Egypt and other cities.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will sit

still and wait a minute, you can see the show.

This speech Victor said so often to himself, with Aunt Jane sitting by, that he knew

it quite by heart. He was sure all the people would clap, and then the grand performance should begin:

First, Professor Macfoozelem would stand on his fore paws and hold a lady on each foot—that is, Mademoiselle Planchette and the Fairy Queen of the Wire. Then the next thing should be this: The music should play "tumpy-tee, tumpy-te-tee," and in should rush the Professor, galloping like a horse, with Mademoiselle Planchette and the Fairy Queen of the Wire standing on his ears or doing anything they chose. Then they'd all rush out; the music would strike up again "tumpy-tee, hump-it-y, tumpy-tee-tee;" and then Professor Macfoozelem would walk in on his hands, with his feet high up in the air. On top of his feet would



be Mazeppa, with his feet up in the air, and high on Mazeppa's feet

would stand Mademoiselle Planchette and the Fairy Queen of the Wire, hand in hand, smiling sweetly. This would be so wonderful that all the people would jump up and cheer and wave their hats. Drums would beat,

trumpets would sound, and—and —— Well, the fact is, Victor could not say exactly what would happen next, because just then his Aunt Jane told

him to give Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette some supper, for the poor little creatures seemed hungry.

Should you like to see these two wonderful animals—the Wild Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette—just as they looked when Victor Royl made all these grand plans, for you know this story tells only what he *thought* they would do in time? Here they are:



THE WILD MAZEPPA

MADEMOISELLE PLANCHETTE,

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY LUCY G. MORSE.

Mam-ma was put-ting Gre-ta and Mi-mi to bed the night be-fore Christ-mas; and she told them this story: "Af-ter the chil-dren are fast a-sleep, the good Sant-a Klaus climbs down the chim-neys with his great bag of toys. Then he goes to all the lit-tle beds and looks at the fa-ces of the sleep-ers, and he has seen so man-y of them that he has grown ve-ry wise. While they are at rest he can tell if the lit-tle shut eyes look an-gry when they are o-pen, or if cross words are apt to come out of the mouths. He will look at my Gre-ta to-night, and will say: 'There are no marks of tears on her cheeks; her mouth is sweet and ros-y,—I am sure it has been a smil-ing, hap-py mouth all day. Her hands are fold-ed, but they are bu-sy hands,—I am sure they have picked up Mi-mi's toys and Mam-ma's spools. They have tak-en hold of Mi-mi's fat hands and helped her up and down the steep stairs, and they have giv-en her a big piece of the cake which Grand-ma sent Gre-ta for her own.'

"Then Sant-a Klaus will see Mi-mi and say: 'I think Mi-mi's face looks as if she loved Gre-ta,—her mouth looks full of kiss-es, and her hands will soon learn to be bu-sy, like Gre-ta's.' Last of all, Sant-a Klaus will go to Mam-ma's bed, and will say: 'Mam-ma's face would not look so hap-py and so full of peace if her lit-tle girls were not ve-ry

good and sweet. I must put some of my pret-ti-est toys in their stockings, and I will leave two pict-ure-books on their lit-tle chairs."

Then Mam-ma hung up the stock-ings and kissed her lit-tle ones good-night. Gre-ta and Mi-mi were so hap-py that they laughed soft-ly un-der the bed-cov-ers, and they had to wink and blink their eyes a long time be-fore they could go to sleep.

And in the morn-ing the sto-ry came out true.



Up the road and down the road and up the road again,
All across the meadow-lot, and through the shady lane;
Over hill and valley, skipping merrily we come,
Down the road and up the road,—and here we are at home!



ASKING A BLESSING.

OLD SIMON.

OLD Simon and his boys were glad

To take the plainest fare:

They brightened everything they had,

With gratitude and prayer.

"Give thanks," said Simon, "when ye rise,

Give thanks when day is done."

And none than Simon were more wise.

Or happy, under the sun.

DID YOU?

DID you ev-er go on sun-ny days the pret-ty flow-ers to pull, And, kneel-ing in the mead-ow, fill your lit-tle a-pron full?

Did you ev-er see the dai-sies shine, and hear the bird-ies start, Till you some-times found it hard to tell the flow-ers and song a-part?

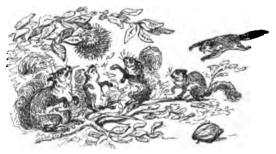
And did you ev-er feel the breeze steal light-ly to your cheek, As if it loved you ver-y much and had a word to speak?

Well, if you have known all these things so beau-ti-ful and wild, I'm sure the birds and flow-ers and breeze have known a hap-py child.

THE SQUIRRELS AND THE CHESTNUT-BURR.

Four squirrels once saw a chestnut-burr growing on a tree. They wanted the chestnuts in the burr, but were afraid to touch it, because it

was full of sharp points. Just then, along came a flying-squirrel. "I will tell you what you must do," said he: "wait until the burr opens, and the chestnuts fall out. The burr always opens when the right time comes." So they waited, and got the chestnuts.



It is a good rule, sometimes, to wait until things are ready for us.

TED AND KATE.

BY JOEL STACY.

Once there was a lit-tle boy named Ted, who had a sis-ter named Kate. He was a good boy and she was a good girl if you would do just as they asked; but if you would not do as they asked they were very bad in-deed. One time Kate asked for a star out of the sky, and be-cause they could not give it to her she cried and screamed for an hour. Now, if they had giv-en it to her she would have been quiet e-nough. Do you like that kind of a good girl?

One day Ted wished to play with his Pa-pa's ra-zor. When his Pa-pa said "No," Ted screamed and kicked; and when they told him not to do so, he said: "I will be good if I can have the ra-zor." But who likes that kind of a good boy? I don't. One day, Ted was so nice and qui-et that his Mam-ma kissed him, and then she found that he had a big lump of sug-ar in his mouth. As soon as it was gone, he cried for more. Then they put in an-oth-er lump, and he was "just as good as pie," nurse said. But they could not al-ways keep Ted's mouth full of sug-ar; and it was so hard to do all that was need-ed to make him good, that one day his Pa-pa and Mam-ma made up a great se-cret.

What do you think this se-cret was?

Why, it was this. They said to each oth-er: "Let us try to cure Ted and Kate of their way of be-ing good. It is time they had a new way."

The lit-tle boy and girl were out-of-doors just then. Ted was be-hind the house, look-ing for the cat, and Kate was play-ing in a boat on the riv-er that ran in front of the house. The boat was tied to the shore, and the nurse watched Kate to see that she did not fall in-to the wa-ter.

Kate had want-ed Ted to come and play with her in the boat; and Ted had begged Kate to come and play with him be-hind the house, but nei-ther would give up to the oth-er's wish-es.

- "My, my! What ob-strep-er-ous chil-dren!" said nurse. "Al-ways want-ing their own ways!"
- "Would you be-lieve it, ma'am," she said to Mam-ma, "they wont ei-ther play to-geth-er or come in to their sup-pers. But they 're qui-et as can be if they 're let to have their ways; so where 's the harm?"
- "A great deal of harm," thought Mam-ma, "in that way of be-ing good." So she called out:

"Come in to your sup-per, Ted and Kate. It is near-ly bed-time." Then they both said "No! No!" and be-gan to cry.

"I wish I could go in and get my sup-per," thought Kate, and Ted pushed a-way the tur-tle and looked a-bout him. Then they both began to cry.

Pa-pa put his head out of the win-dow and told them to keep qui-et,



"'SHUT YOUR EYES, YOU NAUGHTY MOON!' SCREAMED KATE."

as he and Mam-ma wished to go to sleep. But they screamed and cried loud-er than be-fore. It grew dark-er and dark-er, and they cried loud-er and loud-er. The moon came out and sailed a-mong the clouds; but she seemed like a great round eye look-ing down at them from the sky.

- "Shut your eyes, you naught-y moon!" screamed Kate; but the moon just stared at her.
 - "Pa-pa!" called Ted. "Mam-ma!" cried Kate. There was no an-swer.
 - "Pa-pa, I will be good if you will let me go to bed!" shout-ed Ted.
 - "So will I!" screamed Kate. Still there was no an-swer.

Then Ted be-gan to think. He knew his Pa-pa and Mam-ma had told him that real-ly good boys would be just as good if they did not

have what they want-ed as if they had all they asked for. And he said to him-self, "It's bet-ter to try to be good that way, if I can." So he stood up straight in the grass, and rubbed his eyes dry. Then he tried to look pleas-ant. The moon stared at him ver-y hard, but there were no more tears on his face. •

At last he called out to his Pa-pa a-gain. But this time he said: "Pa-pa! Pa-pa! I'll be good in the right way,—wheth-er you let me in or not!"

O-pen flew the blinds, and Pa-pa and Mam-ma both looked out.

Mam-ma asked: "Will you try to be that kind of a good boy all the time?"

"Oh, yes!" said Ted-dy.

"Ver-y well," and the blinds were shut once more. Pa-pa and Mam-ma were gone. At first, Ted was go-ing to cry a-gain. Then he thought, "Oh, no; I must try right off to be good. I said I would."

So he kept just as still as a mouse, and watched the win-dow.

Now, Kate had heard all that had hap-pened. And she thought: "I'll be just as good as Ted, al-ways." Ver-y soon her eyes were dry, and she was hug-ging the dol-ly ver-y tight and tell-ing her that they were all go-ing to be good the new way, and Dol-ly must try, too.

Now the lamps were light-ed again in the house. Up went the win-dows!

"Come in, chil-dren!" called out Pa-pa and Mam-ma.

Then a ver-y strange thing hap-pened. Nurse stood right be-fore them!—she had been watch-ing Kate all the time from be-hind a bush. She gave her right hand to Ted and her left hand to Kate, and they all three went to the door, and knocked.

- "Who's there?" called out Pa-pa's voice, from in-side.
- "Two good lit-tle chil-dren," said the nurse.
- "Which kind of good?" asked the voice.
- "Oh, the new kind of good!" shout-ed both the chil-dren.

O-pen went the door! and there stood Pa-pa and Mam-ma. Such a kiss-ing time as there was!

Ted and Kate each had some sup-per; then, when they were un-dressed, they knelt down side by side in their long, white night-gowns, and then they kissed Pa-pa and Mam-ma a-gain, and jumped in-to their lit-tle white beds.

In a few mo-ments they were sound a-sleep, and the moon stared at them near-ly all night, through the win-dow.

- "Don't cry, pets," coaxed nurse. "How long do you want to stay out?"
- "Oh, we don't want to go in at all," an-swered Ted. "Let us stay here al-ways, and we will be good."
 - "Oh, yes. But I don't want to get out of the boat," said Kate.



TED WILL NOT GO IN TO HIS SUPPER.

"Ver-y well," said Mam-ma. "Now we shall do as you say."

So Pa-pa told Ted to stay there in the grass, be-hind the house, and told Kate she should stay in the boat. And they both said: "Oh, yes! now we will be good."

For a while Ted and Kate thought it was fine fun to stay out. Ted found in the grass a tur-tle that pleased him ver-y much; and Kate sat in the boat and sang her dol-ly to sleep while the sun went down.

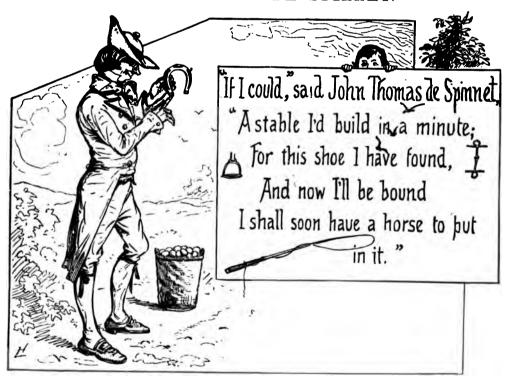
It be-gan to grow dark-er, but Ted and Kate knew they must o-bey their Pa-pa. They could not e-ven see each oth-er. The sun was gone; the day was gone; and now the night was com-ing.

16



A WALKING MATCH.

JOHN THOMAS DE SPINNET.



CALLING THE FLOWERS.

By M. M. D.

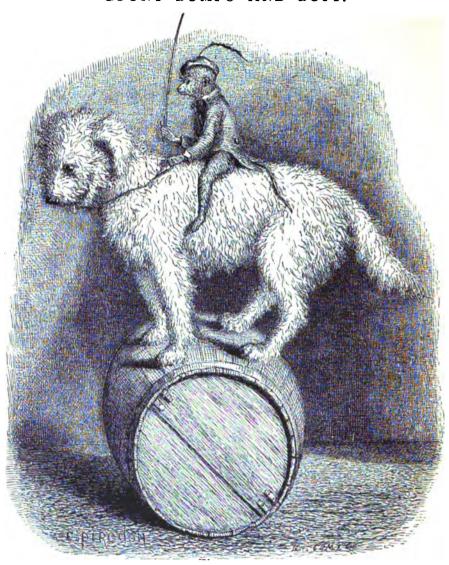
The wind is shaking the old dried leaves
That will not quit their hold,
The sun slips under the stiffened grass
To drive away the cold.



And Franca says: "How the March wind blows! Is it scolding? How mad it must be! When I blow my horn, I'll be tender and sweet, To show that I love them," says she. "For the flowers and birds are dear little things, And must not be frightened at all, So pray you be quiet, you noisy old wind!—Perhaps they will come if I call. The men on the hill want water, I know, And soon I will carry them some; But first I will blow just as kind as I can, To tell the sweet flowers they can come.

"Blow loud for the blossoms that live in the trees,
And low for the daisies and clover;
But as soft as I can for the violets shy,
Yes softly—and over and over."

COUNT BUMPO AND BUFF.



ALLOW me to introduce Count Bumpo! He can not take off his hat while riding, for fear that he may drop his whip; but he likes to know we are looking at him. Buff, the trained dog, is pleased, too, for he knows it is quite difficult to stand as he does on a barrel. He can do more than this. By moving his quick little feet while on the barrel, he can roll it across the room without falling off, or giving the Count a tumble.

Sometimes Buff runs on the ground like a young colt, and, with Count Bumpo on his back, springs over the barrel, growling and barking as if to say: "You may think this feat is easy; but I tell you it is not. I am always afraid of hurting my toes. Besides, the Count is much more afraid than I am. He is a good friend of mine, and he tries to behave well. He is such a monkey that he makes me nervous."

THE TRIO.

By Mary A. Lathbury.



NANNIE CLOVER! Nannie Clover!
Mind the leaf to turn it over.
Don't be careless, Billy, don't!
You can sing well, but you wont.
Don't keep time with all your feet;
Softer, mind! when you repeat.
Ready now! and let it ring,
One,—two,—three,—sing:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb,
Mary had a little l-a-a-mb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
And everywhere that Mary went,
And everywhere that Mary we-ent,
The lamb was sure to go."

Silly creatures, what a bother!
Making eyes at one another.
Mind your notes, and look at me,—
I'm the leader, don't you see?
Faster, Billy! Louder, Nan!
Wake the echoes if you can.
Let us make this trio ring,—
One,—two,—three,—sing:

"Bah! bah! black sheep,
Got any wool?
O yes! master,
Three bags full:
One for the master,
One for the dame,
And one for the little boy
That cries in the lane."

LITTLE BROOK.

LITTLE brook with happy song, Ripple, ripple, all day long; Now in the wood, now in the meadow, Now in the sun, now in the shadow. Chatter, chatter! sing-song! Ripple, ripple, all day long.

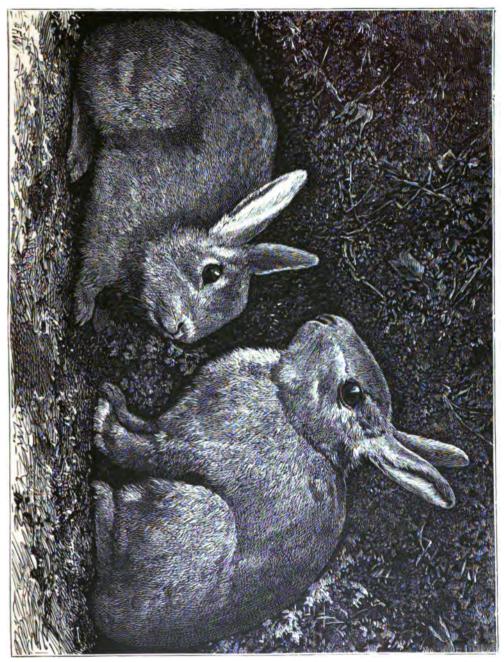
RED-TOP SEEING THE WORLD.

"PEEP! peep!" cried poor little Red-top. "I ran away from my mamma, and now I am lost—peep! p-e-e-p! What shall I do?

"And—peep, p-e-e-p!—a bad boy came at me with a stick, to kill me all dead; and I had to squeeze through such a small hole in a fence! A brown toad lived there. He tried to bite my nose off, but he could not find it—peep, peep!—a dog, who had a long tail, made fun of mine. He said, 'Bow, wow, wow! what a tail! why, it 's no tail at all!'—peep, p-e-e-p!



"Then I ran up here, where I can see the whole world. Dear me, how big it is! I am so cold, and I want to eat a worm! My mamma knows how to scratch for them—I don't. Oh! where is she?—peep! Mamma, mam-ma—peep! Oh, if I could find her, I would never, NEVER run away again—peep! p-e-e-e-e-p!"



KATE AND JOE.

By M. M. D.



Do you know a nice girl named Kate, who lives up-town in New York? I do. And I know her broth-er loe. Ev-er-v sum-mer, Kate and Joe leave the cit-y and go to vis-it their aunt, who lives in a big house in the coun-try. And on pleasant days, their aunt lets them go in-to the vil-lage near by to get the let-ters at the postof-fice. They start ear-ly, and walk through the fields, and the pret-ty green lanes, in-stead of a-long the hot, dust-y road. Joe is not so big as Kate, but that is not his fault. He grows just as fast as he can, but as Kate is three years than Joe, he can not catch up to her yet, nev-er mind how hard he may try. But he tells Kate that he is a BOY, any way, and he can take good

care of her. So some-times, when they start down the lane, she takes his arm just as if he were a big man, and then Joe feels ver-y proud.

One day when Kate and Joe were go-ing to the vil-lage, they saw

a dog who was bark-ing at a ver-y lit-tle girl. The lit-tle girl cried with fear. But Joe came on just in time to say, in a ver-y loud voice, "Stop, sir!" and the dog stopped at once and crawled a-way. Joe thought it was be-cause he was a BOY, but the real rea-son was that the dog saw a man com-ing with a whip in his hand.



Next they saw an-oth-er dog, and what do you think this dog was do-ing? He was jump-ing af-ter a but-ter-fly! But the but-ter-fly did

not care one bit. He flew a-round and a-round the dog, just keep-ing out of reach of his mouth, un-til the dog was tired out.

"Joe," said Kate, who thought she would teach her broth-er something, "that beau-ti-ful but-ter-fly will turn to a worm some day."

"Pooh!" said Joe. "Just as if I did n't know that. Now see me catch him in my hat!"

But Joe did n't catch him at all. For the butter for flow flow a way, and left Joe sprawling on the

But Joe did n't catch him at all. For the butter-fly flew a-way, and left Joe sprawl-ing on the ground. The bright wings shook as if the but-terfly was laugh-ing at Kate and Joe. They made a ver-y fun-ny mis-take when they thought the but-

ter-fly would turn to a worm. The worms change; but not the but-ter-flies. First, the worm slow-ly hides him-self a-way in a soft cov-er-ing

which he makes for himself un-til it looks like a lit-tle bun-dle. Then in time the bun-dle bursts o-pen and out comes a but-ter-fly.

When Joe picked himself up that day, he rubbed his knees, and what did he see but an-oth-er dog! It was white and small and its tail curled natu-ral-ly, Joe said. dog was a great pet and he be-longed to a pretty lit-tle girl whom Joe and Kate did not know. He would not leave the lit-tle girl at all, and barked if Joe or Kate came near her. But the lit-tle girl smiled at them

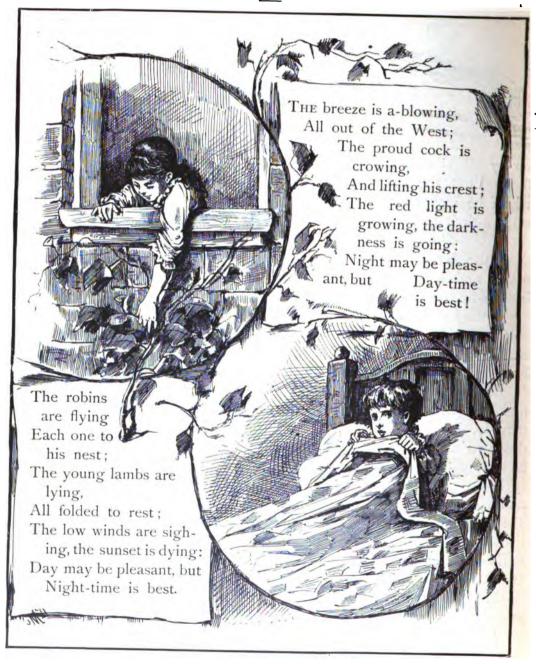


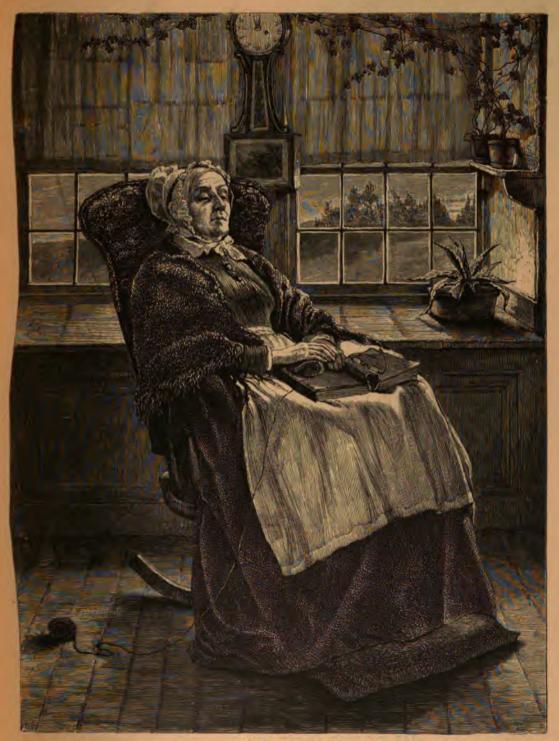
sweet-ly, and Kate said, "What a pret-ty pair of pets they are!"

"These must be the dog-days," said Joe, as they walked on; and Kate said she thought so too.

DAY AND NIGHT.

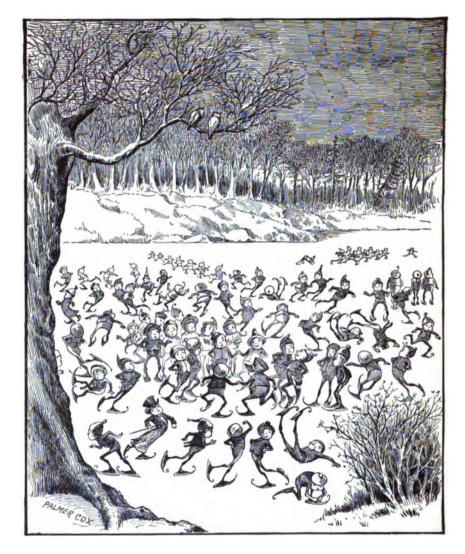
By M. J.





GRANDMOTHER

THE BROWNIES' SKATING FROLIC.

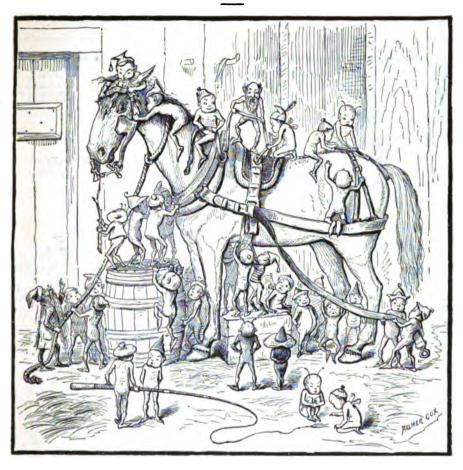


ONE moonlight midnight long ago,
When fields were white with shining snow,
The Brownies found a frozen place
Where they could skate with ease and grace.

Ah, keen their joy that winter night!
But ere the dawn they'd vanished quite;
And not a track or speck betrayed
The spot where Brownie hosts had played.

THE BROWNIES' RIDE.

By PALMER COX.

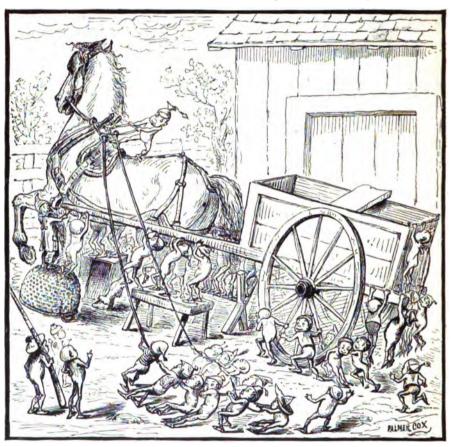


One night a cunning brownie band
Was roaming through a farmer's land,
And while the rogues went prying round,
The farmer's mare at rest they found;
And peeping through the stable door,
They saw the harness that she wore:
The whip was hanging on the wall,
Old Mag was eating in the stall;
The sight was tempting to the eye,
For there the cart was standing nigh
That Mag around the meadows hauled,
Or to the town, as duty called.

"That mare," said one, "deserves her feed—Believe me, she's no common breed;
Her grit is good; I've seen her dash
Up yonder slope without the lash,
Until her load—a ton of hay—
Went bouncing in beside the bay.
That cart," said he, "would hold the crowd—
We're neither stuck up, vain, nor proud.
In that same cart, old Farmer Gill
Takes all his corn and wheat to mill;
It must be strong, though rude and rough;
It runs on wheels, and that's enough."

Now, brownies seldom idle stand
When there 's a chance for fun on hand.
So plans were laid without delay:
The mare was dragged from oats and hay.
The harness from the peg they drew,
And every one to action flew.

When every strap its buckle found,
And every part was safe and sound,
Then round the cart the brownies flew—
The hardest task was yet to do.
It often puzzles bearded men,
Though o'er and o'er performed again.



It was a sight one should behold To see them working, young and old; Two wrinkled elves, like leather browned, Whose beards fell nearly to the ground, Along with youngsters did their best, With all the ardor of the rest.

While some prepared a rein or trace, Another slid the bit in place; More buckled bands with all their might, Or drew the crupper good and tight. Some held the shafts to steer them straight, More did their best to balance weight, While others showed both strength and art In backing Mag into the cart.

At length the heavy job was done,
And horse and cart moved off as one.

Now down the road the gentle steed Was forced to trot at greatest speed. A merrier crowd than journey there Was never seen at Dublin Fair. The night was dark, the lucky elves Had all the turnpike to themselves.

Across the flat and up the hill

And through the woods to Warren's mill,—

A lengthy ride, ten miles at least,—

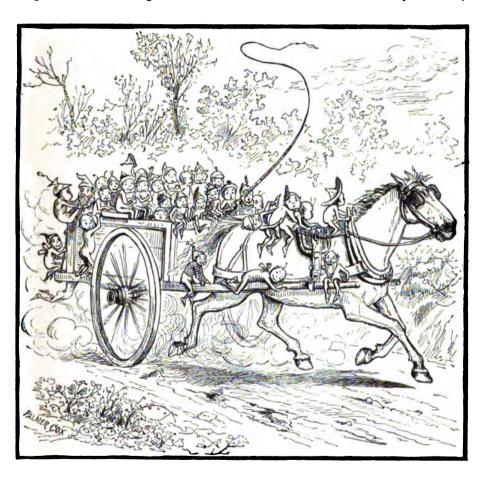
Without a rest they drove the beast,

And then were loath enough to rein

Old Mag around for home again.

Now in the east the reddening sky
Gave warning that the sun was nigh.
The halter rope was quickly wound
About the nearest post they found,
Then off they scampered, left and right,
And disappeared at once from sight.—

When Farmer Gill that morning fair Came out and viewed his jaded mare,



Nor was the speed, returning, slow:
The mare was more inclined to go,
Because the feed of oats and hay
Unfinished in her manger lay.
So through the yard she wheeled her load
As briskly as she took the road.

I may not here in verse repeat
His exclamations all complete.
He gnashed his teeth and glared around,
And struck his fists and stamped the ground,
"I'd give a stack of hay," he cried,
"To catch the rogues who stole the ride!"

WHAT ROBBY SAW.

BIRDS know a great deal. They know how to find their food, and where to go for a change of climate. They know, too, how to build nests, and how to take care of their children. They are wise almost as soon as they are born.

But if you think birds cannot be taught anything besides the things that they know of their own accord, you are very much mistaken. They can be taught to do many funny tricks. I know a boy named Robby who has seen them, with his own eyes, do—what, do you think?

Why, he has seen two yellow canary-birds harnessed to a little bit of a coach, drawing it along in the liveliest way, with a canary-bird for a driver and another canary for footman. Think of that! Yes, and he has seen these same birds do even more than this.

He has seen them act a play. I'll tell you about it.

First, one pretty little fellow, named Mr. Prim, came hopping in as lively as a cricket. Then came another pretty little yellow fellow, named Major Flit, and he had—A GUN! And—O, O!—what did Major Flit do but point his gun right at Mr. Prim and fire it off! Down fell Mr. Prim stark and stiff—his eyes shut tight, and his poor little toes curled under. But Major Flit was not sorry one bit for shooting poor Mr. Prim. He strutted about as if he had done something fine. Then another canary, named Corporal Gruff, came in, carrying two little pails of water. They were about as big as thimbles. He shook his head sadly as he looked at poor Mr. Prim lying so helpless and stiff. Then he hopped savagely up to Major Flit, and stared at him, with an air that said: "What does this mean, sir?"

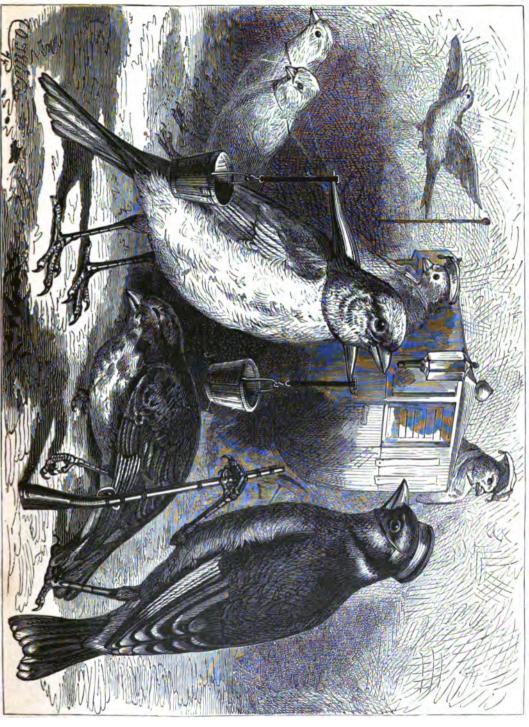
Something dreadful might have happened then if, quick as a flash, Mr. Prim had not jumped up, as if to say:

"Ho! ho! you thought I was killed, did you? Well, I'm just as much alive as you are!"

Now the birds had been taught by their kind master to do all this. The gun would go off and make a flash, but it had no shot in it.

Robby dreamed that night of Mr. Prim, the Major and the Corporal; the Major had on soldier clothes, and Mr. Prim was shaving himself before a yellow looking-glass! Was not that a funny dream?

If you ever go to a show where there are performing birds, look out sharply for Mr. Prim, the Major, and Corporal Gruff.



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LEARNING TO SEW.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.



"I AM learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;
"I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;
I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,
And Mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.
It's over and over—do you know
How over-and-over stitches go?

"I have begun a handkerchief: Mamma turned in the edge,
And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.

It has Greenaway children on it stepping staidly by a hedge;
I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know.
And that is the way I learn to hem
With hemming stitches—do you know them?

"Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and back-stitch, too, I guess,
It would n't take me long, I know, if 't was n't for the thread;
But the knots keep coming, and besides—I shall have to confess—
Sometimes I slip my thimble off, and use my thumb instead!
When your thread knots, what do you do?
And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he's a great big man, as much as six feet high;
He's more than forty, and his hair has gray mixed with the black:
Well, he can't sew! he can't begin to sew as well as I.

If he loses off a button, Mamma has to set it back!

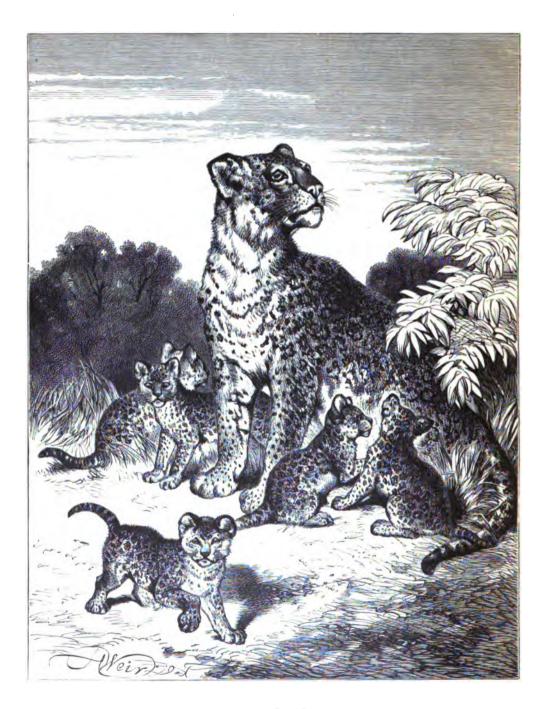
You must n't think me proud, you know,
But I am seven, and I can sew!"



wo little girls are better than one, Two little boys can double the fun, Two little birds can build a fine nest. Two little arms can love mother best. Two little ponies must go to a span; Two little pockets has my little man, Two little eyes to open and close, Two little ears and one little nose. Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet, Two little shoes on two little feet, Two little lips and one little chin, Two little cheeks with a rose shut in: Two little shoulders, chubby and strong, Two little legs running all day long. Two little prayers does my darling say, Twice does he kneel by my side each day-Two little folded hands, soft and brown, Two little eyelids cast meekly down-And two little angels guard him in bed, One at the foot, and one at the head."



TAMING A WILD HORSE.



A LEOPARDESS AND HER CHILDREN.

POOR JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

FRIGHTEN the children, do I? Pop with too sudden a jump? Well, how do you think I felt, all shut in there in a lump?

And did n't I get a shock when the lid came down on my head?

And if you were squeezed up and locked in, would n't you get ugly and red?

If you think I 'm so dreadful, my friend, suppose you just try it yourself;

Let some one shut you in a box, and set you away on the shelf.—

And then, when the lid is unhooked, if you don't leap out with a whack, And look like a fright when you spring, I'll give in, or my name is n't Jack.



"MASTER SELF."

"THERE was once a lit-tle boy," said Mam-ma, "and he loved Some-bod-y ver-y much. It is n't a ver-y large Some-bod-y, but it has bright blue eyes and curl-y hair."——"Why, it's me!" said Char-lie. "It's me, my-self."

"So it is," said Mam-ma, laugh-ing. "And it's 'Mas-ter Self' whom Char-lie loves best. He e-ven does n't love Sis-ter so much as 'Mas-ter Self.' So he keeps all his pret-ty toys and does n't give them up. He loves 'Mas-ter Self' bet-ter than Mam-ma, for when Mam-ma says 'Go to bed,' and 'Mas-ter Self' says 'No,'—Char-lie likes best to please that naught-y 'Mas-ter Self.'"

"I wont please 'Mas-ter Self'" said Char-lie, and he kissed Mam-ma and said "Good-night." Next day, Mam-ma gave Char-lie a bright new ten-cent piece, and said he might go with Nurse to buy some can-dy.

When Nurse and Sis-ter were read-y, and Char-lie had tak-en his lit-tle stick, they set out. Char-lie was think-ing. He was think-ing ver-y much, and he was say-ing to him-self: "I don't love 'Mas-ter Self."

He walked qui-et-ly by Nurse's side. "What will you buy?" she asked.

- "Some can-dy for my-self," said Char-lie, as they reached the Park.
- "Keep close to me while we cross the road," said Nurse; but just then Char-lie pulled her dress and whis-pered: "Look, Nurse! Look there!" and Nurse saw a lit-tle girl stand-ing near a tree, a-lone and cry-ing.
 - "What's the mat-ter with her, Nurse?" asked Char-lie.
 - "I 'll ask her," said Nurse. "What are you cry-ing for, dear?"

But the lit-tle girl on-ly cried the more, and Char-lie went close to her and said: "What's the mat-ter, lit-tle girl?"

The lit-tle girl could not speak, she was sob-bing so much. "Don't cry," said Char-lie, in great dis-tress. "It makes me want to cry too."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the lit-tle girl. "I have lost my mon-ey! All my mon-ey." But soon she be-gan to tell Nurse how it was. She was go-ing to get some bread, and she had the mon-ey in her hand,—"and," said she, "a boy pushed me, and I fell, and lost my ten-cent piece, and I can't buy the bread, and Moth-er will be so an-gry."

"I'm glad I did n't lose my piece," said Char-lie, squeez-ing it hard.

"I am ver-y sor-ry for you," said Nurse. "If I were you, I'd run home and tell Moth-er."

"I can't! I can't!" cried the lit-tle girl. "It was all Moth-er had, and we 're so hun-gry!"

Char-lie held his mon-ey tight-ly. What was he think-ing of, all the time? He was say-ing to him-self: "I don't love 'Mas-ter Self.'" He pulled Nurse's dress, and said: "Nurse, can't you give the lit-tle girl some mon-ey?"

"I have n't my purse, dear," said Nurse.

The lit-tle girl moved a-way, cry-ing. Char-lie walked on be-side Nurse. They were near the can-dy store. He could see the sweets in the win-dow, —sticks and balls and creams! Char-lie turned his head. He saw the lit-tle girl look-ing back too. She was still cry-ing. Char-lie pulled Nurse's dress. "Nurse," he said, "I want to turn back."

"What do you want to turn back for?" asked Nurse. "Here is the store." Char-lie raised him-self on tip-toe to get near-er to Nurse's ear, and whis-pered:

"I want to please the lit-tle girl and not 'Mas-ter Self'!"

Nurse knew what he meant. She turned back. Char-lie looked once more at the can-dy store, then he ran a-cross the street. When he came close to the lit-tle girl, he held out his bright ten-cent piece and said: "It is for you, and not for 'Mas-ter Self'!"

The lit-tle girl stopped cry-ing and be-gan to smile; then she tried to say "Thank you," to Char-lie; but Nurse said: "Run, now, and buy your bread," and she ran off, aft-er look-ing back to nod and smile at Char-lie.

But Char-lie was even hap-pi-er than she. He walked brisk-ly home and sat on Mam-ma's lap, and told her all a-bout it. Mam-ma kissed him, and said: "Is n't Char-lie hap-py now?"

And Char-lie said: "Yes; be-cause I did n't please 'Mas-ter Self."



"IT IS FOR YOU, AND NOT FOR 'MASTER SELF," SAID CHARLIE.



A RACE IN THE AIR.

QUITE A HISTORY.

(After the German.)

BY ARLO BATES.

- "WHERE have you been, Lysander Pratt?"
- "In Greedy Land, Philander Sprat."
- "What did you there to grow so fat?"
- "I built myself a little house
 In which I lived snug as a mouse."
- "Well, very, very good was that!"
- "Not wholly good, Philander Sprat."
- "Now wherefore not, Lysander Pratt?"
- "A bear came raging from the wood, And tumbled down my cottage good."

- "Alas! how very bad was that!"
- "Not wholly bad, Philander Sprat."
- "Not bad? Why not, Lysander Pratt?"
- "I killed the bear, and of his skin I made a coat to wrap me in."
- "Well done! Now surely good was that."
- "Yet not so good, Philander Sprat."
- "Now, why not good, Lysander Pratt?"
- "A wicked hound tore up my coat Until it was not worth a groat."

- Ah, what an evil thing was that!"
- "Not wholly bad, Philander Sprat."
- "What good was there, Lysander Pratt?"
- "He caught for me a great wild boar, That made me sausages good store."
- "What luck! How very good was that!"
- "Good? Not all good, Philander Sprat."
- "Why not all good, Lysander Pratt?"
- "A cat stole in on velvet paw, And ate them all with greedy maw."

- "Now surely wholly bad was that!"
 "Not wholly bad, Philander Sprat."
- "Then tell me why, Lysander Pratt."
- "Of pussy's fur with silken hair, I made of gloves a noble pair."
- "Trust you! No wonder you are fat! You found your good account in that As in all else, Lysander Pratt."
- "Yes, in the closet hang they now. Yet they are full of holes, I vow,
- "Gnawed by some thievish long-tailed rat. And so, you see, Philander Sprat, Not wholly good was even that!"



"LOOK OUT, THERE !"



COULD N'T YOU, MAMMA?

- "DEAR Mamma, if you just could be A tiny little girl like me,
 And I your mamma, you would see
 How nice I'd be to you.
 I'd always let you have your way;
 I'd never frown at you, and say:
 'You are behaving ill to-day;
 Such conduct will not do.'
- "I'd always give you jelly-cake
 For breakfast, and I'd never shake
 My head, and say: 'You must not take
 So very large a slice.'
 I'd never say: 'My dear, I trust
 You will not make me say you must
 Eat up your oat-meal'; or 'The crust
 You'll find is very nice.'
- "I'd buy you candy every day;
 I'd go down-town with you, and say:
 'What would my darling like? You may
 Have anything you see.'
 I'd never say: 'My pet, you know
 'T is bad for health and teeth, and so
 I cannot let you have it. No;
 It would be wrong in me.'

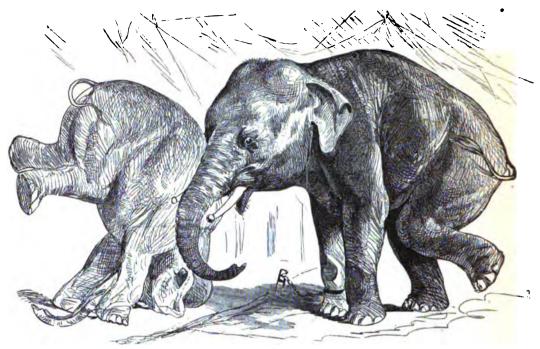
- "And every day I'd let you wear Your nicest dress, and never care If it should get a great big tear; I'd only say to you:
- 'My precious treasure, never mind, For little clothes will tear, I find.'
 Now, Mamma, would n't that be kind?
 That 's just what I should do.
- "I'd never say: 'Well, just a few!'
 I'd let you stop your lessons, too;
 I'd say: 'They are too hard for you,
 Poor child, to understand.'
 I'd put the books and slates away:
 You should n't do a thing but play,
 And have a party every day.
 Ah-h-h, would n't that be grand!
- "But, Mamma dear, you cannot grow Into a little girl, you know,
 And I can't be your mamma; so
 The only thing to do,
 Is just for you to try and see
 How very, very nice 't would be
 For you to do all this for me.
 Now, Mamma, could n't you?"

THE SEED.

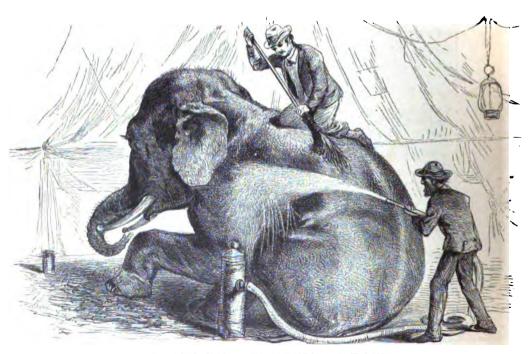
LITTLE and black, shining and round;
Bury it deep under the ground.
Cover it up and go away,
And come again another day.
Little black thing, without any power;
God will change it into a flower!



"SHE DOES N'T SEEM TO KNOW THAT SHE'S ME! GUESS SHE DOES N'T KNOW WHAT A PORTERT MEANS!"



CIRCUS ELEPHANTS HAVING A GOOD TIME BY THEMSELVES.



THE CIRCUS ELEPHANT'S SATURDAY-NIGHT BATH.

DANDELION.

By NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

THERE'S a dandy little fellow Who dresses all in yellow,-In yellow, with an overcoat of green; With his hair all crisp and curly, In the spring-time bright and early, A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen. Through all the bright June weather, Like a jolly little tramp, He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road; Around his yellow feather, The gypsy fire-flies camp; His companions are the woodlark and the toad. Spick and spandy, little dandy, Golden dancer in the dell! Green and yellow, happy fellow, All the little children love him well!

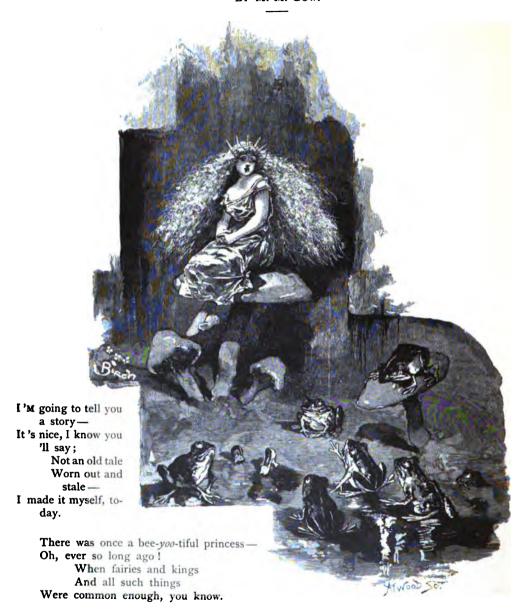
But at last this little fellow Doffs his dandy coat of yellow, And very feebly totters o'er the green; -For he very old is growing, And with hair all white and flowing A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen. The little winds of morning Come a-flying through the grass, And clap their hands around him in their glee; They shake him without warning.-His wig falls off, alas; And a little bald-head dandy now is he. Oh, poor dandy, once so spandy, Golden dancer on the lea! Older growing, white hair flowing, Poor little bald-head dandy now is he!



THE FARM-BOY GOING TO HIS WORK.

LITTLE MAUD'S STORY.

By M. M. Gow.



And oh, she was awfully lovely! With eyes as blue as the sky;
Slender and fair,
With long, light hair,
And about as big as I.

But oh, she was awful unhappy!

And if ever she smiled at all,

'T was once in awhile,

A weak little smile,

When she played with her Paris doll.

For she had such terrible teachers!

And lessons she could not bear;

And she hated to sew,

And she hated—oh,

She hated to comb her hair!

Well, one day, she wandered sadly
In a dark and dismal dell;
When, do you know,
She stubbed her toe,
And tumbled into a well!

The well was wet and slimy,
And dark and muddy and deep,
But the frogs below
They pitied her so,
They scraped the mud in a heap.

And then they clubbed together,
And a toad-stool tall they made;
And safe on that
The princess sat,
And waited for mortal aid.

And she, to keep from crying,
And her anxious fears disable,
Repeated fast,
From first to last,
Her multiplication-table.

And all the songs and verses
She had ever learned to say,
Books she had read,
Pieces she 'd said,
And the lessons of yesterday.

Now, a prince there came a-riding, In the forest thereabout; When he saw the fair Maid sitting there, Of course, he helped her out.

And, of course, they rode together,
Till they reached the palace gate,
Where they alighted,
Their tale recited,
And the wedding was held in state.

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

By Josephine Pollard.

NEVER a boy had so many names; They called him Jimmy, and Jim, and James, Jeems and Jamie; and well he knew Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him, Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!" Until the echoes, little and big, Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel out in the hall
"Jim-my! Jim-my!" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know
Where she might find him; she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified, And held his head with an air of pride, Did n't believe in abridging names, And made the most that he could of "J-a-m-e-s."

But if Papa ever wanted him, Crisp and curt was the summons "Jim!" That would make the boy on his errands run Much faster than if he had said "My son."

Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems, Call him anything else but "Jeems," And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVyse, Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest, Was the one pet name that he liked the best; "Darling!"—he heard it whate'er he was at, For none but his mother called him that.

THE STORY LITTLE NELL READ.

LITTLE NELL CANFIELD was very fond of stories—when grandma read them. She would lie down on the soft rug before the fire, and play with the kitty while she listened. But when she had to sit on a chair by the table, and read for herself,—out loud, so that grandma could be sure she got all the long words right,—she would look so cross that it made grandma long for a way to cure her little girl's naughty temper.

She did find a way. One day, she came home from the store with a beautiful new book, all red and gold outside, and full of pictures within. "There!" she said to Nell, "you'll surely like to read that!" But Nell did n't think so, and when grandma opened the book and asked her to read the middle story, she looked crosser than ever.

"Why, it's the story of 'A Naughty Girl!" she said. "I don't believe I'll like that, grandma." But grandma said nothing; only looked as if she were listening very hard, and Nell read on:

"Once up-on a time, there was a naught-y lit-tle girl. She had been naught-y so long that two lit-tle frowns had grown quite fast to her eyebrows, and the cor-ners of her mouth turned down so tight that she on-ly had room for a lit-tle bit of a smile, which did not come ver-y oft-en, be-cause it felt so crowd-ed; and, when she was ver-y an-gry, it just slipped a-way al-to-geth-er—"

"Stop there!" said grandma, in such a funny tone that Nell looked up to see what she meant. Grandma stood beside her, holding a little mirror so that Nell could not help seeing her own face in it.

She looked, and her face grew red, and she wanted to cry, but at last she thought better of it, and looking up shyly, said:

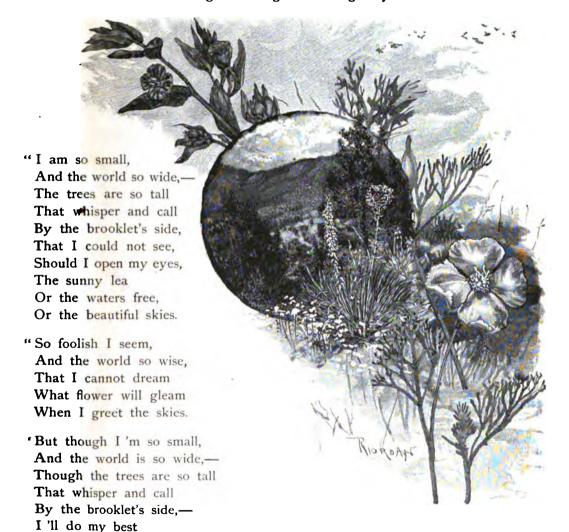
"Grandma, I know! I'd do for a picture to put to this girl's story! My face is just like that! But see now!"—and she opened her eyes very wide, and raised up her eyebrows so far that the two little frowns tumbled off, and the smile that came to her lips found so much room that it stretched itself into a real good laugh. Grandma laughed, too, as Nell said:

- "I do believe, Grandma, that you bought that book on purpose to cure me!"
 - "Perhaps I did, little lady," grandma replied. "What then?"
- "Why, it shall do it," said Nell. "I've made up my mind not to look like that cross little girl any more."

THE HAPPY BUD.

By EUDORA MAY STONE.

A BUD droops low on a grassy lea,— She does not know what her fate will be; So she waits, and longs, and sips the dew, And sings the song that I sing to you:



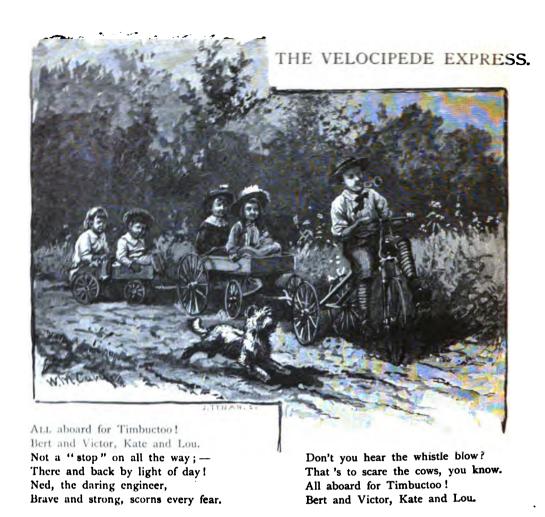
O happy bud on the grassy lea! Filled with the beauty that is to be; Well may she trust to the sun and dew, As she sings the song that I sing to you.

To be sweet and bright!

And I'll work and wait

For a worthy fate,

Till I find the light."



PERSEVERANCE.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

DEAR Polly, these are joyful days!
Your feet can choose their own sweet ways;
You have no care of anything.
Free as a swallow on the wing,
You hunt the hay-field over
To find a four-leaved clover.

But this I tell you, Polly dear,
One thing in life you need not fear:
Bad luck, I'm certain, never haunts
A child who works for what she wants,
And hunts a hay-field over
To find a four-leaved clover!

CHICKADEE.

BY HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

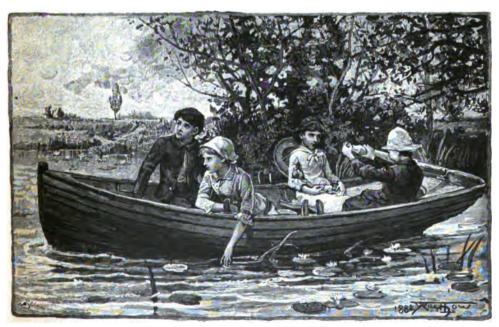
ALL the earth is wrapped in snow,
O'er the hills the cold winds blow,
Through the valley down below
Whirls the blast.
All the mountain brooks are still,
Not a ripple from the hill,
For each tiny, murmuring rill
Is frozen fast.

Come with me
To the tree
Where the apples used to hang!
Follow me
To the tree
Where the birds of summer sang!
There 's a happy fellow there,
For the cold he does not care,
And he always calls to me,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red nor blue nor yellow,
For he wears a winter overcoat of gray;
And his cheery little voice
Makes my happy heart rejoice,
While he calls the live-long day—
Calls to me—
"Chickadee!"

From the leafless apple-tree,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"
Then he hops from bough to twig,
Tapping on each tiny sprig,
Calling happily to me,
"Chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red nor blue nor yellow,
He's the cheery bird of winter,
"Chickadee!"



AMONG THE POND LILIES.

IRONING SONG.

[THIS practical little song and chorus can be sung, or recited in chorus, by little girls in the "Kitchen Garden," with appropriate movements.]

FIRST your iron smooth must be, (CHORUS) Rub away! Rub away! Rust and irons disagree,
Rub away! Rub away!

Though your iron must be hot,
Glide away! Slide away!
It must never scorch or spot,
Glide away! Slide away!

Then the cloth, so soft and white,
Press away! Press away!
On the table must be tight,
Press away! Press away!

Crease or wrinkle must not be, Smooth away! Smooth away! Or the work is spoiled, you see, Smooth away! Smooth away!

Every piece, when pressed with care,
Work away! Work away!

Must be hung awhile to air,
Work away! Work away!

Then you fold them one by one,
Put away! Put away!
Now the ironing is done,
Happy day! Happy day!



NED'S STILTS.

By Lucy G. Morse.



fall-en a-part in the at-tempt. In a few mo-ments Ned called to her to come in-to the gar-den and see him walk on his stilts. At first he found it hard, for his legs went just where he did not want them to. He had al-most a hun-dred tum-bles and a-bout twen-ty bruis-es be-fore he could walk firm-ly. "Hur-rah!" he cried then. "These stilts make me as tall as my fa-ther! I can see as much as he can, with-out waiting to grow up. Hur-rah! I can see the world!"

While walk-ing a-bout, he came to an old ap-ple-tree. His head was high up a-mong the branch-es. There was a great flut-ter a-bout his head, and a low cry of "Peep! peep! peep!" just un-der his nose. He found him-self close by a nest with some lit-tle new-born rob-ins in it. "Oh!" he cried. "Here is some-thing I nev-er should have seen without my stilts. I knew those two birds that come to our kitch-en door ev-er-y day had a nest near by, and here it is. How the poor old birds cry! They think I am a great big stork, with my stilt-legs, and that I am go-ing to eat up their young ones this ver-y min-ute. Well, you fun-ny, lit-tle snip-per-snap-pers! You need not think you can eat up a big fel-low on stilts, not if you split your heads a-part, o-pen-ing your bills so wide! And I will just tell you one thing be-fore I go: boys are not so bad as you think they are. I don't be-lieve there ev-er was a boy who could look three lit-tle young rob-ins straight in the face and then do them a-ny harm at all. Tell that to your pa-rents. Good-bye!"



A DONKEY, going to Bremen, once, O'ertook, upon his way, A friendly little yellow Dog, Who barked him a "Good-day!"

"Good-day!" replied the Donkey, then, "Good friend, where are you bound?" "To Bremen," barked the little Dog, "To see my friend, the Hound."

So, on they journeyed, side by side, Or loitered by the way, Until they met a Pussy Cat, Who mewed a sweet "Good-day!"

"Good-day, Dame Puss," they both replied; "Pray, where may you be bound?" "To Bremen," mewed the little Cat, "To sing and look around."



Thereat, they begged her company To cheer the lonesome way: And, soon, all met Sir Chanticleer, Who crowed a shrill "Good-day!"

"Good-day! good-day!" the three replied; "Pray where, Sir, are you bound?"

"To Bremen," crowed the little Cock, "To see some fishes drowned!

"I'll gladly bear you company; For, though I've not much goods, I 've heard a band of robbers live Somewhere within these woods!"



They closer drew together, then, And all began to hark. But nothing heard; till, presently, The night fell, still and dark!

Then, what to do they did not know, So dim the wood had grown; Till, all at once, a space ah ad, A glimmering light outshone!



So, one and all fresh counsel took,
And went, at once, to see
What, shining through the gloom and dusk,
That brilliant beam might be!

They found a house, all hushed and dark, Save for one window high, Whence strayed the beam of golden light That they were guided by!

The Donkey, as the tallest, tried
To stand and peep within;
But nay! The window proved too high,
And great was his chagrin!

Then, mounting on the Donkey's back,
The Dog essayed to see!
But still the window was too high,
And quite dismayed was he!

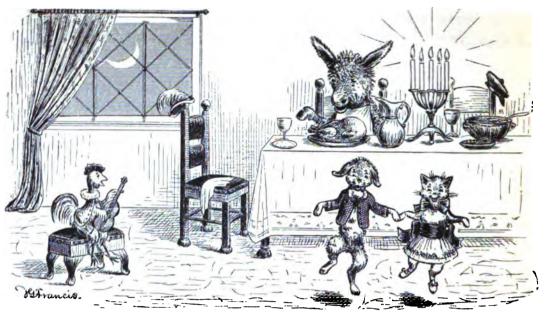
The Pussy Cat next volunteered
Upon the Dog to stand!
Yet, even she, upon his back,
The distance had not spanned!

Sir Chanticleer then flapped his wings And lit on Pussy's head! And, standing thus, he saw within "The Robber-band!" he said. Reported, too, a table, spread And garnished with a feast! And, sitting there, around their wine, Full forty thieves, at least!

Then quickly hunger tempted them
To plot to get within;
And so they planned to scare the thieves
By an unearthly din!

The Donkey brayed! the Dog did bark!
The Kitty cried and mewed!
Sir Chanticleer crowed loud and long,
As there they peeped and stood;





Oh, what alarm the thieves were in!

They scattered to a man,

As soon as, at a signal given,

The concert first began!

They hither ran, they thither ran, As never men before! Whilst Donkey and his company Walked in and shut the door! And so they feasted well and slept Until the following day; When, being all thereby refreshed, They went upon their way.

To Bremen, strolling slowly on,
At last the travelers came;
And there, by giving concerts, all
Attained to lasting fame!



UP IN A BALLOON.

WE all went up in a big balloon—
Father, Uncle, Freddy, and I;
The band struck up a beautiful tune,
And all the populace waved "goodbye."

At first it wavered, and jerked, and swayed,

And father asked: "Do you feel afraid?"

But I laughed: "Oh, no,

It is grand to go;"

And so he called me his brave little maid.

Up we went! oh, ever so high!
Up, till we must have touched the sky.

Town, river, and bay, All faded away,—

And then poor Freddy began to cry;
"I want to get out," he screamed;
"oh, my!"

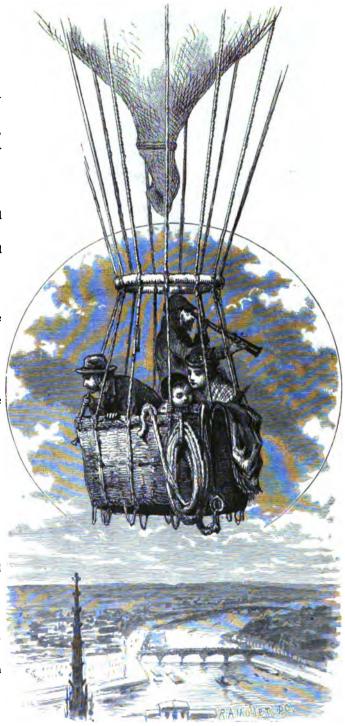
Up, up, we went, and on we sailed; While still poor Freddy wept and wailed.

He jumped about,

And tried to get out;

And so we soon went down, down, down,

And tied the balloon to a tree in town.





BIRDS IN THE RAIN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Birds on the boughs before the buds
Begin to burst in the spring,
Bending their heads to the April floods,
Too much out of breath to sing!

They chirp, "Hey-day! How the rain comes down!

Comrades, cuddle together!

Cling to the bark so rough and brown,

For this is April weather.

- "Oh, the warm, beautiful, drenching rain!
 I don't mind it, do you?
 Soon will the sky be clear again,
 Smiling, and fresh, and blue.
- "Sweet and sparkling is every drop
 That slides from the soft, gray clouds;
 Blossoms will blush to the very top
 Of the bare old tree in crowds.
- "Oh, the warm, delicious, hopeful rain! Let us be glad together. Summer comes flying in beauty again, Through the fitful April weather."



AS GOOD AS A MOTHER. 267



A LITTLE OLD BACHELOR.

THE BUMBLE-BEE AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

A BUMBLE-BEE, yellow as gold,
Sat perched on a red-clover top,
When a grasshopper, wiry and old,
Came along with a skip and a hop.
"Good-morrow!" cried he, "Mr. Bumble-Bee!
You seem to have come to a stop."

"We people that work,"
Said the bee with a jerk,
"Find a benefit sometimes in stopping;
Only insects like you,
Who have nothing to do,
Can keep up a perpetual hopping."

The grasshopper paused on his way,
And thoughtfully hunched up his knees;
"Why trouble this sunshiny day,"
Quoth he, "with reflections like these?
I follow the trade for which I was made;
We all can't be wise bumble-bees.

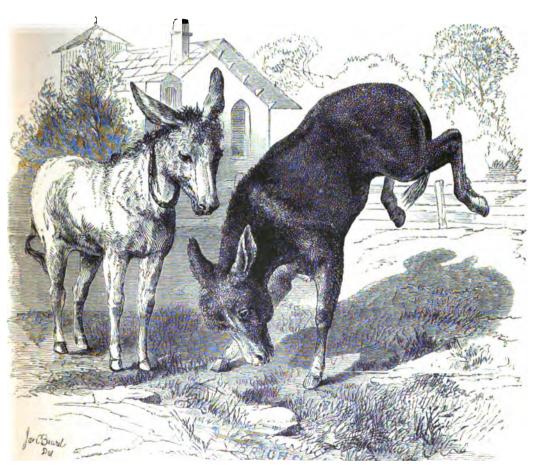
"There's a time to be sad,
And a time to be glad;
A time both for working and stopping;
For men to make money,
For you to make honey,
And for me to do nothing but hopping."

TIDY AND VIOLET; OR, THE TWO DONKEYS.

THERE was once a little boy who was not very strong, and it was thought right that he should be a great deal in the open air, and therefore it was also thought right that he should have a donkey.

The plan was for this little boy to take long rides, and for his mamma to ride on another donkey, and for his papa to walk by the side of both.

The two donkeys that were procured for this purpose had belonged to poor people, and had lived hard lives lately, out upon the common, because the poor people had no employment for them, and so could get no money to give the donkeys better food. They were glad, therefore, when the gentleman said that he wanted to buy a donkey for his little boy, and that he would try these two for a time, and then take the one he liked best.



Now, one of these was a thin-looking white donkey, and the other was a stout black donkey; and one was called "Violet" and the other "Tidy."

The little boy liked the black donkey best, because he was bigger and handsomer. "I like Tidy," he said: "dear papa, I like Tidy."

"Stop!" said his papa. "Let us wait a bit; let us try them a little longer."

The party did not go out every day; sometimes the gentleman and lady were engaged, and the donkeys remained idly in the gentleman's field.

And then, when they had done eating, they used sometimes to talk.

"Is not this happiness?" said the meek white donkey. "Instead of the dry grass of the common, to have this rich, green, juicy grass, and this clear stream of water, and these shady trees; and then, instead of doing hard work and being beaten, to go out only now and then with a kind lady and gentleman, and a dear little boy, for a quiet walk:—is it not a happy change, Tidy?"

- "Yes," said Tidy, flinging his hind-legs high in the air.
- "Oh!" said Violet, "I hope you will not do that when the young gentleman is on your back."
 - "Why not?" said Tidy.
- "Because," said Violet, "you may throw him off, and perhaps kill him; and consider how cruel that would be, after all his kindness to us."
- "Oh," said Tidy, "people always call us donkeys stupid and lazy and slow, and they praise the horse for being spirited and lively; and so the horses get corn and hay and everything that is good, and we get nothing but grass. But I intend to be lively and spirited and get corn."

"Take care what you do, Tidy," said Violet. "The gentleman wishes to buy a quiet donkey, to carry his little boy gently. If we do not behave ourselves well, he surely will send us back to the common."

But Tidy was foolish and proud, and, the next time he went out, he began to frisk about very gayly.

"I fear," said the gentleman, "that the good grass has spoiled Tidy."
Tidy heard this, but, like other young and foolish things, he would not learn. Soon, the little dog Grip passed by, and Tidy laid his ears back on his neck and rushed at Grip to bite him.

"Really," said the gentleman, "Tidy is getting quite vicious. When we get home, we will send Tidy away, and we will keep Violet."

Tidy, as you may believe, was sorry enough then. But it was too late. He was sent away to the bare common. But Violet still lives in the gentleman's field, eats nice grass, goes easy journeys, and is plump and happy.



THERE's a ship on the sea. It is sailing to-night— Sailing to-night;—

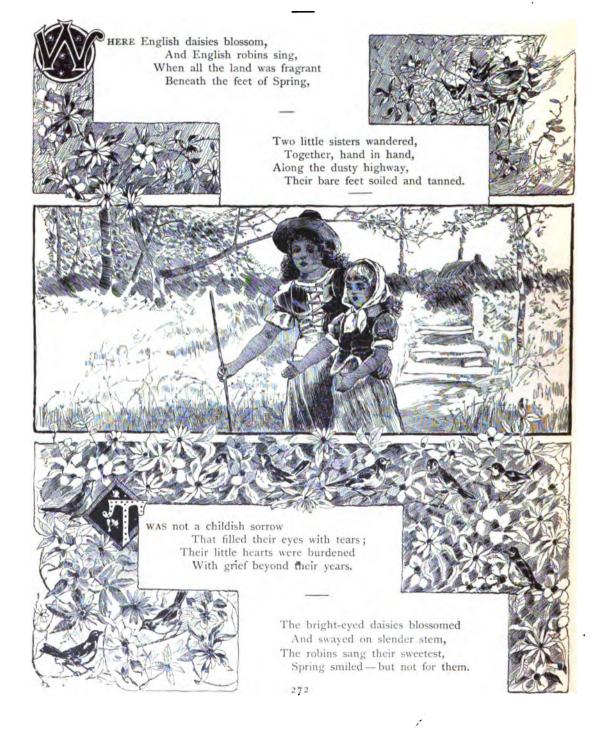
And father 's aboard, and the moon is all bright— Shining and bright.

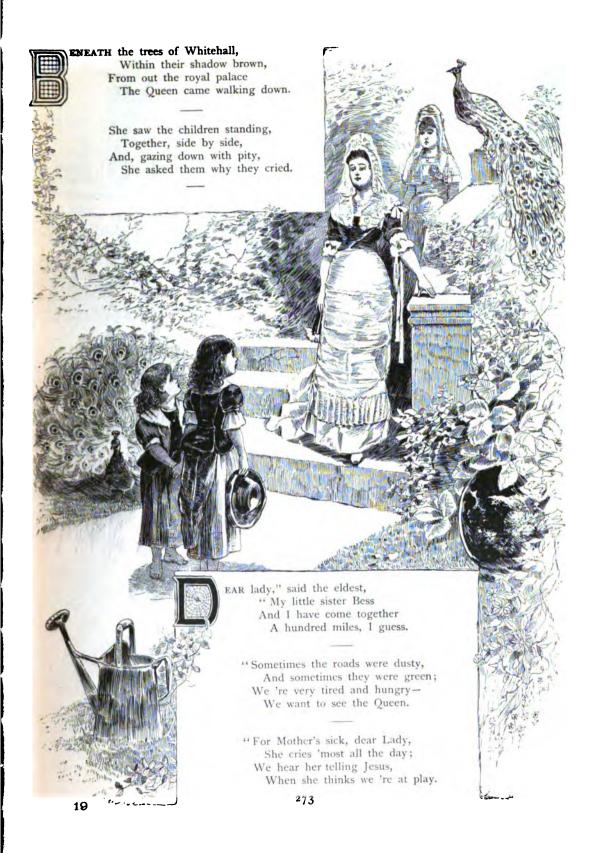
Dear Moon, he'll be sailing for many a night— Sailing from mother and me;

Oh, follow the ship with your silvery light, As father sails over the sea!

THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

By Rose Hartwick Thorpe.







HE tells Him all about it,

How when King James was King,

We were so rich and happy

And had 'most everything.

"We had our own dear father,
At home beside the Thames,
But Father went to battle
Because he loved King James.

"And then things were so different—
I can not tell you how.
We have n't any father,
Nor any nice things now.



AST night, our mother told us
They 'd take our home away,
And leave us without any,
Because she could n't pay.

"So then we came together,
Right through the meadow green,
And prayed for God to help us,
And take us to the Queen;



ECAUSE Mamma once told us
That, many years ago,
The Queen was James's little girl,
And, Lady, if 't was so,

"I know she 'll let us keep it,—
Our home beside the Thames,—
For we have come to ask her,
And Father loved King James.



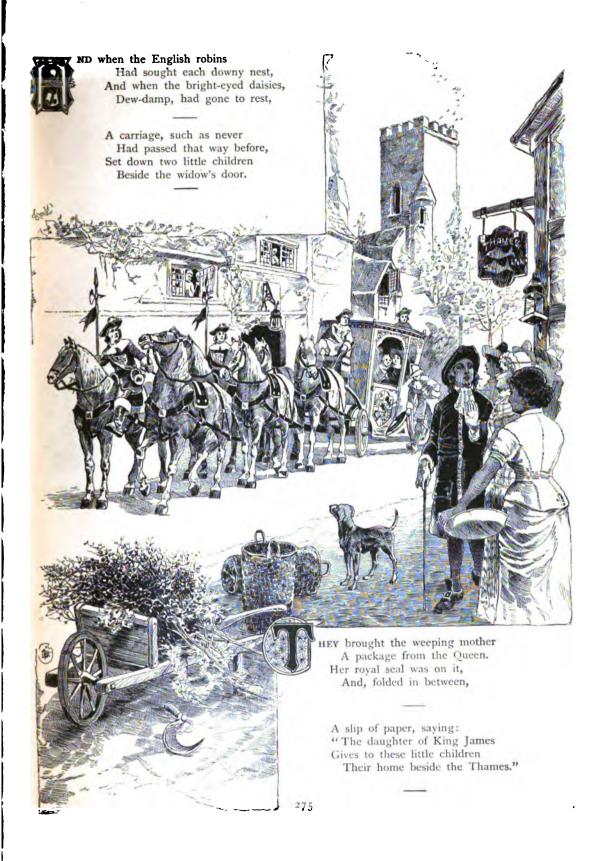
ND if we had to leave it,

I'm sure Mamma would die,

For there 's no place to go to,—

No place but in the sky."

Her simple story finished, She gazed up in surprise, To see the lovely lady With tear-drops in her eyes.





A wee, pretty house all made of glass,
And set in an iron frame;
Up comes a man and opens the door,
And lights a little flame.
Now the children can find their way,
Although the sunlight has gone astray!

TRAY AND MISS PUSS.



THE cat and dog resolved to be good,

Truly kind and forgiving.
"What 's the use," they sweetly said,

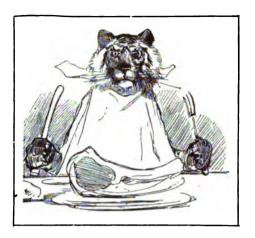
"Of such unpleasant living?"

So Pussy took her dear Tray's arm, And out they sallied over the farm; And all who saw them laughed with glee,

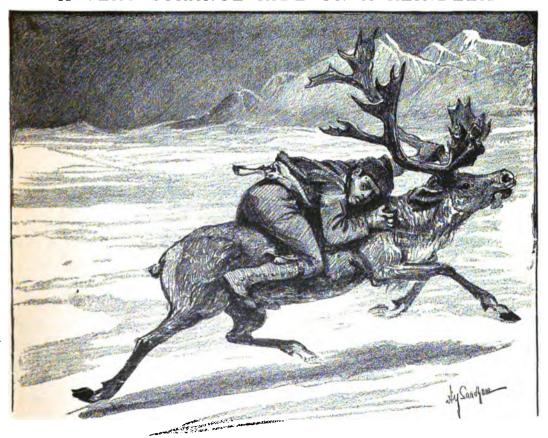
And, wondering, said, "Can such things be?"

A TERRIBLE TIGER.

A TIGER who signed himself TWas a gourmand most dreadful to see.
For lunch he would eat
Forty-two kinds of meat,
Then fear that they would n't agree.



A VERY STRANGE RIDE ON A REINDEER.



THE BIRD-MOUSE.



DID you ever see a live Jerboa? He is a gray little animal, not larger than a small rat, and he lives in Africa. As he is fond of eating roots and burrowing in hot sand, Africa is just the place for him. It is one of the hottest and sandiest countries in the world. The Jerboa has four feet, but he folds the front ones on his breast like little arms, and uses only his long hind legs and his longer tail when he walks or when he leaps. In fact, if he were to lose his tail he would be helpless. He could not walk, nor leap, nor even stand up. As it is, he is very happy and lively. Sometimes he walks on his hind legs, putting one foot before the other, just as you do; but when he is in a hurry, he leaps so fast and touches the ground so lightly between his leaps that he looks like a bird skimming over the sand. Not even a leaping greyhound could catch him then. Now you know why he is sometimes called a bird-mouse. Do you see what big ears he has, and what bright black eyes?

THE FROGS' PICNIC.

THERE were once five little frogs who had a holiday. They all agreed that it would be great fun to go on a picnic, and so their mothers told



THE SMALLEST FROG TAKES A SWIM

them that they might go, if they would be careful and not get their feet dry. You know that when a frog is right well, his feet always feel cool and damp. If you ever catch a well frog you can feel his feet, and see if this is not so.

So off these five frogs started, all in high glee, and bound to make merry day of it. They soon reached a small wood with a pretty

stream running through it, and there they agreed to have their picnic. They hid their dinners, which they had brought with them, behind a small bush, and then they began to play games. They played a good many very nice games, suitable for little frogs, and enjoyed themselves very much, jumping about in the damp grass and among the wet leaves in the woods; for it was yet quite early in the day, and the dew was still on the ground.

But after a while the sun rose higher, and the day became warmer, and then these little frogs did not care so much for jumping and hopping about on dry land. So they all sat down to rest near the edge of the stream.

Very soon the smallest frog said he was warm and dry, and he jumped into the water to take a swim.

"Come on in!" he called out to the others. "It's splendid! I did not know how uncomfortable it was out there."

"Oh, ho!" said the oldest frog, "we're not going in the water. We can do that any day. Don't you know this is a picnic?"

"Yes, I know it is, and that's the reason I want to have all the fun I can. You had better come in before your feet get dry, and you make yourselves sick."

The other frogs thought that this little fellow was very silly. One of them turned her back on him and would not have a word to say to him. The second largest frog grinned at him until his mouth stretched out nearly as wide as his body, and said:

"You must be a simpleton! Going in to swim when we are out on a picnic, and want to have a good time doing things that we don't do every day. You might as well have staid at home."

But the little frog did not mind what the others said. He just swam about and enjoyed himself.

The other frogs thought that this was very ridiculous and improper, but as they looked at him he seemed so comfortable in the clear, cool stream, that they almost wished it was yesterday or to-morrow, or some day which was not a picnic-day, so that they might go in too.

Sometimes the little frog came out and wanted to play. But they did not care about playing, and as the day wore on they began to feel so badly that they agreed to consider that the picnic was over.

The minute this was settled the five frogs sprang altogether into the air and came down splash! into the water.

Oh how delightful and cool it was!

"No more picnics for me!" cried the widest-mouthed fellow. "I go in for enjoying myself."

"Well," said the little frog, "I don't see why we can't have a picnic without thinking that we must do something uncommon all the time. I think that frogs can often have lots more fun doing the things that they do every day, than when they try to do something that they are not used to."

That was a very wise little frog.

COMB AND BRUSH.

"Busy Bee! busy Bee!
Where is your home?"
"In truth, pretty maiden,
I live in a comb."

"And you, little Rabbit,
Where do you rush?"
"Back to my family,
Under the brush."

A SMART BOY.



glad I have a good-sized slate
With lots of room to calculate.
Bring on your sums! I'm ready now,
My slate is clean, and I know how.
But don't you ask me to subtract,
I like to have my slate well packed;
And only two long rows, you know,
Make such a miserable show!
And, please, don't bring me sums to add;
Well, multiplying 's just as bad;
And, say, I'd rather not divide;
Bring me something I have n't tried!

THE DEAD DOLL.

By MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



You need n't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead! There 's no use saying she is n't, with a crack like that in her head. It 's just like you said it would n't hurt much to have my tooth out that day; And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you had n't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue!

As if I did n't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you. You might make her *look* all mended; but what do I care for looks? Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! My own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfulest crack! It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf. Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I had n't quite finished her elegant new Spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my Mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde." And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it; But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do, That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too. Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head had been hit! For I 've hit it over and over, and it has n't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course; We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse; And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this, you see—This dear little box—and we'll bury her then under the maple-tree.

And Papa will make a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird; And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word! I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead; She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

THE LAND OF NODDY.

Put away the bauble and the bib,
Smooth out the pillows in the crib,
Softly on the down
Lay the baby's crown,
Warm around its feet
Tuck the little sheet,—
Snug as a pea in a pod!
With a yawn and a gap,
And a dreamy little nap,
We will go, we will go,
To the Landy-andy-pandy
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
To the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.

Then when the morning breaks,
Then when the lark awakes,
We will leave the drowsy dreams,
And the twinkling starry gleams;
Leave the Shadow-maker's tent,
And the wonders in it pent,
To return to our own native sod.
With a hop and a skip,
And a jump and a flip,
We will come, we will come,
From the Landy-andy-pandy
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
From the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.

I TRUST YOU KNOW, DEAR BOY OR GIRL, FOUR LETTERS ON THIS PAGE SPELL —



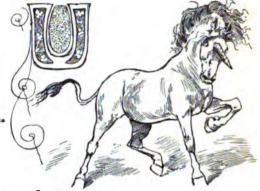
Hiwas a Hopeful young Horse

He had his own way

And they sugared his hay;

So he never was naughty of

[course]



Us a Unique Unicorn

Who tried to peek over his horn

He said he saw more

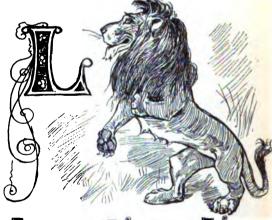
Than he e'er did before

But it made him feel rather

[forlorn.



Nowas a Rowdy young Rabbit Who had a most terrible habit! When he saw any food which appeared to him good He would rise from his chair, and just grab it.



Lowas a Lively old Lion.

Whose conduct no man could rely on.

Tor he desmile and look sweet the people hed meet.

And be thinking which one the should fly on!

Dear little Phiss Kitty
Was going to the city,
And feared she might be late,
So she called to a man:
"Oh, sir, if you can,
Please tell those cars to wait!"



THE BOLD HURTER.

O boy started out with a gun,
In search of a little rare fun.
If fear 't will be tame,
There 's so little wild game,''
The remarked to his friend, Billy Bunn.—

But he was mistaken.





LITTLE GUSTAVA.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

LITTLE GUSTAVA sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim:
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little grey, coaxing cat, With her little pink nose, and she mews, "What's that?"

Gustava feeds her,—she begs for more; And a little brown hen walks in at the door: "Good-day!" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen There comes a rush and a flutter, and then Down fly her little white doves so sweet, With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:

"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs,—But who is this through the doorway comes? Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,

Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:

"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast, too?" and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown;
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk.
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow:
"Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried.
But they were too bashful, and stayed outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat

With doves and biddy and dog and cat.

And her mother came to the open house-door:
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava!"

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves.
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And, oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava!



"I'M GOING TO SEEK MY FORTUNE, DEAR; WHEN I COME BACK I'LL MEET YOU HERE."

THE CITY CHILD.

By Alfred Tennyson.

DAINTY little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells?

- "Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
- "All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones, Roses and lilies and Canterbury-bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours?

- "Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
- "All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,
 Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers."

DOWN IN THE MEADOW. BY RUTH HALL.



Down in the meadow-land, far and fair, I met, this morning, sweet Silverhair.

- "What do you here?" I asked the small rover.
- "Oh, I am seeking a four-leaved clover!"
- "What will that do for you, little one?"
- "Give me all good things under the sun,—
 Not me, only, but Mother, moreover:
 That 's why I look for a four-leaved clover!"

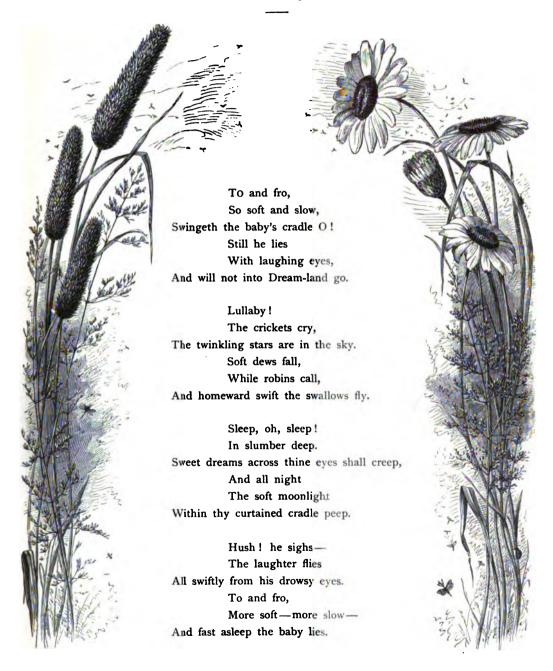
Wild red strawberries sent their sweetness; Gay young butterflies tried their fleetness; All things courted the grave little rover. Silverhair looked for a four-leaved clover.

Still was the garden you hedge incloses;
When something suddenly stirred the roses;
Happy the cry of the dear little rover:

"Mother! I 've brought you a four-leaved clover!"

CRADLE SONG.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.





A FEW WAYS AMUSING LITTLE FOLKS.

DEDICATED TO OLDER BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

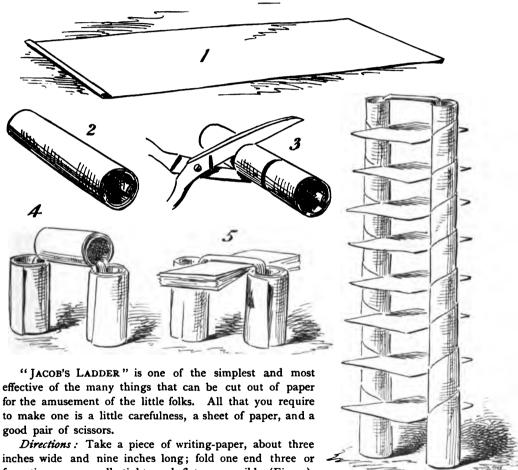
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A Few Ways of Amusing Little Folks.

A PAPER JACOB'S LADDER.

(How to make it out of a roll of paper, and in three cuts.)

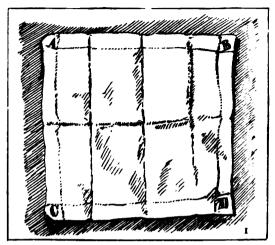


four times, as small, tight, and flat as possible (Fig. 1).

Then roll up the piece loosely (Fig. 2). Make two cuts straight across and almost through the roll, allowing the scissors to be stopped by the folded part (Fig. 3). Bend down the end pieces (Fig. 4). Cut through the middle piece lengthwise (Fig. 5). Take hold of the folded part, and pull it up, when you will have a telescopic Jacob's ladder (Fig. 6). An imposing effect may be made by using a large piece of wrapping-paper or newspaper.

MADE WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.



THE HANDKERCHIEF.

If a folder of handkerchiefs folds as he 's told, Rolling and folding the folds he has rolled, The folder unfolds, from folds he has rolled, Amusing amusement for young and for old.

A PLAIN white handkerchief would hardly appear a very promising object from which to derive any great amount of amusement, but, as the complicated and intricate steam-engine was evolved

from the boiling tea-pot, you need not be astonished when you see what curious and interesting things we can make from an ordinary pocket-handkerchief. As the conjuror says, after surprising you with some marvelous trick, "It's quite easy when you know how."

"The Orator" (Fig. 4) is one of the most simple, and, in the hands of a clever exhibitor, one of the most amusing, of all the handkerchief figures.

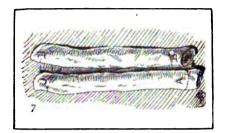
To "make up" the Orator, the a common knot in corner A of the handkerchief (Fig. 1). You see this knot in Fig. 2. Fit the knot on the forefinger of left hand, as shown in Fig. 3, draw the sides B and C over the thumb and middle finger to form the arms, and our Orator stands forth (Fig. 4) ready to entertain his audience. If, now, the speech of Othello, beginning, "Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors," or, indeed, any sounding remarks, be given, accompanied with appropriate gestures of its arms and solemn nods of its head, the ludicrous effect of the Orator will cause great fun and many a merry laugh.

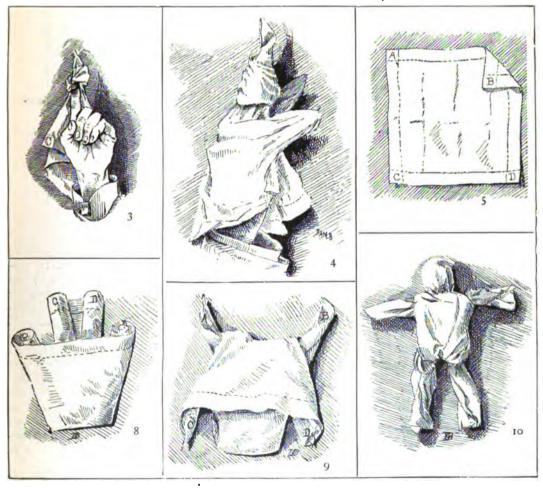
Now, let us see if the handkerchief can not produce something more especially appropriate for the little folks. The first thing which suggests itself as a toy for a child is almost invariably a doll. Almost all children have a natural curiosity to discover the mechanism of their playthings, otherwise toys would last much longer than they do; so, to stand and watch the manufacture of the doll will



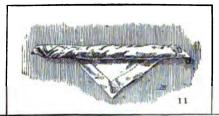
prove a new source of pleasure to our little ones. "The Doll-baby" is a little more complicated than the preceding figures, but, after one or two trials, is not difficult to make. First, roll the two sides of the handkerchief until they meet in the middle; next, fold the two ends, A and B (Fig. 7), as shown in Fig. 8; then fold the upper ends, C and D, over and down, as in Fig. 9. The rolled ends, C and D, are then brought around the middle of the handkerchief and tied, the ends of the knot forming the arms; then, with a little pulling and arranging, you have a pretty fair doll (Fig. 10).

We know that some little boys will disdain to play with dolls, as belonging exclusively to the girls. Such little fellows can be pacified at once by the production of a very creditable ball, and one that can be thrown against a looking-glass or window without the slightest danger of damage. To roll up a ball, fold the corner B, as in Fig. 5, and roll the handkerchief as in Fig. 11; fold back the two ends, A and D (Fig. 12),—the reverse side is represented in Fig. 13,—and turn the point C back over A and D; then the pocket (Fig. 14) formed by the sides should be turned

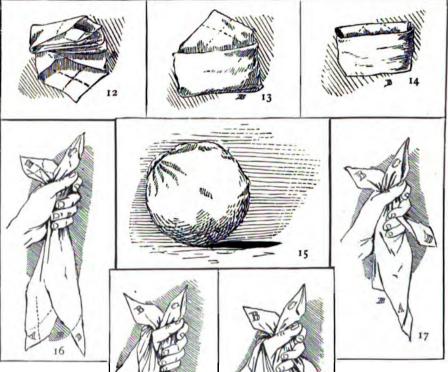




inside out, and this process of turning kept up (being always careful to take hold at the corners when turning) until a firm ball is formed (Fig. 15). The first attempt may not produce as round a



holding these tightly, fold the end A, and bring the corner D through the hand, clasping it as in Fig. 19. The portion of the handkerchief covering the back of the hand must then be turned



ball as might be desired, but practice will make perfect.

You can further delight the children with "Bunny," the white rabbit. Take the two corners B and C (Fig. 1), holding them as shown in Fig. 16, while you bring the end D over the back of the hand, and hold it down with the second finger (Fig. 17). Draw the end A over the front of the hand, and hold it down as seen in Fig. 18. Still

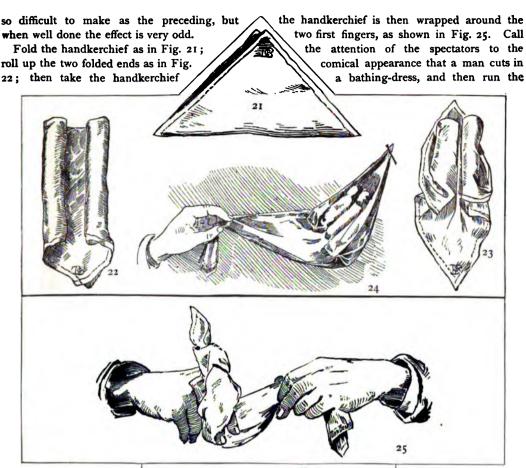
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"THE BALL" (15). --- "THE RABBIT" (20).

over that in front, taking heed, however, to prevent the ends B, C, and D (which are to form the ears and the tail respectively) from being wrapped in with the body; keep turning (after the manner in making the ball) until the body is firm; then spread out the ears and arrange the tail, and you have "Bunny," as shown in Fig. 20. A pink button fastened on makes an effective eve.

"The Twins" are not



by the two lower corners and gently pull them in opposite directions. (See Fig. 23.) A doll's head may then be placed in each of the rolls, or a string tied around them a little below the upper ends, which will give the appearance of heads. The hammock, with the twins in it, will then appear, as in Fig. 24.

The Bather is simple in construction, consisting of a handkerchief with an ordinary knot tied loosely in one corner; the remainder of



"THE TWINS" (24) .--- "THE BATHER" (26).

handkerchief figure (Fig. 26) rapidly toward the company. He is sure to create a laugh, if made properly.

"Oh, you have left out Little Red Riding Hood!" exclaimed a young friend of mine, after she had carefully examined the foregoing sketches.

"And, pray, how is Little Red Riding Hood made?" I asked.

She answered by running into the next room, and, returning with a bright red silk pocket-

handkerchief, she proceeded to fold it in the manner shown in Fig. 27. Then, at the places marked by the dotted line, she folded the corners back, and, reversing the handkerchief, the opposite side appeared folded as shown in At each Fig. 28. fold, she patted the handkerchief, and said: "There, you see how that 's done?"

"Yes, but that looks like a soldier's hat," said I.

"Now, you wait

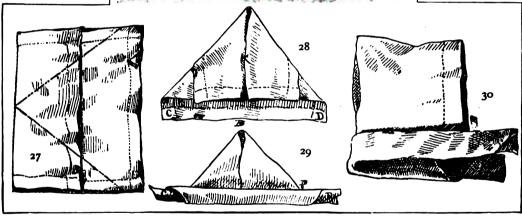


Sure enough, here was the hood (Fig. 30).

Putting it upon baby's head, and tying the ends under her chin, she exclaimed: "And here is Little Red Riding Hood!"

A more simple but very becoming little cap may be made for baby (see final illustration), by tying knots in the four corners of a handkerchief, and fitting it closely to the head.

Of course, these are only a few of the curious and



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

a moment," she answered, and, as she spoke, she folded the bottom margin, C D, over, until it had the form of Fig. 29.

"Now, what do you call that?" I asked.

"Why, that" (here she picked it up by the corners C and D and bent the corners back, making a fold at K) "is the hood!"

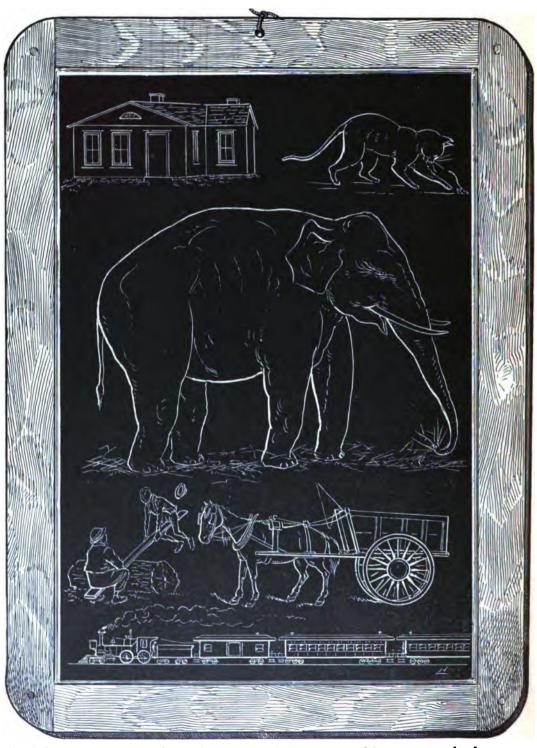


a cap for baby. 298

interesting things that can be manufactured from a handkerchief. And now that the girls and boys have seen how easily these have been made, they can exercise their own ingenuity in devising other methods of using their handkerchiefs for the amusement of their friends in the coming winter evenings.



A KITE; a book; a knife; a boat; a sled; a wheelbarrow. Now, which of these shall brother or sister copy for you on the slate?

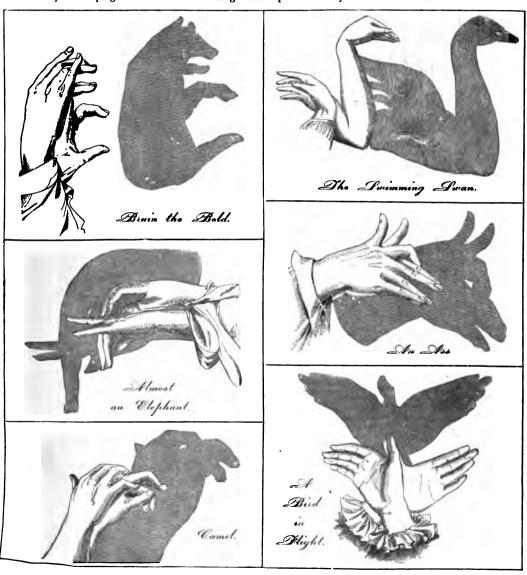


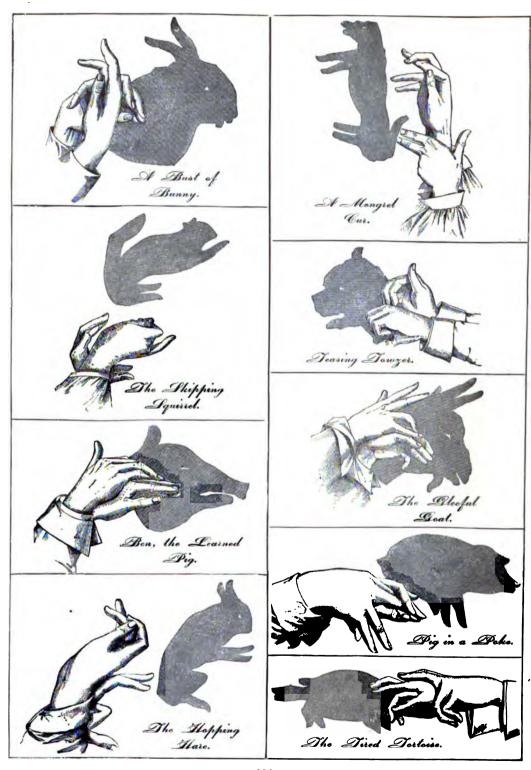
And here are more slate-pictures:—A house; a kitten; an elephant; a see-saw; a horse and cart; and a train in motion—smoke and all.

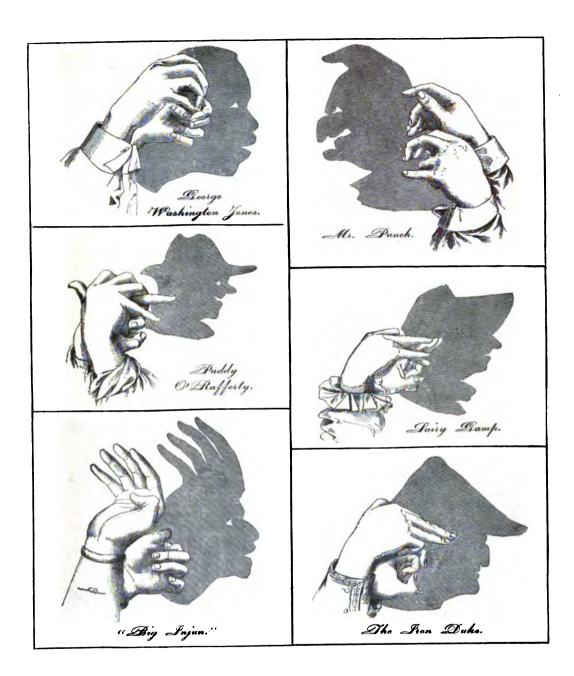
HAND-SHADOWS.

HAND-SHADOWS always are interesting to young children, who not only enjoy seeing their elders make them, but are fond of trying their own little hands at the pastime. With slight practice, not only all of the figures shown on these three pages can be made, but, also, new and comical resemblances, quite startling to beholders, especially if by a skillful movement of the fingers the shadow-animals or characters appear to open and shut their mouths or to move in any way.

To obtain good, clear hand-shadows, there should be a single, strong, bright light, and the hands should be so held that they cast a sharply defined shadow on a white or a very light-colored wall, or on a white screen. In the absence of these, a large piece of white paper may be pinned upon the wall or any firm upright surface. Select single-hand pictures for your earliest trials.





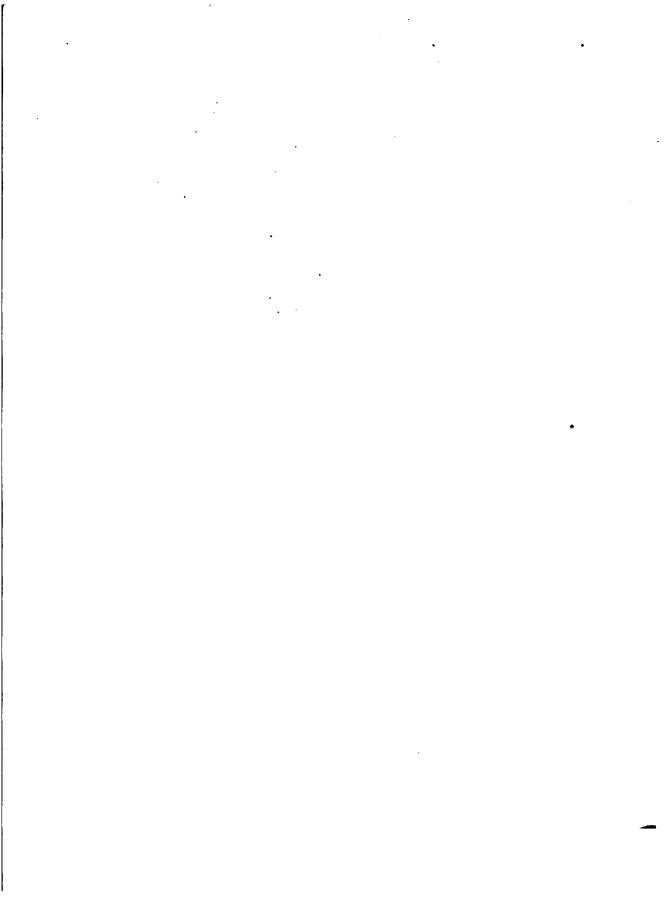


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